





THE
FABLES
OF
ÆSOP.

In Two Volumes.

Paraphras'd in *Verse*, Adorn'd with
160 Copper *Sculptures*, and Illustrated
with *Annotations*.

By JOHN OGILBY, Esq;
His MAJESTY's *Cosmographer*, *Geographick*
Printer, and *Master of the Revels* in the Kingdom
of IRELAND.

Examples are best Precepts: And a Tale,
Adorn'd with Sculpture, better may prevail
To make Men lesser Beasts, than all the store
Of tedious Volumes vext the World before.

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N:
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To the most Illustrious Prince,
CHARLES FITZ-ROY
EARL of **SOUTHAMPTON**,
Heir in Succession to the Dutchy of
CLEVELAND,
And Knight of the Most Noble Order of the *Garter*:

THESE
APOLOGUES of **ÆSOP**,
The most Ancient and Best of
MYTHOLOGISTS,
Paraphras'd, and Adorn'd with Sculpture,
CONTAINING
EXEMPLARY PRECEPTS
OF
Vertue and Morality,
Equally Accommodated to the Generous and Heroick
Spirits of Noble Youth, as well as the more Serious
Studies of the Grave and Judicious,

ARE
MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED,
DEDICATED, and **DEVOTED**,

BY
His Honor's most Humble and Obedient Servant,

JOHN OGILBY.

To the Hon. the Lords of the Council

CHARLES THE FIRST

His Majesty's Letters

Under the Great Seal of Great Britain

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of Ireland

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of Wales

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the Town of Berwick

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Down

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Antrim

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Londonderry

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Fermanagh

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Tyrone

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Cavan

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Monaghan

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Wick

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Wexford

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Carlow

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Kilkenny

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Tipperary

And the Great Seal of the Kingdom of the County of Kerry



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ANNOTATIONS
ON
The First Volume
OF
ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Annotations on Fab. I.

[Page 1. line 1. *Stout Chanticleer three times aloud.*]

Auson. ———ter Clara instantis Eoi
Signa Canit serus deprenso Marce satelles.

*Mars tardy Sentinel three times aloud proclaim'd
Th' approaching Day.*

The Fable is thus related by *Lucian*. *There was a*
(a) *young*

young Man nam'd Alektor, very intimate with Mars, in
 somuch that whensoever Mars went to Venus, he took Ale
 ktor with him (fearing the Sun might betray him to Vul
 can) and left him to watch at the Door, and to give notice
 when the Sun approach'd. On a time Alektor fell asleep
 and unwillingly betray'd his Trust: The Sun discover'd the
 two Lovers to Vulcan, who caught them in a Net. Mars
 as soon as he was got loose, in anger turn'd the young Man
 to a Cock: For this reason, before the Sun riseth, the Cock
 crows to give notice of his Approach. Charemon the Sto
 ick, and Proclus and Porphyry, Pythagorean Philoso
 phers, ascribe the Crowing of the Cock before Day
 to a Sympathy betwixt that Bird and the Sun, affirming
 ing, That the Sun conributes something Coelestial to
 it, for which it gratefully riseth up, and clappeth its
 Wings, and celebrates the Approach of its Patron.
 Hence perhaps is the Cock call'd the *Persian Bird* (*Ερ
 sychius, Πέρσιος ὄρνις, ὁ ἀλεκτρυών*) because, as the
Persians, he worships the Rising Sun. But the common
 Reason is taken from the Fable related by *Aristophanes*
 in *Avibus*, That on a time the Cock was Emperor of
Persia, and Reign'd Tyrannically,; insomuch that he
 all Persons as soon as he Crows betake themselves to
 Labor, as if fearing Punishment for Negligence.

Ibid. l. 3. *Mighty Lions are affrighted.*] The reason
 why the Lion is afraid of the Cock, *Proclus* saith, is be
 cause the Cock hath a much greater share of the Sun's
 Influence than the Lion, though they both derive
 their Natures from him. But *Lucretius* otherwise pre
 He

*Nimirum, quia sunt Gallorum in corpore quadam
Semia, qua cum sunt oculis immissa Leonum
Papillas interfodiunt, ac remq; dolorem
Præbent, ut nequeant contra durare feroces.*

Because a Seed in the Cock's Body lies,
Whose effluent Atoms hurt the Lion's Eyes,
And through the Balls with horrid anguish goes,
That they their Courage and all Fierceness lose.

There are not any Sects of Philosophy more opposite than these two; The *Pythagoreans* and *Academicks* endeavoring to bring up all things to Immateriality; The *Epicureans*, to bring down all to Materiality: And if I may freely give my Opinion of the Reasons which both alledge for this, (*absit verbis invidia*) they seem as equally extravagant.

P. 2. l. 5. *Whitest Water.*] The Diamond plays four Waters, which are four Colours, White, Brown, Blue, and Green: White the best, Brown the second best, Blue the third, Green the worst: Yet the White Table-Diamond, if it be thick, will play Black; but if it play White, it is much better.

Ibid. l. 6. *Time nor Fire can waste.*] *Pliny, lib. 37. cap. 6. Duritia inenarrabilis est, simulq; ignium victrix natura, & nunquam incalescens, unde & nomen Indomitæ vis Græca Interpretatione accepit:* Its hardness is unexpressible: its Nature conquers Fire, never taking Heat; whence nam'd "*Adamas*" by the Greeks, by the

Arabians, *Diamah*, from *Dim*, to endure; whence our Word *Diamond*.

Ibid. l. 12. *Emblem of vain Learning.*] Amongst other Properties for which the Diamond is compar'd to, and made the Emblem of Learning, receive these from *Pliny*, lib. 37. c. 6. *Venena irrita facit, & lymphaticones abigit, & metus vanos expellit: It nulls the force of Poyson, it expells Frenzy, and vain fears.*

This Fable was elegantly translated by *Phadrus*, one of the *Liberti* of *Augustus*, Lib. 3. Fab. 11.

*In sterquilinio pullus Gallinaceus
Dum querit escam, margaritam repperit;
Faces indigno quanta res, inquit, loco!
Hoc si quis pretii cupidus vidisset tui,
Olim redisses ad splendorem maximum.
Ego qui te inveni, potior cui multo est cibus,
Nec tibi prodesse, nec mihi quicquam potes.
Hoc illis narro qui me non intelligunt.*

The young Cock ransacking a Dunghil, found,
In quest of softer Fare, a Diamond:
Bright Gem, how ill, said he, thou here art set!
If one with thee who knew thy Worth had met
Thou hadst e're this in all thy Glory shin'd.
But give me Food, such Gewgaws I not mind;
Here's no preferment for your fairer Looks.
Know this all you who value not good Books.

Annotations on Fab. II.

PAg. 3. l. 18. *The Halcyon finds.*] It is observ'd by the ancient Authors of Natural History, that the *Alcyon* (or *King-fisher*) breeds about the Winter Solstice, when the Seas are most smooth and calm; whence *Alcyonii dies* grew a Proverb amongst them for serene Weather; and the Poets use to attribute the cause of it to them: as *Teocritus* in his *Bucolicks*.

Χ' ἀλκωνόες ὄρεσεῦν' ἰ πὰ κύματα, τλώ τε θάλασσαν,

Τόντε Νότον, τόντ' Ἑυρον, ὃς ἔσχατα φύκα κινεῖ.

Ἀλκωνόες, γλαυκαῖς Νηρηΐσι τώτε μέλισα.

Ὀρνίδων ἐφίλαθεν, ὅσαις τε περ ἔξ ἀλὸς ἄγρα.

*The Halcyon smooth shall th' Oceans Billows make,
And calm those blustering Winds that Sea-weeds shake.
The Halcyon, of all Birds that haunt the Seas,
Is most belov'd of the Nereides.*

We cannot better give an account of these Birds, than in the Words of *Pliny*, who writes thus; *Dies Halcyonum partus, maria, quique navigant, novere: Fætificant bruma, qui Dies Halcyonides vocantur, placido mari per eos & navigabile, Siculo maxime, &c.* The very Seas, and they that sail thereon, know when the *Halcyons* sit and breed.

breed. They lay and sit about Mid-winter; when Days be shortest; and the time whilst they are brooding is call'd *The Halcyon Days*: for during that Season the Sea is calm and navigable, especially on the Coast of *Sicily*. In other Parts also the Sea is not so boisterous, but more quiet than at other times: But sure the *Sicilian Sea* is very gentle, both in the Streights, and also in the open Ocean. Now within seven Days before Mid-winter they build; and within as many after they have hatch'd.

P. 4. l. 2. *But more large and fat.*] *Franciscus Boni* gives the Natural Reason.

*Objicit huic velut alterius canis unda figuram,
Multo majorem pradam portantis in ore,
Ipsum nimirum propter medium, aere longe
Crassius, id radios visus dispergit & auget,
Susceptos in aqua velut in speculôq; refractos,
Et facit ut se res videatur grandior esse.*

Another Dog 'midst Crystal Waves appears,
Who in his Mouth a greater Morsel bears,
Because th' Airs Medium is more thin and bright,
Which both extends, and adds Raies to the Sight:
Water the Figure, as in Mirrors takes,
Which by Refraction all things larger makes.

P. 5. l. 4. *Thus for rich Juno.*] The Fable of *Ixion* is thus recounted by the Ancients: He being admitted as a Favorite into the Court of *Jupiter*, solicited

solicited *Juno* his Queen to his fond Embraces; which
 when she had discover'd to *Jupiter*, he, to make a cer-
 tain Experiment of the Truth of the Information, re-
 presented a Cloud before him in the form of *Juno*,
 which he presently attempted, and begot of it the
Centaurs, who had the upper part of Man, but from
 the Navel downward carried the shapes of Horses: By
 which Fable they signified the vain pursuit of imagi-
 nary Glory, attempted by unlawful means; and the
 prodigious Conceptions of Ambition. The Story on
 which this Fable was founded is this: *Ixion* King of
Thessaly, whose Country was infested with Wild Bulls,
 proclaim'd a certain Reward to such as should destroy
 them; which the Inhabitants of the Town of *Nephele*
 which signifies *A Cloud*, whence rose the Fable of their
 Original) mounted on Horses (the first in those Parts
 that had made use of any) by the addition of their
 speed overtook the Bulls, and kill'd them with their
 Javelins: But the Borderers not being before acquaint-
 ed with such a sight, suppos'd them both one Crea-
 ture; whereupon they call'd them *Centaurs*. *Phædrus*,
Lib. I. Fab. 4.

*Canis, per flumen carnem dum ferret natans,
 Lympharum in speculo vidit simulacrum suum,
 Aliamq; prædam ab alio perferri putans,
 Eripere voluit: verum decepta aviditas,
 Et quem tenebat ore demisit cibum,
 Nec quem petebat adeo potuit attingere.
 Amittit merito proprium qui alienum adpetit.*

Snap, with his Prize whilst o're a Brook he swam,
 Saw, in the Crystal Mirror of the Stream,
 Himself transporting such another Prey,
 A second Course; such fond hopes him betray;
 Provok'd by Appetite, the greedy Wretch
 Drops the sweet Bone, a sapless Shade to catch.
 Thus both the vain Resemblance, and his own,
 Were, gaping for two Benefices, gone.

Annotations on Fab. III.

PAg. 6. l. 6. *For routed Spirits yawn.*] Those who first pretended to have converse with the Ghosts (the *Egyptians*, I conceive, who believ'd the World to be full of Spirits) chose the Night as a Veil for their Forgery, making this Pretext, That the Sun was an enemy to those *Umbra*, or Dark Shades: This is evident in the Speech of *Anchises*, who, as he appear'd to *Aeneas* at Night, *Virgil, Eneid. 5.*

*Et nox atra polum bigis subveſta tenebat;
 Viſa dehinc cælo facies delapſa parentis
 Anchifæ, ſubito tales effundere voces.*

When Night's black Chariot had poſſeſt the Pole,
 From Heaven he did behold *Anchises* Soul
 Deſcending, which to him in theſe Words ſaid.

so upon the approach of Day he tells him he was compell'd to depart :

*Famque vale : torquet medios nox humida cursus,
Et me sævus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis.*

Down from the Vertick Point the moist Night
speeds
And me the Sun drives hence with panting Steeds.

Where he gives the *Sun* the Epithet of *sævus*, *cruel*, because he would not permit his Abode on Earth any longer.

Ibid. l. 8. *Hid in Sea-Nymphs Beds.*] The more general Opinion of the Ancients was (before the latter Navigations had demonstrated the Earth to be a Globe) that the Superficies on which we liv'd was a Plain, encompass'd on every side with the Main Ocean ; whence at the setting of the Sun in the most Western Parts of the World, the Horizon being terminated in the Sea, the Poets describ'd, that by the Suns descending into it, and its Rising, by its emergency out of it. So *Homer* describes the Setting of the Sun, *Iliad*. 8.

Ἐν δ' ἔπειτα Ὀκεανῷ λαυπερὸν φάει ἡελίοισι,
Ἐλχον νύκτα μέλαιναν ὅππῃ ζείδωρον ἄρυσαν.

Mean while the Sun did in the Ocean set
His glorious Beams, and Nights black Curtains wet.

And

And its Rising, *Odysf.* 23.

Ἄυτιχ' ἀπ' Ὠκεανῷ χρυσόθρονον ἠεὶ γένεαι
 Ὅρσεν ἴν' ἀνθρώποισι φῶς φέροι.

*When from the Ocean rose the Golden Morn,
 Brought Light to Mortals, and did Earth adorn.*

Another Opinion there was, That the Sun declining in a Cloud in the West, return'd back over the inhabitable Parts of the North, and so rose again in the East.

P. 7. l. 1. *Ifgrim.*] The Wolf.

Ibid. *Bruin.*] The Bear.

Ibid. l. 4. *Reynard.*] The Fox.

Ibid. l. 6. *Tybert.*] The Cat.

Ibid. l. 10. *The Sun scarce drank.*] It was a common Opinion among the Ancients (particularly the *Stoicks*) that the Sun is nourish'd by Exhalations from inferior Bodies. In pursuit hereof they affirm'd, That Nature plac'd the Ocean directly under the *Zodiack*, that he and the other Planets (*haberent subjecti humorum alimoniam*; *Macrob. in Somn. Scipionis.*) might be nourish'd by the Moisture beneath them. Hence when *Homer, Odysf.* 12. feigns that *Jupiter* was fed by *Pigeons*,

Τῇ μὲν τ' εἰδὲ ποτὶ τὰ παρέρχεται.

Aristotle says that he did alegorically signifie, that the Gods, or superior Bodies receiv'd their Nutriment from the

the Exhalations that ascend from below. In like manner that Golden Chain (mention'd *Iliad*. 8.) with which *Jupiter* threatens to draw up all unto him,

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλωμι ἐρύσσαι
 Ἀυτῇ κεν γαίῃ ἐρύσαιμ' αὐτῇ τε θαλάσση, &c.

*With these will all the Goddesses and Gods,
 With Men and Beasts, vast Earth, and ample Floods,
 Draw up to Heaven, and bind without controul
 The World, great Natures Fabrick, to the Pole.*

the *Stoicks* interpret thus: *Jupiter*, that is, the Air, shall by the Golden Chain, the Sun, exhaust in process of time not the Ocean onely, but all the Moisture also out of the Earth, to supply and feed it.

Annotations on Fab. IV.

[Ag. 9. lin. 1. *The Royal Eagle.*] The same appellation *Ovid* gives the Eagle in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. 4.

*Implicat ut Serpens, quam Regia sustinet ales,
 Sublimemq; rapit, &c.*

A Serpent so the Royal Eagle truss'd,
 Which

Which to his Head and Feet infetter'd clings,
And wreaths his Tail about her stretcht-out Wing

Whence it was usually born on the Scepters of Princes, and at length became the Ensign of the Roman Empire. *Ovid.*

*Signa, decus belli, Parthus Romana tenebat,
Romanæq; Aquila signifer hostis erat.*

to which they added two Heads, when the Empire was divided into the East and Western, as it remains to this day.

Ibid. l. 12. When his quick Eye.] Pliny, in his Natural History: The Eagle has the quickest and clearest Eye of all others, soaring and mounting on high: She beats and strikes her little ones with her Wings before they be plumed and thereby forces them to look directly against the Sun's beams. If she sees anyone of them to wink, or their Eyes water at the Raies of the Sun, she casts it out of the Nest, as illegitimate; but breeds up that whose Eyes do firmly abide the Light.

P. 10. l. 11. And on hard Marble.] This hath been observ'd a Natural Policy in the Eagle. Pliny in his Natural History: *Ingenium est ei testitudines captas frangere à sublimi jaciendo;* When the Eagle has seiz'd upon Tortoises, and caught them up with her Talons, she throws them down from aloft to break their Shells. He confirms this by the manner of Æschylus the Poet's Death: *Quors interemit Poetam Æschylum, prædictam fati,* ut f

unt, ejus diei ruinam secura cæli fide caventem; It was the fortune of the Poet Æschylus to die by such a means; when he was foretold that it was his Destiny to die upon such a Day, by something falling upon his Head, he, thinking to prevent that, got forth that Day into a great open plain, far from House or Tree, presuming upon the clear and open Sky: Howbeit an Eagle let fall a Tortoise, which lightning upon his Head, dash'd out his Brains. This Story is more fully related by Valerius Maximus, lib. 9. cap. 12.

Annotations on Fab. V.

[Ag. 12. l. penult. And thou most Weather-wise.] The Superstitious Ancients, as they attributed Divine Knowledge to several sorts of Birds and Beasts, so specially to the Crow; and I believe that the Greek and Roman History has not recorded so many fatal Predictions made by any Animal, as by this. But in particular, they guess'd at the foulness or serenity of the Weather, from the manner of their croaking or flying; as we find in Aratus his *Phænomena*, thus transcrib'd by Virgil in the first of his *Georgicks*, though they assign a Natural Reason for it, which the rest understood not.

*Turn liquidas Corvi presso ter gulture voces
Aut quater ingeminant, & sæpe cubilibus altis.*

Nescio

*Nescio quâ prater solitum dulcedine capti,
Inter se foliis strepitant: juvat imbribus actis, &c.*

Three or four times then with extended Throats
Loud croaking Ravens double Watery Notes,
And oft, I know not by what reason, sport
Amongst the Leaves that shade their lofty Court;
And the Storm past, delighted are to see
Their own lov'd Buildings, and dear Progeny.
Nor think I Heaven on them such knowledge state
Nor that their Prudence is above the Fates:
But when a Tempest and a fleeting Rack (black
Have chang'd their Course, and the moist Air grow
With Southern Winds, which thicken in the Skie
Thin Vapors, and the grosser rarifies, (Mist
Their Thoughts are chang'd, the motions of the
Inconstant are, like Clouds before the Wind;
From hence Birds chant forth such melodious notes
The Beasts are glad, & Crows stretch joyful throats

The difference of their Notes upon change of Air
is thus deliver'd by Pliny: Crows crying to one another
as if they sobb'd or yexed therewith, and besides
clapping themselves with their Wings, if they continue
this Note, do portend Winds: but if they give over be-
tween whiles, and cut their Cry short, as if they swallow'd
it back again, they presage Rain and Wind both.

Pag. 13. l. 13. Crotcheting Musicians.] This fancy
of the Musicians is noted by Horace in his Satyrs, where
he describes and laughs at the Humors and Manners of
Men.

Omnis

*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare, rogati
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat,
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar qui cogere posset
Si peterit per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret; si collibisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret Io Bacche.*

This is the Crime that all Musicians use,
When they are most entreated, to refuse;
Unask'd, they'l ne're give o're. This is the vein
Of fam'd *Tigellius* the *Sardinian*.
Should great *Augustus*, who might him compel,
Him of his own, and *Cæsar's* kindness tell,
A Song desiring, time he should mispend;
Who when he lists, *Io Bacche* sing to th' end.

Ibid. l. 16. And Swans no more.] *Pausanias* notes,
That *Cygnus* King of *Liguria*, a Prince much adicted to
Musick, was transform'd into a Swan by *Apollo*, which
Bird ever since was Musical, entertaining its own death
with Songs and Rejoycings. *Ovid* in his *Epistles*,

*Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus Olor,*

The dying Swan, adorn'd with silver Wings,
So in the Sedges of *Meander* sings.

'Tis true, that the Authors of Natural History give little credit to this Relation of their Harmonical Notes before death, as *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, and the like; and *Alexander Myndius* says, That he has attended the death of several of them, yet never heard one Musical Note. However, it being the Vulgar Notion, it serv'd the Poets to beautifie their Poesie withal. *Martial* in his *Epigrams*,

*Dulcia defectâ modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator cygnus funeris ipse sui.*

The Swan her sweetest Notes sings as she dies,
Chief Mourner at her own sad Obsequies.

Annotations on Fab. VI.

PAg. 16. l. 16. *In his Lion's Skin.*] *Hercules* being about 16 or 18 Years of Age, slew the *Nemean Lion*, whose Skin *Juno* had caus'd to be impenetrable (intending thereby the destruction of *Hercules*) which he bore ever after for his Target. *Enripides* in his *Hercules Furens*,

Στολῶ' τε θηρὸς ἀμφέβαλλε σὺν ἡράῳ
Λεόντι, ἣ περ αὐτὸς ἐξωπλίζετο.

Upon your Head you put the Lion's Case,
Which both his Cask, Back-piece, and Breast-plate was.

whence we seldom see any Statue of *Hercules* without it. Ibid.

Ibib. l. antepenult. *In Meanders gilt.*] A River of *Lydia* that had so many windings and turnings, that it became a Proverb among the *Grecians*, all obliquities being called by them *Meanders*.

Pag. 17. l. 18. *Nor sweating Cyclops.*] The *Cyclops* were the Sons of *Cælum* and *Tellus*, released by *Jupiter* out of Hell, and imployed to forge his fearful Artillery, Thunderbolts for him: of whom thus *Virgil*, *Æneid.* 8.

Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro :
Brontesque, Steropesque, & nudus membra Pyracmon,
His informatum manibus jam parte polita
Fulmon erat.

The *Cyclops* in vast Caves their Anvils beat:
Steropes, Brontes, naked *Pyracmon* sweat,
In forging Thunder.

The names of these three express their faculties;
Thunder, Lightning, and Fire.

Pag. 18. l. penult. *Like Ajax seven-fold shield.*] *A-*
jax's Shield deserved a peculiar Description by the
Prince of Poets, *Iliad.* 7.

Αἶας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος, ἃ τε πύργον,
Χάλκεον ἐπὶ τὰ βόειον, ὃ οἱ Τυχῖος ἔχμε τεύχων, ὅς.

Ajax drew nigh, bearing a Tower-like Shield
Of Brass, with seven Hides lin'd, by *Tychius* dress'd,
Of all the Curriers in rich *Hyle* the best:

(b)

He

He with seven Skins of Bullocks fed at Grass
 Cover'd his Shield : o're all, a Plate of Brass.
 Defended with this Breast-work, *Ajax* made
 Streight up to *Hector*, and thus threatening said.

P. 19. l. 3. *Fraud or Charms.*] It seems to have been the Opinion of the Ancients, That it was in the Power of Magick to preserve Men invulnerable : for *Chrysormus* in his History of *Peloponnesus* tells how *Jano* by Magical Arts caus'd the Moon to descend from Heaven, which fill'd a Chest with Froth, out of which was brought forth a Lion, whose Skin was impenetrable. Another Story there is to the same purpose, recorded by *Ælian*, thus : Where *Silenus* tells the King of *Lydia*, That there was a certain City whose Inhabitants were not fewer than two hundred Myriads, who died sometimes of Sickness, but most commonly in the Wars, kill'd either by Stones or Wood ; for they were invulnerable by Steel.

Ibid. l. 10. *As loath'd Irish Ground.*] It is observed that no venomous Creature lives in *Ireland* ; neither Frogs, which are not venomous ; which being brought over in Ballast from *England*, and laid upon *Irish* Ground, they gasp, ready to expire ; but being returned recover presently : Of which I have been an Eye witness.

P. 20. l. 11. *Then Lions, Bears.*] The *Pythagoreans* taught not onely the Transmigration of the Soul from one Man to another, but from Man into Beasts, and from Beasts into Man again. This is clearly delivered

by Ovid, speaking in the Person of Pythagoras ;

*Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore quondam
Hæsit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridæ, &c.*

I th' Trojan Wars (which I remember well)
Euphorbus was *Panthous* Son, and fell
By *Menelaus* Lance ; My Shield again
At *Argos* late I saw in *Juno's* Fane.
All alter, nothing finally decays.
Hither and thither still the Spirit strays ;
Guest to all Bodies, out of Beasts it flies
To Men, from Men to Beasts, and never dies.

Ibid. l. 17. *An Host of Todpoles.*] Amongst the rest
of the Prodigies, the Ancients accounted the raining of
Frogs, Mice, Blood, Stones ; of which he will find
many Instances in the History of the *Romans*, that will
peruse *Julius Obsequens de Prodigis*.

Annotations on Fab. VII.

PAg. 23. l. 9. *Crevisa.*] Court-Mouse.
Ibid. l. 10. *Pickgrana.*] Conntrey-Mouse.

Annotations on Fab. VIII.

PAg. 27. l. 4. *Did mighty Typhon get.*] Typhon was a Giant, feign'd to be the Son of *Erebus* and *Terra*: Ambition ascending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type. He was said to reach Heaven with his Heads, because of his aspiring thoughts, and to have forced *Jupiter* from Heaven, because by Ambitious Spirits Princes are often chased from their Thrones.

Ibid. l. 9. *Gods sculk in several Shapes,*] When Typhon rais'd the War against Heaven, the Gods fled into *Egypt*, concealing themselves for fear under the Shapes of Beasts: which *Ovid* has Elegantly Describ'd in his *Metamorphosis*.

*Emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terra
Calitibus fecisse metum, cunctosque dedisse
Terga fuga, &c.*

How Typhon, from Earth's gloomy entrails rais'd
Struck all the Gods with fear, who fled amaz'd,
Till *Egypt*'s scorched soil the weary hides,
And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven Channels glides,
When *Jove* did turn himself into a Ram,
From whence the Horns of *Lybian Hammon* came,
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phæbe a Cat, *Jove*'s wife a Cow of Snow,

Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide,
And still her Harp unto her Voice apply'd.

This was an Invention of the *Grecians* in derision of the *Egyptians*, who adored *Beast* for the benefit they did them.

Pag. 24. l. 3. *In Cradle strangled Serpents.*] *Funo* is said to have sent two Serpents unto *Hercules* to destroy him in his Cradle, both which he strangled. *Ovid.*

*Tene ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter angues,
Cum tener iu cunis jam Jove dignus eras?*

You in your hands strangled two Snakes they say,
When in your Cradle you *Joves* Issue lay.

Annotations on Fab. IX.

Pag. 30. l. 8. *Cinean Tactics Discipline.*] *Cineas* was a Commander under *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who writ a Book of Military Affairs. *Cicero* in his Epistles, *Summum me Ducem literæ tuæ reddiderunt. Plane nesciebam te tam peritum esse rei militaris. Pyrrhi te libros & Cineæ video lectitasse.* Thy Letters have made me an excellent Commander. I knew not thou wert so expert in Military Affairs. Now I see thou hast read the Works of *Pyrrhus* and *Cineas*.

(b 3)

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 15. *Herd of filthy Swine.*] So *Ælian* tells the Story of the Overthrow of King *Pyrrhus* his Elephants, and the loss of his Army thereby; though *Plutarch* mentions them not. However it is generally observ'd by the *Physiologists*, that Elephants are affrighted at the Gruntings of Swine.

P. 31. l. 5. *To the high Moon.*] That Elephants worship the Moon, was a common Tradition among the Ancients. So *Pliny* in his *Natural History*, lib. 8. *Imò vero (quæ etiam in Homine rara) probitas, prudentia, æquitas, religio quoque siderum, Solisq; ac Luna veneratio, &c.* The Elephants embrace too Honesty, Prudence, and Equity, (rare Qualities to be found in Men!) and withal, have in Religious Reverence the Stars and Planets, and worship the Sun and Moon. Writers there be who report thus much of them, That when the New Moon begins to appear fresh and bright, they come down by Herds to a certain River in the Desarts of *Mauritania*, where having purified and sprinkled themselves over with Water, and ador'd the Planet, they return into the Woods again. The same is deliver'd by *Ælian* in the History of Animals, lib. 3.

Annotations on Fab. X.

P. Ag. 33. l. 9. *Cruel Tybert.*] The Cat.

P. 34. l. 9. *My Mother was a Mountain.*] See the eighth Fable.

Ibid

Ibid. l. 12. *When flying Fame.*] Virgil hath left us an admirable Description of *Fame*, *Æneid.* 1.

*Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, virèſque acquirit eundo, &c.*

Fame far out-strips all Mischief in her Course,
Which grows by motion; gains, by flying, force;
Kept under first by fear, soon after shrouds,
Stalking on Earth, her Head amongst the Clouds.
Vex'd by the Gods, th' All-parent Earth brought
This Sister, last of the Giganthick Birth. (forth
The huge foul Monster swiftly goes and flies;
So many Plumes, as many watching Eyes
Lurk underneath; and, what more strange appears,
So many Tongues, loud Mouths, and listning Ears.

Annotations on Fab. XII.

P Ag. 39. l. 1. *Since good Frogmoreton.*] Phadrus will have this Fable to have been made by Æsop upon occasion of *Pisistratus* his seising of the Fort of *Athens*, and taking the Supreme Power into his own Hands, as Tyrant. Neither is the Account of Time repugnant; for Æsop was Contemporary with the seven Wise Men, and consequently with *Solon*, who oppos'd *Pisistratus* in that Design.

P. 41. l. 4. *By the Stygian Lake.*] That *Styx* had
(b 4) the

the honour to have the Gods to swear by it, we learn from *Hesiod*, in his Genealogy of the Gods.

Ἡμεῖσι τῷ ὅτε πάντας Ὀλύμπιος ἀστροπηΐης,
Ἀθανάτους ἐχάλεσσε θεὸς εἰς μακρόν Ὀλυμπον, &c.

In that great day when high *Jove* summon'd all
The immortal Gods to his Olympick Hall,
And said, whatever God would in his Right,
Resolve against the *Titans* to fight,
He would reward, and unto them restore,
The several Honors they enjoy'd before :
And those of meaner rank, in *Saturn's* Reign,
Should more especial Dignities obtain,
Styx with her Sons then first did mount the Skies,
Observing her dear Fathers grave advice ;
Whom *Jove* so honor'd and rewarded there,
That all the Gods by her must only swear,

Ibid. moral. l. 1. *No Government can.*] The application of this Fable by *Æsop* to the *Athenians* (as *Phædrus* will have it) is thus :

——— *Vos quoque, O Cives, ait
Hoc sustinete, majus ne veniat malum.*

To you, O Citizens, bear this, he said,
Lest you a greater mischief do invade.

That he was wholly averse from Cruelty, is evident
from

From those examples alleged by *Valerius Maximus*, lib. 5. c. 1. *Seneca de Ira*, lib. 13. *Eustathius in Iliad*. 2. and others,

Annotations on Fab. XIII.

PAg. 43. l. 18. *Measur'd Carthage Walls.*] *Dido* having obtain'd of *Iarbas* so much Ground as an Ox's Hide would compass, did cut the Hide into so many small pieces as inclosed twenty two furlongs, on which she built the City *Carthage*, mentioned by *Virgil*. *Æneid*. I

*Devenere locos ubi nunc ingentia cernis,
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem,
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam.
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

They found those parts where now huge Walls,
and new,
Tow'rs of aspiring *Carthage* thou maist view,
Call'd *Byrsa* from the Bargain, so much ground
Bought as a Bull's Hide could encompass round.

Ibid. l. 21. *The Grecian General.*] This Story is related by *Homer*, *Iliad*. 7.

Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα πᾶσι παντοῖον πρὸς τεύχεσσι τε δαΐτα,
δαίνυσθ' ἔειπε.

Thus

Thus having done, to Banquet they repair ;
 All of the Royal Treatment had their share :
 But *Agamemnon*, as a favouring sign,
 Before Great *Ajax* set the lusty *Chine*.

Annotations on Fab. XIV.

PAg. 47. l. 13. *King Lycaon's Crown.*] *Lycaon* was King of *Arcadia*, whom *Jupiter* transform'd into a Wolf, because he inhumanely entertain'd him with the Flesh of a Stranger. The Fable is thus recounted by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, in the Person of *Jupiter*.

*Nocte gravem somno nec opinâ perdere morte
 Me parat, hac illi placet experientia veri.*

In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
 Me dire *Lycaon* purposed to kill ;
 Nor with so foul an Enterprize content,
 An Hostage murders from *Molossia* sent :
 Part of his sever'd scarce-dead Limbs he boyls,
 Another part on hissing Embers broils ;
 This set before me, I the House o'return'd
 With vengeful Flames, which round about
 burn'd.

He frighted, to the silent Desert flies,
 There howls, and Speech with lost Endeavor tries.

His self-like Jaws still grin ; more than for Food
He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in Blood.
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to Bristles chang'd,
A Wolf, not much from his first Form estrang'd ;
So hoary Hair'd, his Looks so full of Rape,
So fiery Ey'd, so terrible his Shape.

Which Fable was devis'd to deter Men from Impiety,
Treachery, and Inhospitality.

Annotations on Fab. XV.

P Ag. 48. l. 4. *To Menalus heard.*] *Menalus* is a high Mountain in *Arcadia*, consecrated to *Pan*, the Guardian of Shepherds, abounding with all sorts of Beasts, mention'd by *Ovid*.

*Mænala transferam latebris horrenda ferarum ;
Et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycæi.*

I past Den-dreadful *Menalus* Confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycaus* clad with Pines.

P. 49. l. antepenult. *Notes of Tinkling Brass.*] The vulgar People among the Ancients being ignorant of the Natural Causes of the Eclipses of the Moon, believ'd that she suffer'd at that time under the Power of magical Charms, which they thought was remedied by

by the tinkling of Brass, and ringing of Bells, sound Trumpets, and the like : of which we have a memorable Story in *Tacitus*, speaking of the sedition of the *Pannonian Legions* against *Tiberius* the Emperor.

Noctem minacem & in scelus erupturam fors lenior. Nam Luna claro repente cælo visa languescere. Id milis rationis ignarus, omen præsentium accepit, ac suis laboribus detectionem Sideris assimilans, prosperæque cessura quæ pergerent si fulgor & claritudo Dea redderetur, Igitur aris, no, tubarum cornûmq; concentu strepere, &c.

Chance quieted the night that threatned Sedition for in a clear night the Moon was seen to languish. The Souldier being ignorant of the reason of it, thought it to be an Omen of their present design, and the darkness of the Planet they likned to their troubles, and fulgour and clearness to their success. Wherefore the tinkling of Brass, the sound of Trumpets and Cornets they made a noise; and according as that appeared more splendid or obscure, to rejoyce or mourn. And when that light was hindred, by the intervening Clouds, and they thought the Moon to be involved in darkness (as mens minds once struck, incline to Superstition) they complain that their Eternal misery pre-signified, and that the Gods did abominate the undertaking.

Nay, *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pericles* says, that the *Athenians* were so Superstitious in this particular, that they burnt them alive who pretended to give a natural reason of the Eclipse of the Moon. This Superstition continued some Centuries of Years even amon

the Christians, as appears from the Homilies of *Maximus Taurinensis*.

Pag. 50. l. 20. *The Pygmie Kingdoms.*] The *Cranes* desert *Thrace* in Winter, declining the piercing Cold of that Climate, when making their Rendezvous first at *Hebrus*, a River of that Country, they take toward *Ethiopia*, a warmer Region, and Southward in parts of *Egypt*, where they Encounter the *Pygmies*, the Inhabitants of those Countries. This was first deliver'd by *Homer*, *Iliad*. 3.

Ἡὺ περ κλαγγὴ γεράνων πέλει ἐρανόδι πρὸ
 Αἰτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀδύσφατον ὄμβροε
 Κλαγγὴ παῖγε πέτονται ἐπ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥοαῶν
 Ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόβον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσι.

So clamouring *Cranes* on Wings expanded march,
 Though unpath'd Regions of Heavens glittering
 From biting Cold, and Deluges of Rain, (Arch
 To warmer Margents of the Southern Main;
 Where the Plum'd Squadrons on the *Pygmies* set,
 And with great Slaughter up their quarters beat.

and gain'd credit among the most judicious of those
 that follow him: For *Aristotle* in his History of Ani-
 mals Vindicates it as a truth, and far from Fiction; and
 the *Roman Legate*, in his Embassy into *Ethiopia*, Avow'd
 that he saw the *Pygmies* Inhabiting the Mountains of
 that Country.

An-

Annotations on Fab. XVIII.

PAg. 60. l. 6. *Like to Actæon.*] Whilst Diana accompanied by her Nymphs, bath'd her self in the Valley of *Gargathia*, *Actæon* by chance came thither, and beheld them naked; whom the angry Goddess, lest he should divulge what he had unfortunately beheld, transform'd into a Horned Deer, and was slain by his own Dogs; which *Ovid* thus describes:

*Dúmque ibi perluitur solitâ Titania lymphâ,
Ecce nepos Cadmi dilatâ parte laborum
Per nemus ignotum non certis passibus errans
Pervenit in lucum, &c.*

Whilst here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tir'd with Exercise,
And wandring through the Woods, approach'd
With fatal steps; so Destiny him drove! (Gro
Entring the Cave, with skipping Springs bedew
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd
Clapt their resounding Breasts, and fill'd the Woods
With sudden shrieks; like Ivory pale they stood
About their Goddess: but she, far more tall,
By Head and Shoulders overtops them all.
Now tell, she says, th' hast seen me disarray'd,
Tell, if thou canst, I give thee leave. This said,

She to his Neck and Ears new length imparts,
T' his Brow the Antlers of long-living Harts
His Legs and Feet with Arms and Hands supply'd,
And cloath'd his Body with a spotted Hide, &c.

This is the Fable; the ground whereof was: The
ounds in the Canicular days being possess'd with Fu-
e th, through the power of the Moon, that is, *Diana*,
Gorried their Master; which Fate, as *Scaliger* reports,
narel many Hunters of *Corfica* in his time.

Annotations on Fab. XX.

[Ag. 63. l. 5. *They have no Gall.*] It was the gene-
ral Opinion of the Ancients, that there was no
Gall in Pigeons, because they found not the Vessel in
which the Gall is contain'd, on the Liver, as in other
animals; whence they were made the Symbol and
Hieroglyphick of Love, Kindness, and Mildness: But
this is sufficiently refuted by *Galen*, and the later Ana-
tomists.

Annotations on Fab. XXI.

[Ag. 65. l. 13. *From Cerberus.*] *Cerberus* is the
Door-keeper of Hell, feign'd by the Poets to
have three Heads, representing that tripple-natur'd
Devil

Devil that haunts the Air, Earth, and Water. &
Virgil Describes him, *Aeneid.* 6.

*Cerberus hac ingens latratu regnatrifauci,
 Personat, aduerso recubans immanis in antro.
 Cui vates horrere videns jam colla colubris,
 Melle soporatum, &c.*

Stretch'd on his Kennel Monstrous *Cerberus*, round
 From triple Jaws makes all these Realms resound,
 But when the Priestess on his Neck espy'd,
 The Serpents bristle, she a morsel, fry'd
 With Drugs and Hony, cast; he swallows straight
 With three devouring Mouths the drowsie bait.

Pag. 66. l. 25. *Not our Penates keep.*] The *Romans* had not only Tutelar Gods for their Cities and Towns, but peculiar Gods for every particular Household, which they call'd *Lares* and *Penates*; to whom they Attributed the Protection of the House and Family, So *Plautus*.

*Ne qui miretur qui sim, paucis eloquar;
 Ego Lar, sum familiaris, ex hac familia;
 Unde exeuntem me aspexistis, hanc domum,
 Fam multos annos est cum possideo & colo,*

Lest any should admire who I may be,
 Know I the *Lar* am of this Family;
 I many years from whence you see me come,
 Dwell and Possession held of every Room.

Annotations on Fab. XXII.

PAg. 69. l. 3. *Or fatal Vespers had.*] The Sicilian Vespers, when all the French in that Island were murder'd by the Inhabitants.

Annotations on Fab. XXV.

PAg. 75. l. ult. *The Genius of the Place.*] Snakes were generally the Ensign of a Place consecrated to the Gods, as may be conjectur'd from this Verse of *Perseus, Satyr. I.*

Pingue duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus, extra Meite————

ut especially to the Temples built over the Tombs of Heroes; of which *Plutarch* in the Life of *Agis* gives this reason: Τα δὲ ἀνθρώπινα σάματ' αὖ πῶς τὸν μυελὸν χύρων συρράλ' ἵνα καὶ σύσασιν ἐν ἑαυτοῖς λαβόντων φεῖς ἀναδίδωσι, καὶ τῷτο κατὰ δύντες οἱ παλαιοὶ, μέλι-α πῶν ζώων τὸν δ' ἐκχρῖντα τοῖς ἥρωσι συνωκέωσαν. *Humane Bodies, after the moistness of their Marrow is com-acted, produce Serpents: which the Ancients observing, of all Animals did especially appropriate them to the Heroes.*

(c)

The

The same Author reports, That a Serpent was taken about the dead Body of *Cleomenes*: And *Paulus Aemilius* writes, That one was found in the Tomb of *Charles Martel*, where there was nothing but the Corps to produce it: And *Pliny* affirms that he hath heard of many.

Annotations on Fab. XXVI.

PAg. 76. l. 4. *The Pygmies are.*] Of the Cranes and Pygmies, see Note on Fable 15.

P. 79. l. 43. *With Tantalizing Banquets.*] *Tantalus* a Friend of the Gods, admitted to their Counsels, was cast down into Hell for revealing of them, where he hungers and thirsts in the midst of Plenty.

Καὶ μὴν Τάνταλον εἰσεῖδον χαλεπ' ἀλγέ' ἔχοντα,
Ἐσάοτ' ἐν λίμνῃ, ἣ δ' ὡροσέπλαζε γυνείῳ
Στεύπο δ' διψάον, &c.

—Next *Tantalus* I spy'd,
Suffring a horrid Torment, standing in
A pleasant River, close up to his Chin;
Who thirsty, oft as he desir'd to drink,
Dry Sands appear, and swelling Billows shrink
Beneath his Feet, forc'd by some angry God;
About his Head, Trees, which rich Fruit did load

Pea

Pears, Apples, Figs, and Olives, in a throng,
 Their various kinds in dangling Clusters hung;
 Oft as th' Old Man strove one of them to catch,
 A Wind conceal'd, or blew out of his reach.
 Whom Ovid follows, *Lib. 4. Metamorphos.*

—tibi Tantale nulla

Deprenduntur aqua, quaque imminet effugit umbra.

From *Tantalus* deceitful Water-slips,
 And catch'd-at Fruit avoids his touch'd Lips.

by which the Ancients signified how fatal a thing it
 was to discover the Secrets of Princes.

Annotations on Fab. XXVII.

[Ag. 80. l. 16. *Periwig the Gorgon's Head.*] We
 cannot better describe the *Gorgon's Head*, than in
 the Words of *Sidonius Apollinaris*, *Epithalam.*

*Gorgo tenet pectus medium, factura videnti
 Et truncata moras; nitet insidiosa superbum
 Effigies, vivitq; animâ pereunte venustas.
 Alta cerastarum spinis caput asperat atrum
 Congeries, &c.*

The *Gorgon's* Head, which guards her Bosom, would
 Change thee to Statue, should'st thou it behold :
 The treach'rous Face shines proudly, & though dead
 Life's beauty keeps : Snakes matted round her Head
 In speckled Curls voluminously wreath,
 And biting Tresses direly hissing breathe.

It was the Head of *Medusa*, cut off by *Perseus* when
 she was asleep, and was carried afterwards in the middle
 of *Minerva's* Shield, according to the Descriptions
 it by *Homer* and *Virgil*.

Annotations on Fab. XXX.

PAg. 16. l. 16. *His Train of Argus Eyes.*] *Argus*
 was feign'd to be a Man with an hundred Eyes
 to whose custody *Juno* deliver'd *Io*, transform'd into a
 Cow ; who, by the Command of *Jupiter*, being brought
 into a dead sleep, was slain by *Mercury*. This Fable
 at large related by *Ovid*, in the first of his *Metamorphosis*.

*Donec Arestoridæ servandam tradidit Argo,
 Centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat, &c.*

Until the *Io* gave to *Argus* guard :
 A hundred Eyes his Heads large Circuit starr'd.
 Who

Whereof, by turns, at once two onely slept,
The other watch'd, and still their Stations kept.
Which way foe're he stands, he so spies;
So, behind him, was before his Eyes, &c.

The Moral of this Fable is thus expressed by Pontanus:

*Argus enim Cælum est: vigilantia lumina flamme
Æthereæ, & vario labentia sidera mundo.*

Argus is Heaven, Ætherial Fire his Eyes,
That wake by turns, and Stars that set and rise.
These sparkle on the Brow of shady Night;
But when *Apollo* rears his glorious Light,
They, vanquish'd by so great a Splendor, die,
And buried in obscure *Olympus* lie.

Ibid. l. 19. In *Juno's* Chariot.] That the Chariot
of *Juno* was drawn by Peacocks, appears from many
of the Roman Medals; whence it is call'd *Ales Junonia*.

Explicat atque suas ales Junonia pennas.

The Poets feign'd, That *Juno* converted the Eyes
of *Argus*, after he was slain by *Mercury*, in her Pea-
ocks Train: *Ovid. lib. 1. Metam.*

*Excipit hos, volucrisque sue Saturnia pennis
Collocat, & gemmis caudam stellantibus implet.*

Yet that those Starry Jewels might remain,
Bright Juno fix'd them in her Peacock's Train.

Annotations on Fab. XXXI.

P Ag. 88. l. antepenult. *Horn'd Béline.*] The Rat
Ibid. *Fierce Isgrim.*] The Wolf.

Annotations on Fab. XXXIII.

P Ag. 95. l. penult. *The Prince of Foats.*] Virgil.
P. 97. l. 4. *With Myrmidons.*] *Aecus* in hon-
our of his Mother *Agina* having appropriated her Name
to the Island where he Reign'd, *Juno* her Rival, then
at machinens'd, sent a lamentable Pestilence, where-
with the Inhabitants were all destroy'd, except the
Royal Family: Whereupon *Aecus*, espying a Multi-
tude of Ants at the Root of an Oak, desires as many
Men from *Jupiter*, to supply the number of those who
the Pestilence had devour'd; who dreams in the night
that the Ants were turn'd into Men, which in the
morning prov'd true. *Ovid* relates the Fable at large

Forth went I, and beheld the Men which late
My Dream presented; such in every state

I saw, and knew them. They salute their King.
Jove prais'd, a Party to the Town I bring;
 Leave to the rest the empty Fields, and call
 Them *Myrmidons*, of ther Original.

This Fable was invented from the Inhabitants of that Island, who to avoid the Incursions of their neighbors, dwelt in obscure Caves, under the Earth, like *Pismires*; who being afterwards exercised in Martial Discipline by *Æacus*, and persuaded to cohabit in Cities, they were feign'd to have been of *Pismires* converted into Men.

Annotations on Fab. XXXV.

[Ag. 100. l. antepenult. Broke fiery *Æthon's* Breath.]

The Chariot of the Sun was drawn by four Horses, *Æthon*, *Pyrois*, *Phlegon*, and *Eous*, whose Names signify onely Light and Heat, of which the Sun is the Fountain. *Ovid. Metam. lib. 2.*

*Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, & Æthon,
 Solis equi, quartusq; Phlegon hinnitibus auræ
 Flammiferis implent, pedibusque repagula pulsant.*

Mean while the Sun's swift Horses, hot *Pyrois*,
 Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
 Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with Heat,
 And with their thundring Hoofs the Barriers beat.

Annotations on Fab. XXXVI.

PAg. 103. l. 2. *The Hamadryades.*] The Ancients invented peculiar Gods for their Mountains, Rivers, and Groves, &c. as appears in *Homer's Hymn to Venus.*

Ἡ τις Νυμφάων, αἱ τ' ἄλσῃ καλὰ νέμονται
 Ἡ Νυμφῶν αἱ καλὸν ὄρεα πόδε ναιετάουσιν,
 Καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν, καὶ βήσῃσιν ποιμένεαι.

the last of which were call'd *Dryades*, or *Hamadryades* and these were believ'd to live and die with the Trees in their protection, according to *Apollonius.*

*He suffer'd for his Sire, who durst provoke
 The Dryades, by cutting down their Oke.
 The Nymph full oft petition'd him with Tears
 To spare her Tree, of equal Birth and Years,
 Since both their Lives did flourish in that Bole.
 But no Entreats could his rash Youth controul;
 Who hews it down. The Nymph reveng'd her Fall.
 To him and to his Issue Tragical.*

Ibid l. 4. There flourish'd Esculus.] *Pliny* in his Natural History, l. 12. c. 1. *Arborum genera Numinibus suis dicata perpetuo servantur, ut Jovi Esculus, Apollini*

Laurus

Caprius, Minervæ Olea, Veneri Myrtus, Herculi Populus.
The Ceremony of Dedicating this and that kind of Tree to several Gods was always observ'd; for the Esculus is Consecrated to Jupiter, the Laurel to Apollo, the Olive-tree to Minerva, the Myrtle to Venus, and the Poplar to Hercules.

Ibid. l. 5. *Phæbus Love.*] The Laurel.

Pag. 104. l. 8. *Like that of Dodon.*] At Dodona in Epirus, was the most famous Oracle of Jupiter. The story of it is thus related by Herodotus, the ancientest of the Greek Historians, who seems to have been inquisitive after the Original of it. The Priests of Jupiter, at Thebes a City in Egypt, told me that the Phenicians had stoln away formerly two of their Priestesses, and sold one of them into Lybia, the other into Greece, which Women first Constituted, as they understood Oracles in those Places. But the Priestesses at Dodona say, that there flew two black Pigeons from Thebes of Egypt, the one into Lybia, the other to them, which alighting on an Oak, said with a humane Voice, That there ought to be an Oracle of Jupiter there. They supposing it to be a Divine Command, caus'd one to be built. The rest of the Dodoneans agreed with them in their Relation. My Opinion of them (says Herodotus) is this: If it be true, that the Phenicians carried away these two holy Women, and sold one of them into Lybia, the other into Hellas, it seems to me, that this Woman was sold to the Thesproians, in the Country now call'd Hellas; before Pelasgia, where during the time of her Slavery, she consecrated the Place near a neighboring Oak, it being very probable,

probable that she having been consecrated to Jupiter Egypt, would retain the memory of him here. Now the Women were call'd by the Dodoneans, Πελειάδες, Pigeons, because using an unknown Language, they seem'd to talk like Birds; but that this after a while spake with a humane Voice, because she by Conversation had learn'd the Greek Tongue. When they say the Pigeon was black, it signifie that the Woman was an Ægyptian. The Oracle Thebes in Ægypt, and that in Dodona, are very like another.

Annotations on Fab. XXXVII.

PAg. 107. l. 16. *Subtle Proteus.*] Proteus was King of the Ægyptians about the time of the Trojan War; feign'd to have chang'd himself into sundry Forms, now seeming a Beast, now a Tree, now Fish &c. *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 8.*

*Sunt quibus in plures. jus est transire figuras,
Ut tibi complexi terram maris incolæ Proteu, &c.*

Others have power themselves at will to change,
As thou blue Proteus, that in Seas dost range;
Who now a Man, a Lion now appears,
Now a fell Boar, a Serpent's shape now bears,
A Bull with threatening Horns now seem'st to be,
Now like a Stone, now like a spreading Tree,

And sometimes like a gentle River flows,
Sometimes like Fire, averſe to Water, ſhows.

Which he attain'd, it ſeems, by his Converſation with
the Magicians of *Ægypt*, of whoſe ſtrange Performan-
ces of that nature the Scriptures make mention. But
Diodorus Siculus ſays, That the Kings of that Country
wore ſometimes the ſhapes of Lions, Bulls, and Dra-
gons on their Heads, as Marks of Regaliry; ſometimes
Trees, Fire, and the like; which was the Original of
this *Grecian* Fable.

Annotations on Fab. XXXIX.

[D*Ag.* 111. l. 1. *Paphos find.*] A City in the Iſland
of *Cyprus*, conſecrated to *Venus*, whence ſhe was
call'd *Paphia*.

Annotations on Fab. XL.

[D*Ag.* 114. l. 5. *The ſecond Age.*] The *Silver Age*.
P. 115. l. penult. *Scorn'd Pegasus.*] A winged
Horse, feign'd to have riſe out of the Blood of *Meduſa*,
gain by *Perſeus*, *Ovid. lib. 4.*

Dúmque gravi ſomnus colubros ipſámque tenebat,

Eripuiſſe

*Eripuisse caput collo, pennisque fugacem
Pegason, & fratrem matris de sanguine natos.*

How her Head he from off her Shoulders took
E'r heavy Sleep her Snakes and her forsook.
Then told of *Pegasus* and of his Brother, (the
Sprung from the Blood of their new slaughter'd Mo

By which Fable the Poets express'd that Fame
which flies through the Mouths of Men, and celebrates
victorious Vertue.

Pag. 117. l. 14. *But these Times.*] The Silver Age

Annotations on Fab. XLI.

PAg. 121. l. 2. *Twelve Labors.*] The Labors of
Hercules were the Argument in which all the an-
cient Poets did luxuriate, briefly enumerated by Ovid
thus, speaking in the Person of *Hercules*:

*Ergo ego fœdantem peregrino Templâ cruore
Busirim domui? sævôque alimenta Parentis
Antæo eripui? nec me pastoris Iberi
Forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movet
Vosne manus validi pressistis cornua Tauri?
Vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stymphalides undæ
Partheniumque nemus, &c.*

———Have I this gain'd
 For slain *Busiris*, who *Jove's* Temple stain'd
 With Strangers Blood. That from the Earth Earth-
Antaus held? whom *Geryon's* triple Head (bred
 Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once dismay?
 These Hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
 Your Labors *Elis*; smooth *Stymphalian* Floods
 Confess with Praises, and *Parthenian* Woods.
 You got the Golden Belt of *Thermodon*,
 And Apples from the sleepless Dragon won;
 Nor Cloud-born *Centaures* nor th' *Arcadian* Bore
 Could me resist, nor *Hydra* with her store
 Of frightful Heads, which by their loss increas'd.

Annotations on Fab. XLII.

P Ag. 124. l. 3. *Sad Partlet.*] The Hen.
 Ibid. l. 8. *Like Hydra's.*] *Hydra* was a Serpent
 of the Lake of *Lerna*, in the Country of the *Argives*,
 which was said to have many Heads; whereof one be-
 ing cut off, two rose in the room more terrible than
 the former; afterwards by *Hercules* destroy'd.
 Which Fable relates to that Place, which by the
 eruption of its Waters annoy'd the neighboring
 Cities, when one being stop't, there arose a great ma-
 ny in the room; whose noisom and infectious Wa-
 ters were dri'd up by the extraordinary Heat of
 the

the Sun, signified by *Hercules*, according to *Macrobiius*.

Ibid. l. 11. *Keyword.*] The Hare.

Annotations on Fab. XLIV.

PAg. 129. Moral, l. penult. *Who whipp'd the Sea*
 The insolence of the *Persian* Emperor, here allude
 ded to, in his Expedition against *Greece*, we shall deliver
 in the words of *Herodotus*, who liv'd, though but a
 Child, at the same time. From *Abydus* to the opposite
 Continent, is a Streight of onely seven Furlongs
 over which when *Xerxes* had caus'd a Bridge to be laid
 a violent Tempest on a sudden destroy'd it; which
 when he heard, highly incens'd, he commanded that
 they should inflict three hundred Stripes on the *Hellens*
spont, and drop a couple of Chains into the bottom of
 it, charging them to say these impious and barbarous
 Words: *O Bitter and Salt Water, thy Master inflict's the*
Punishment on thee, because thou hast injur'd him, being
provok'd by any precedent Wrong; King Xerxes shall pass
over thee whether thou wilt or no. Thus he commanded
 them to punish the Sea, and to strike off the Heads of
 the Overseers of the Work.

Annotations on Fab. XLVII.

[Ag. 137. l. 3. *We Dædalus wing'd.*] *Dædalus* with his Son *Icarus* being imprison'd by *Minos*, and seeing no possibility of Escape, either by Sea or Land, makes himself and his Son artificial Wings, and saves himself by flight through the Air; but his Son, having the Cement of his Wings melted by his too near approach to the Sun, dropt into the Sea, from him call'd the *Icarian Sea*. The Moral of this Fable *Seneca* the tragedian delivers thus:

*Male pensantur magna minis,
Fælix alius magnisque volet;
Me nulla vocet turba potentem, &c.*

Great Heights great Downfalls balance still:
Be Great and Glorious they that will;
Let none for Potent me adore:
May my small Barque coast by the Shore,
Unforc'd to Sea by lofty Winds:
Calm Bays proud Fortune never minds;
But Ships on high-wrought Seas assails,
Whose Top-sails swell with Cloudy Gales.

The History contain'd in it is this: *Dædalus* imprison'd by *Minos* in the Labyrinth, escap'd by a Wile, and

and put to Sea in two small Vessels, the one guided himself, the other by his Son *Icarus*; when by the help of their Sails, invented by *Dedalus*, they overstript their Pursuers: which because they were display'd like Wings, and carried with them so strange celerity, they were feign'd to flie. But *Icarus* by bearing too great Sail, overset his Barque, and perish'd in the Sea.

Annotations on Fab. LI.

PAg. 150. l. 23. *Berecynthia's Chariot drove.*] The Chariot of *Berecynthia*, or *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods, was drawn by Lions, we find in the third of *Virgil's Aeneids*:

*Hinc mater cultrix Cybele, Corybantiaque ara
Idæumque nemus: hinc fida silentia sacris,
Et juncti currum Domina subiere Leones.*

Corybantian Sounds for *Cybel* he ordain'd,
And silent Rites in *Ida's* Grove maintain'd.
The Ladies Chariot is with Lions drawn.

By their Heat and Rapacity representing the Heaven wherein the Air, in which the Earth or *Cybele* is more contain'd. *Ovid* feigns that *Hippomenes* and *Atala* having polluted a sacred Grott with their unseasonable

usts, were by *Cybele* transform'd into Lions, and forc'd
to draw her Chariot.

—*Turritaque mater*

*An Stygia fontes dubitavit mergerit undâ ;
Pæna levis visa est : Ergo modo livia fulvæ
Colla juba velant, &c.*

—*Cybel* crown'd

With Tow'rs, had struck them to the *Stygian* Sound,
But that she thought that Punishment too small :
When yellow Mains on their smooth Shoulders fall,
Their Arms to Legs, their Fingers turn to Nails ;
Their Breasts of wondrous strength, their tufted
Tails

Whisk up the Dust ; their Looks are full of dread ;
For Speech they rore ; the Woods become their
Bed.

These Lions fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing Bits, and yokes their stubborn Necks.

P. 151. l. 11. *The Macedonian.*] *Alexander* the
Great.

(d)

Anno-

Annotations on Fab. LV.

PAg. 162. l. 4. *Mars in a Net.*] That the Ancients danc'd not to Tunes onely, but to Songs, presenting with the Figures and Motions of their Bodies the Subject of the Ballad, appears from this Place in *Homer*, where in King *Alcinous* Court they dance the Story of *Mars* and *Venus* taken in Adultery by *Vulcan*.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε Φαιήκων Ῥητάρμυες ὅσσοι ἄριστοι
 Πάισατε, ὡς χ' ὁ ξείνῳ ἐνίσπη οἷσι φίλοισι
 "Οικαδὲ νοστήσας, ὅσπον περιγίνομεθ' ἄλλων, ὅτι.

Our Dances bid prepare, that he may tell
 His Friends at home how much we all excell.
 Let one streight for *Demodocus* repair,
 And bring his Harp, of which pray have a care.
 This said, thence for the Lyre his Herald goes;
 Nine Masters of the Revels then arose,
 Who drove the People back, and more room made
 The Harp brought in, *Demodocus* not staid,
 But went into the midst: Prime Youth advance,
 And plac'd in Figures, round about him dance.
Ulysses much their Motions did admire,
 Whilst he sung sweetly to his charming Lyre
 The Scapes of *Mars* and *Venus*; how he sped
 When first she brought him to her Husband's Bed

Hor

How their stoln Sports the Sun to him declar'd;
And how the News the Jealous chafing heard;
Who at his Forge streight Anvil'd out a Chain;
Whose Links not force nor cunning could constrain;
Then raging, to his Chamber went, and spread
The artificial Gin about his Bed, &c.

P. 163. l. 23. *Semele saw such a Majestick Fove.*
Semele was persuaded by the fraud of *Juno*, in the
form of her Nurse, to ask a Boon of *Jupiter* (which
rashly confirm'd with an Oath) that he would ap-
proach to her in the same manner that he did to *Juno*,
with all the Ensigns of his Regality; who burns in his
embracements, as not being able to endure the Divine
brightness. *Ovid* in his *Metamorph.*

————— *Qualem Saturnia, dixit,*
Te solet amplecti, Veneris cum sædus initis,
Da mihi te talem.

————— Then *Semele* said,
Such be to me, O *Fove*, as when th' invites
Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her Mouth he sought to stop, but now that Breath
Was mix'd with Air which sentenced her Death.
Lightning t' her Father's house *Fove* with him took:
But (ah!) a Mortal Body could not brook
Ætherial Tumults. Her Success she mourns,
And in those so desir'd Embracements burns.

By which Fable the Ancients taught, that those who too curiously search'd into Divine Majesty, were oppress'd with the Glory of it.

Annotations on Fab. LVI.

P Ag. 165. l. 5. *Poor Keyward.*] The Hare.
 P. 166. l. 17. *Thou brought'st me Ganymed*
Ganymed the Son of *Tros* King of *Troy*, being a Young
 of admirable Beauty, was stoln away by *Jupiter* trans-
 form'd into an Eagle, and carried into Heaven. The
 the Fable is related by *Ovid*.

*Rex Superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
 Arsit, & inventum est aliquid quod Jupiter esse
 Quàm quod erat mallet: nullo tamen alite verti
 Dignatur nisi quæ portat sua fulmina terra.*

Heaven's King young *Ganymed* inflames with Love
 There was what *Jove* would rather be, than *Jove*
 Yet deigns no other Shape than hers that bears
 His awful Lightning in her Golden Scares.
 Who forthwith stooping with deceitful Wings,
 Truss'd up fair *Ganymed* by *Ida's* Springs;
 Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scowls)
 Delicious *Nectar* fills in flowing Bowls.

Because *Jupiter* wore an Eagle on his Crest, he was
 feign'd to have taken him away in that form.

Annotations on Fab. LVIII.

PAg. 171. l. 12. Scarce would Deucalion's Flood.]
Deucalion's Flood, in which all the Grecians were
rown'd, except himself and his Family, sav'd on the
op of the Mountain *Parnassus*, hapned about seven hun-
red and fourscore years after the general Deluge re-
corded by *Moses*: It is at large describ'd by *Ovid*, *Me-*
amorph. lib. 1.

*Expatiatæ ruunt per apertos Flumina campos,
Cumque satis arbuta simul, pecudésq; virósque, &c.*

Through open Fields now rush the spreading Floods,
And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
Houses and Temples with their Gods enclos'd.
What such a Force, unoverthrown, oppos'd,
The higher swelling Water quite devours,
Which hides th'aspiring tops of swallow'd Tow'rs.
Now Land and Sea no different Visage wore,
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.
One takes a Hill, one in a Boat deplores,
And where he lately plow'd, now plies his Oars;
O're Corn, o're drowned Villages he sails:
This from high Elms intangled Fishes hales:
In Fields they Anchor cast, as Chance did guide,
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide:

(d 3)

Where

Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calf now his ugly Body lays, &c.

Annotations on Fab. LX.

Page 178. line 2. *Arachne.*] The Spider.

Annotations on Fab. LXIV.

Pag. 188. lin. antepenult. *Isgrtm.*] The Wolf.

Annotations on Fab. LXVI.

Pag. 195. l. 3. *A She-Wolf's Bosom hung.*] *Amulius*
King of *Ausonia* forc'd his Brother *Numitor*
Daughter *Ila* to become a Vestal, whereby she was
bound by her Vow to live a perpetual Virgin, and
all hopes of her Father's Posterity cut off: But she
bare two Sons at a Birth, begotten, as pretended, by
Mars's impregnation, by a God being accounted hono-
rable. *Amulius* charg'd that the Twins should be
drown'd, and *Ila* buried alive, according to the Law
concerning Vestal Virgins: But the Children were
expos'd onely, not murder'd, by the relenting Exe-
cutioner

tioners, and were nourish'd, according to the Roman Histories, by a Wolf; as Monuments of which, there are still remaining several Statues: and it is generally avouch'd by the Latin Poets. *Virgil, Æneid. 8.*

*Fecerat & viridi sætam Mavortis in antro,
Procubuisse lupam: geminos hinc ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, & lambere matrem
Impavidos, &c.*

Mars pregnant Wolf in a green Covert lay,
And hanging at her Breasts two Infants play:
Bending her Neck, she licks the tender young,
And quiet, shapes their Bodies with her Tongue.

But it is rather believ'd that they were nurs'd by a Parrot, the Wife of *Fanstulus*, call'd *Lupa* by the Latins; which Word being equivocal, and signifying Wolf too, gave the occasion of the Fable.

Annotations on Fab. LXXIII.

PAg. 217. l. 9. *Sad Pygmalion.*] *Pygmalion* the Son of *Cilax* the *Cypriot*, deterr'd by the beastly Life of the *Propetides*, and the Vices generally incident to Women, resolv'd to live a single Life; who carving the Image of a Virgin in Ivory, fell in love with his own Workmanship, at whose Prayers *Venus* converted the Statue into a Woman, of whom he begot *Phaon*. Thus *Ovid* relates the Fable.

*Sit Conjux opto, non ausus, eburnea virgo,
Dicere Pygmalion, similis mea dixit eburna, &c.*

Give me a Wife, one like, *Pygmalion* said,
But durst not say, give me my Ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,
Conceives his Wish, and friendly Signs express;
The Fire thrice flaming, thrice in Flames aspires,
To his admired Image he retires,
Lies down besides her, rais'd her with his Arm,
Then kiss'd her tempting Lips, & found them warm
That Lesson oft repeats, her Bosom oft
With amorous touches feels, and felt it soft;
Th' Ivory dimpled with his Fingers, lacks
Accustom'd hardness; as *Hymettian* Wax

Relen

Relents with Heat, which chafing Thumbs reduce
To pliant Forms, by handling fram'd for use.
Amaz'd with doubtful Joy, and Hope that reels,
Again the Lover what he wishes feels,
The Veins beneath his Thumbs impressi'on bear,
A perfect Virgin, full of Juyce and Heat, &c.

Annotations on Fab. LXXIX.

[Ag. 233. l. 4. *Danc'd into the Walls of Thebes.*] *Amphion*, who first liv'd in a small Town call'd *Entresis*, afterwards remov'd to *Thebes*, which he was forc'd to Bulwark round, for fear of the *Phlegya*, Potent Enemies, neer hand. The Poets generally say, That he plaid so sweetly on his Harp, that the very Stones and Trees spontaneously follow'd it to the building of the Walls of *Thebes*. *Horace* in his Art of Poetry,

*Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testitudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet*——

Amphion, who built *Thebes*, made Stones advance,
As they report, and to his Musick dance,
And led them where he pleas'd with moving strains.

By

By which they signified, That he by the sweetness of his Discourse and Carriage had mollified the most fierce and Barbarous People, and perswaded them to a Politick Society.

P. 234. l. 12. *Like the Trojan Heroe.*] *Aeneas*, when at the sacking of the City of *Troy* sav'd the Gods of his Family, and his Father, bearing them away on his Shoulders; mention'd by *Ovid* and *Virgil*: By the first *Eneid*. the second.

*Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere nostra,
Ipse subibo humeris, nec me labor iste gravabit.*

*Quo res cunque cadent, unum & commune periculum,
Una salus ambobus erit, &c.*

Dear Father, get upon my Shoulder streight;
Nor burdensom to me shall be your Weight:
Whatever chance, one common danger we
Shall equal share, to both one danger be.
I shall *Ascanius* my Companion chuse:
My Wife must follow, but some distance use.

By the other, *Metamorph. lib. 13.*

— *Sacra & sacra altera patrem
Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros.
De tantis opibus prædam prius eligit illam,
Ascaniumque suum, &c.*

— the Son and Joy

Of *Cytherea*, with his Household Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious Shoulders loads.
Of so great Wealth, he onely chose that Prize,
And his *Ascanius* : from *Antandros* flies
By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* Shore,
Defil'd with Blood of Murder'd *Polydore*.

Antoninus Pius, the *Roman* Emperor, had a Signet
bearing the Image of *Aeneas*, with his Father on his
back.

FINIS.



The Fables

O F
Æ S O P.

F A B. I.

Of the Cock and Precious Stone.

S **TOUT** Chanticleer three times aloud proclaims
Day's signal Victory o're Nigh's vanquish'd
Flames:

As oft the mighty Lions are affrighted
With his shrill Notes, while others are delighted.

In a short Coat of Feathers warm as Furs,

In Boots drawn up, and Gilded Spurs,

Of old the Valiant Cock the Eagle Knighted)

B

He

He from proud Roofs, high as the Thatch, descends
His Wives, his Concubines, and Fair Race attends.

Scaling a fordid Mountain, straight he found
A Star in Dust, a Sparkling Diamond.
Then spake the Cock; Stone of the whitest Water
Whom Time, nor Fire can waste, nor Anvil batter;
If thee some skilful Jeweller had sold,
Adorned thus with purest Gold,
To a fond Lover: He, his Love to flatter,
Would swear his Ladies Eyes out-shine thy Rays
(Brightest of Gems) although she look nine ways.

Thou Emblem of vain Learning may'st adorn
The Wisest; but give me a Barley Corn.
Let meagre Scholars waste their Brains and Tapers,
In quest of thee, while they turn anxious Papers;
Let me have Pleasure, and my Belly full:
Far better is an empty Scull,
Than a Head stuff'd with Melancholy Vapours.
Lye still obscure: *I'll be to Nature kind;*
My Body I'll not Starve, to Feed my Mind.

M O R A L.

*Voluptuous Men Philosophy despise:
Down with all Learning, the Arm'd Soldier cries:
On Gleab, and Cattel, greedy Farmers look;
And Merchants only prize their Counting Book.*

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F A B. II.

Of the Dog and Shadow.

THis Dog away with a whole Shoulder ran;
 Let thanks be to the careless Larder-man,
 Who made the Proverb true: Both large and good
 The Mutton was: No way, but take the Flood;
 His fellow-Spaniels waiting in the Hall,
 Nay, Hounds, and Curs, in for a Share would fall;
 Those Beggars, that like Plague and Famine sit
 Guarding the Gate, would eat both him and it:
 Shrewd were his doubts lest Serving-men might put
 In for their Part, and strive for the first Cut.
 A thousand real Dangers thus persuade,
 As many more his nimble Fancy made;
 Faces about, straight at a Postern-Gate
 He takes the Stream, and leaves the rest to Fate.

'Twas in the *Dog-days* too, the Skies were clear,
 Not one Black Patch did in Heaven's Face appear;
 Breathless the Sun left two and thirty Winds,
 And such the Calm as that the *Halcyan* finds.

When a refracted Ray, a golden Beam,
 In the gross *Medium* of the darker Stream,
 Pencil'd another Shoulder like to that
 The Dog had purchas'd, but more large, and fat.

To him who oft had fed from Beggars Caps,
 Shar'd in the Dole, and quarrell'd for faln Scraps,
 With twenty more for a gnawn Bone would fight,
 A greedy Worm, a dogged Appetite,
 Gave sad advice, to seize one Shoulder more.

(Some Mortals till they'r Rich, are never Poor.)

Too rash, he bites: Down to the deepest Stream
 The Shadow and the Substance, like a Dream,
 Vanish'd together: Thrice he dives in vain,
 For the swift Current bore it to the Main,
 To furnish Triton's Banquet, who that day
 Married the famous Mermaid Galate.

The Virgin smil'd; but yet the easie Nymph
 Return'd not, for the Present, one poor Shrimp.

Thrice round he looks, raising his woful Head,
 To see which way the Feather'd Joynt was fled;
 But finding none, he is resolv'd to die,
 And with his Love dear Lady Mutton lie.
 Yet hating a wet Death, he swam to Shore;
 Then set a Throat up made the Welkin rore:
 To hang himself in his own Collar he
 Is next resolv'd, could he but find a Tree.
 Full of despair, in such a piteous qualm,
 Thus howl'd he out his Recantation Psalm.

Here I the Emblem of fond Mortals fit,
 That lose the Substance for an empty Bit;
 Whom fair Pretences, and a hollow Shade
 Of future Happiness, unhappy made:
 Nay, States, and Mighty Realms, with Plenty pro
 Thus for Rich *Fun* oft embrace a Cloud.

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*He is too blest that his own Happiness knows,
And Mortals to themselves are greatest Foes.*

MORAL:

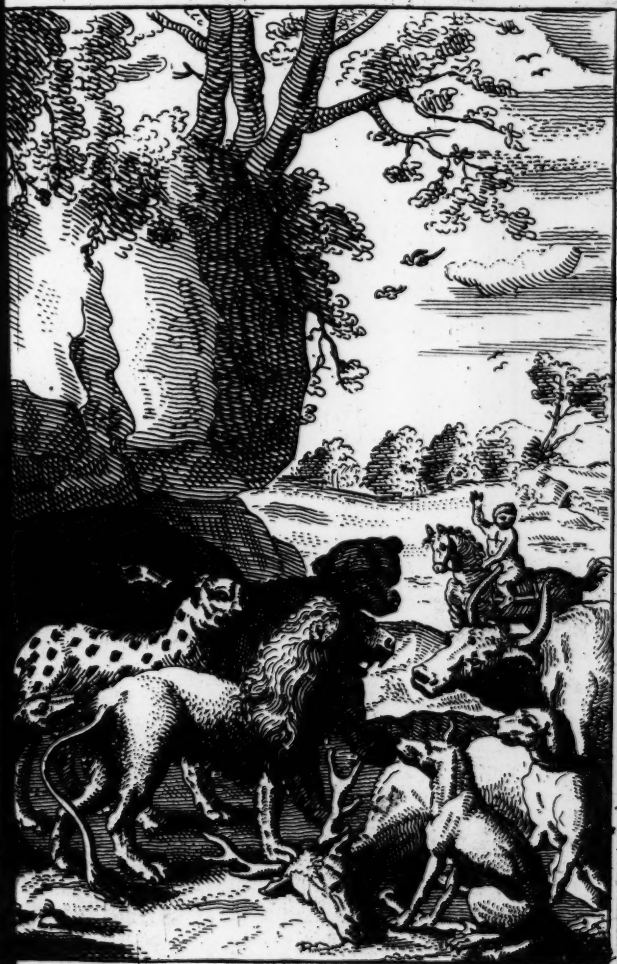
*Foul Avarice is of pregnant Money bred;
He that loves Gold, starves more, the more he's fed:
Doubling of Thousands, Usurers to their Cost
Know, when both Use and Principal is lost.*

F A B. III.

Of the Lion, and other Beasts.

WHen Troops of Beams led by the grey-eyed
 Dawn
 From Eastern Ports rush'd with recruited Light,
 And beat up all the Quarters of the Night;
 When *Cynthia* fled, with broken silence drawn,
 Her Glory plunder'd, pale at the affright;
 When *Acheron's* Jaws for routed Spirits yawn,
 Dreams and fantastick Visions put to flight;
 When Stars disorder'd, hid in Sea-Nymphs Beds,
 Or back to Heaven did shrink their golden Heads:

Then was the Lion up, and all his Court
 Prepar'd to hunt: From Woods and Desarts came
 Various Wild Beasts; from Field and Cities, Tame
 About his Palace throng a huge Resort,
 Because the Royal Edict did proclaim
 There would be Profit; Feasts, as well as Sport:
 Thus Expectation heighten'd was by Fame,
 The Strong, Swift, Cunning, all laid Nose to Ground
 Should share alike with him, of what they found.



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With *Isgrim*, *Bruin* came, and all his Bears,
 Attending in the Presence, yet being dark;
Ram Belin safe was there, as in the Ark:
Reynard was busie with his Gins and Snares,
 Well knowing all Walks and Out-lets of the Park:
Tybert attends with Troops of Mountaineers;
 And *Jeffry* the Ape, well Hors'd, a Gallant Spark.
 All sorts of Dogs, 'mongst whom the Spaniel waits,
 For Shadows hoping now substantial Cates.

The Sun scarce drank his Draught of Morning-dew,
 Nor did his Bowl of dissolv'd Pearl exhaust,
 When mix'd Troops take the Field, no time is lost.
 At last a Royal Hart they ran in view,
 Whom, having at a Bay, the Lion drew
 About him round his various-languag'd Host;
 Many their Limbs, and some their Lives it cost:
 At last, o're-powr'd by Number, down he falls,
 While Heaven and Earth ring at his Funerals.

Th' unlace, then strip, and next divide the Deer.
 Thus the offended King did then complain;
 These Shares not equal are, divide again:
 One Portion of the Quarry will appear
 My Perquisite, as I'm your Sovereign;
 The next is Ours, as being Strongest here;
 The third you must acknowledge, for my Pain;
 The last shall be your Bounty, not Our Claim:
 But who denies, look to't, his Foe I am.

No Subject 'gainst his Prince durst try his Suit ;
 Not *Reynard*, though most Learned in the Law.
 Vain are all Pleas against the Lion's Paw ;
 'Tis onely Force must Violence confute ;
 Just Title, present Power doth over-awe.
 None of the Beasts their Grievances dispute ;
 All home return, sad, with a hungry Maw :
 But as they went, one said, *Though Equals must,*
Yet, when they please, Superiors may be Just.

M O R A L.

When Mighty Power with Avarice is joyn'd,
 Will is obey'd, and Justice cast behind :
 So Tyrants, to engage the People, grant,
 And at their pleasure break the Covenant.



F A B. IV.

Of the Eagle and the Daw:

THE Royal *Eagle*, when the Ocean's dark
 Waves had retir'd to their Low-water Mark,
 Weary with grosser Food, and bloody Meat,
 Forakes his Cedar-Court, and Mountain-Seat,
 To seek fresh Banquets: Nothing that the Ark
 Contain'd could please, Kid, Pigeon, Lamb, nor Lark,
 Nor Humane Slaughter, moist with putrid Gore,
 His Gorge, with Surfeit weaken'd, could put o're.
 Shell-fish being salt
 Might cure the Fault,
 That onely must his former Health restore.

When his quick Eye piercing the Air a Mile,
 Upon the Sea-wash'd Margents of an Isle
 A Scallop found, which was in Shell so lock'd,
 That if the Devil and his Dam had knock'd,
 They might have staid for entrance a while.
 Without success long did the Eagle toil;
 His Beak grows blunt, his griping Tallons ake,
 Nor Storm nor Stratagem the Fort will take:
 When the slie Daw
 The Leaguer saw,
 Thus to his King and Royal Master spake.

Prince

Prince of the Plumed Citizens, to whom
 We come for Justice, and receive our Doom,
 Your Highness hath been pleas'd to take advice
 From silly Birds, from prating Daws and Pyes;
 And oft great Kings will hear the meanest Groom.
 Not far from hence (Sir) stands an ancient Tomb,
 Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell;
 Mount with that Fish, enchanted by a Spell,
 Lessen to a Lark,
 Then take your Mark,
 And on hard Marble break th' obdurate Shell.

This Counsel pleas'd the Feather'd King, who straight
 'Bove Clouds and winged Tempests made a Flight:
 So high he soar'd, till Earth's Magnetick Force
 Would not have hinder'd to the Stars his Course;
 Then let the Scallop fall, where its own Weight
 Made a wide Passage to the luscious Freight.
 Soon as the hungry Daw perceiv'd the Prize,
 He stood not to consult, but in he flies,
 And straight did eat
 The Delicate;
 Then to the sheltring Wood for safety hies.

When th' Eagle this from Heavens bright Arches saw
 With a deep Sigh he said; Ah Treacherous Daw!
 By fair Pretence, and Counsel seeming good,
 Thou hast depriv'd me of my dainty Food.
 Thus cunning Foxes use the Lion's Paw;
 And by these Arts Subjects from Princes draw

Sovereignty to themselves: The Monarch's Wing
Must be stretch'd out to his own ruining:

No other Power

So high can towre,

Is the King onely must destroy the King.

MORAL.

Let Princes of the best Advice beware,
Or trust the Greedy, they still Treacherous are:
Subjects to Kings Exchequers have no way,
Lest themselves deliver up the Key.

FAB.

F A B. V.

Of the Crow and the Fox.

WAs it the Crow that by a cunning Plot
 A piece of Cheese had got?
 Or sherking Rook, or Chough, or Pye?
 Some bold affirm, as boldly some deny.
 But sure I am, it was that Daw, or Crow,
 And I can prove it to be so,
 That robb'd the King his Master of his Meat;
 And now, to make his Cozenage more compleat,
 On Man, his King's King, puts the second Cheat.

The Crow, surpriz'd with his own happy Wit,
 Could neither stand nor sit;
 Proud of the Spoil, he makes a search
 Through all the Grove, to find a dancing Pearch;
 From Bough to Bough th' Insulter hops;
 Too low are now tall Cedars tops.
 At last he fix'd; whom slye Sir Reynard sees,
 And soon projecting how to get the Cheese,
 Thus he accosts him, plac'd mong lofty Trees:

O thou most Weather-wise, who best canst tell
 When Heayen as dark as Hell

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But what sings lying Fame? She says

Thou blacker art than those foul days:

ut yet to thine, Swans silver Down seems tann'd,
 her *Phoenix* her Funeral-Fire with such Plumes fann'd,
 and *Mexicans* in fight like Angels stand.

As thou in Plumes, didst thou excel in Voice,

'Twould Heaven and Earth rejoyce:

Wouldst thou but chant one pleasing Lay,

Then be thou King of Birds, and Lord of *May*.

Fair Crow, intreated, not refuse,

As Crotcheting Musicians use;

ing, and let mounting Larks forsake the Skie,

And let the emulating Linnets die,

And Swans no more tune their own Obsequie.

Success wide doors to open Flattery gives;

All this the Crow believes:

Trying to reach no common Note,

Down drops the Daintie in *Reynard's* Throat,

Who chops it up; then sneering said,

You have sung well, and I have plaid

My Part not ill: All Learned Doctors hold

Cheese for the Voice far worse is than Cold,

Since once it turn'd a *Siren* to a Scold.

When the Crow said: I that robb'd Man, whose Plot

Spoils from the Eagle got;

A Beast hath cozen'd of no less

A Dainty now than my whole second Mefs.

What cannot glozing Flatterers do,

When our selves we flatter too?

Go, scorn'd of all, and take thy woful flight

To dismal Groves, there mix with Birds of Night

Did thy own Eyes believe the Crow is White?

MORAL.

*Great is the Power of Charms; but what charms
More than bewitching Tongues of Sycophants?*

*Love, and the Wealth of Kings, are in their Power,
And Gold not sooner takes the Maiden Tower.*

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F A B. VI.

The Battel of the Frog and Mouse.

Frog-land to save, and Micean Realms to spare
 From War and Ruine, two bold Kings prepare
 the Empire of the *Marshes* to decide
 single Fight: From all Parts far and wide
 both Nations flock to see the great Event,
 and load with Vows and Pray'rs the Firmament:
 oppos'd Petitions grant Heaven's Court no rest,
 while Hopes and Fears thus struggle in their Breast.

Up to the Fatal Lifts and measur'd Banks
 both Armies drew; bold Yellow-coats in Ranks,
 and black-furr'd *Mouſcovites*, the Circle man,
 which the six-finger'd Giant could not span.
 the rising Hills each where the Vulgar crown'd:
 nor long expect they, when the War-like sound
 of Spirit-stirring *Hornets*, *Gnats*, and *Bees*,
 such Trumpeters would Blood turn'd Ice unfreeze)
 told the Approach of two no petty Kings,
 while the long Vale with big-voic'd Croakers rings.

First King *Frogmorton* with the freckled Face
 enters the List (for they by Lot took place)

Riding

Riding a *Crawfish*, arm'd from Head to Heel
In Shell, Dame Nature's gift, instead of Steel.

Although the many-footed could not run
With the great *Crab*, which yearly Feasts the Sun;
Nor with the Golden *Scorpion* could set forth,
And measure daily the Tun-belly'd Earth;
Yet such his speed, he ne'r was overtook
By any Shell-back'd Monster of the Brook.

The Arms he wore, once were a Water-Snake's
Which in the Battel, when the Springs and Lakes
Decided were, a Conqueror he brought
From the deep Floods, with Gold and Purple wound
O're these a Water-Rats black Fur he cast,
Dreadful with Teeth and Claws. Thus, as he pass'd
The Vulgar shout to see their six-inch'd King
Like Great *Alcides* in his Lions Skin.

A whole House arm'd his Head, had been a Snail
Though Estridge Plumes it wants, and Peacock's Tail
Yet every Colour the great Rain-bow dyes
Shone on his Crest, the Wings of Butter-flies,
Sent him of old a Present from Queen *Mab*.
His Targe the Shell of a deserted Crab,
Where in the *Frogian* Tongue this Verse was writ,
The Man-like swimming King unvanquish'd yet.
Six sprightly *Todpoles* his Rush Javelins bore;
His Sword, a sharp long two-edg'd Flag, he wore
Girt to his Thigh; a wand'ring Snail the Hilt
With a bright Varnish in *Meanders* gilt.
Appointed thus, about the Lists he rid,
While all admire the Champions Arms and Steed.

Soon as the pleas'd Spectators settled were,
 And Acclamations melting into Air,
 Voices were heard through echoing Valleys ring,
 Approach foretelling of the *Micean* King.
 A subdu'd Mouse-trap, his Sedan in Peace,
 Chariot now, from Man's high Palaces
ustapha brought: Ne'r through the scorching Plain
 And sweating Kings draw such a *Tamberlain*:
 Princes, Captive Ferrets, through deep Tracts,
 Bearing the Lash, oft fir'd his thundring Ax:
 And though a heavy Mortal was their Load,
 As *Oberon* they o're Hill and Dale out-rode.
 Enter'd the Lists, he lights, then mounted on
 A pl'd Weesle; the bold *Micedon*
 Appeard (may we Great things compare with small)
 Like the World's Conqueror, though not so tall.
 His Arms were not of Steel, nor Gold, nor Brass;
 Nor sweating *Cyclops* turn'd the yielding Mass
 With griping Tongs, nor Bull-skin Bellows rore
 To purge *Electrum* from the frothie Ore:
 But the black Coat of a *Westphalia* Swine,
 Long hung in Smoak, which now like Jeat did shine.

Fame says, (and she tells Truth as oft as Lies,)
 The season'd Gammon *Miceans* did surprize,
 Boil'd the red Flesh, before 'twas well serv'd up;
 After full Boards to relish a full Cup.
 His, their King's Right, his Captains did present
 To him for Safety, and an Ornament:

Such was black *Mouſtapha's* Habergeon.

The Ancient *Heroes* had but Steel upon
The Heads of cruel Spears; but this did wield
A Lance whose Body was all over steel'd;
It was a Knitting-needle, strong and bright;
His Helm a Thimble, daz'd th' Enemies fight;
Ore which a thick fall'd Plume wagg'd with each
Of Tiffany, gnawn from a Lady's Vail;
In it a Sprig which made his own afraid,
The stiff Mustachio's of a dead Cat's Beard.

His solid Shield, which he so much did trust,
Was Bisket, though some write 'twas Manchester
Historians oft, as Poets, do mistake:
But I affirm 'twas Bisket; for the Cake,
They all agree, by Navigation
Four times was season'd in the *Torrid Zone*.

The Story thus is told: The *Rattish Prince*,
A great Diviner, had Intelligence
From occult Causes, that the dangerous Seas
Must be forsook, and floating Palaces;
The Ship next Voyage would by Storms be lost:
Therefore his black Bands swom to the next Coast
On Bisket safe; but *Tybert* by the way
(The Prince of Cats) made him and it a Prey,
Slew on the Shore, and feasted on his Head;
He, with Blood fated, leaves neglected Bread,
Of which black *Mouſtapha* after made his Targe,
Like *Ajax* seven-fold Shield, but not so large.

His *Motto* was his Title, and his Name,
Transpos'd into no costive *Anagram*,

Which from the *Micean* Tongue we thus translate ;
the Parmazan Affecter, Strong, and Great. (Charms,

Both Champions searcht, found free from Fraud or
 they take their Stands, and poise their mighty Arms.

At once loud *Hornets* sound, at once they start ;

At once couch'd Spears ; with equal force and art
 Clos'd Bevers met, struck Fire ; at once they both
 Did backward kiss their Mother Earth, though loth.

But first his nimble Foot the *Micean* found ;

When King *Frogmorton*, as loath'd *Irish* Ground
 His Limbs had touch'd, lay on his Back upright ;

Yet soon recov'ring, never *Frogian* Knight
 Made such a Charge ; for, with strange fury led,
 At the first blow he leaps quite o're his Head,
 Bearing his pond'rous Arms, his Sword and Targe.

Nor was black *Moustapha* wanting in the Charge
 To shew his wondrous Courage, Strength, and Skill :
 For by th' advantage of a rising Hill

A *Mole* had wrought, he strikes ; and though the stroke
 Would not have fell'd an Ox, or cleft an Oak ;

Yet such it was, that had it took, in blood
 His Soul had wander'd to the *Stygian* Flood ;
 But missing, the soft Air receives the Wound,
 And ore and ore he tumbles to the Ground.

Nor at th' advantage was *Frogmorton* slack,
 But at one jump bestrides the *Micean's* Back ;
 Then grasping him 'twixt his cold Knees, he said,
 Robber of Man, who now shall give thee aid ?

Thou Toad, so *Oberon* please, I fear not thee,
 But *Moustapha* reply'd: Then actively

He backward caught the short-arm'd King by th' wrist
 And bore him on his Shoulders round the Lists :
 Loud croaks scale Heav'n; then, maugre all his strength
 Regain'd his Sword, and threw him thrice his length.

On equal terms agen they Battel joyn'd :
 Heroick Souls in narrow Breasts confin'd !
 For these in *Trojan* Wars, once Champions fierce,
 With gallant Acts adorn'd great *Homer's* Verse :
 After became testie Philosophers,
 And fought in hot Disputes and learned Jars ;
 Then *Lions*, *Bears*, *Cocks*, *Bulls*, and brisly *Hogs* ;
 Last transmigrated Schismatics, or *Dogs* ;
 Where e're they meet, the War is still renew'd,
 With lasting hatred, and immortal feud.

The King whose Grandfire, when it thunder'd low
 'Mongst Fire and Hail dropt from a broken Cloud,
 And with an Hoast of *Todpoles* from the Sky,
 In those vast Fens a *Frogian* Colony
 At first did plant, though Icy was his Skin,
 With Rage and Shame an *Etna* felt within ;
 Rais'd his broad Flag to make a mighty blow,
 Thinking at once in two to cleave the Foe ;
 Who nimbly traversing with skill his Ground,
 On th' *Cerealian* Shield receiv'd the Wound :
 Yet from the orb'd Bisket fell a Slice,
 Which near the List was snapp'd up in a trice.

Here the Crum-picking King puts in a stuck,
 With a bright Needle, his stiff *Spanish* Tuck, (Ma
 Which pierc'd *Frogmorton's* Skin through's *Dragon* what
 Rage doubles, then the Flag becomes a Flail,
 And t

And on his Thumble Cask struck such a heat,
 That *Mouſtapha* was forced to retreat :
 Not ſtruck with fear, but from his hole to ſling
 Aſſured Vengeance on the Diving King,
 Seven times he fallies forth, as oft retir'd ;
 But now both Champions, with like fury fir'd,
 Lay off all Cunning, ſcorning to defend ;
 Strength, Rage, and Fortune muſt the Battel end.
 There was no interim : So the *Cyclops* beat,
 When *Mars* his Arms require a ſecond Heat,
 Though louder the *Ætnaan* Cavern rores :
 Blows had for Death now made a thouſand dores,
 As many more for Life to iſſue out.

But here among our Authors ſprings a doubt :
 Some in this mighty Combat dare aver
 Both Champions fainting, Symptoms ſhew'd of fear ;
 In a cold Sweat *Frogmorton*, almoſt choak'd
 With heat & duſt, gasp'd thrice, & three times croak'd :
 And *Mouſtapha*, beſtew'd in Blood and Sweat,
 As oft cry'd *Peep*, and made no ſmall retreat.
 To theſe Detractors, ſince I am provok'd,
 I ſay, 'Tis falſe ; this *Peep*'d not, nor that Croak'd.
 Hiſtorians feign, but Truth the Poet ſings ;
 Some Writers will aſperſe the beſt of Kings.

While thus the Battel ſtood, the Kytish Prince
 Had from loud Croaks and Cries intelligence
 Of this great Fight ; then to himſelf did ſay,
 That mighty Matter's in the Maſh to day !
 Then mounted high on labouring Wings he glides,
 And the vaſt Region of the Air divides.

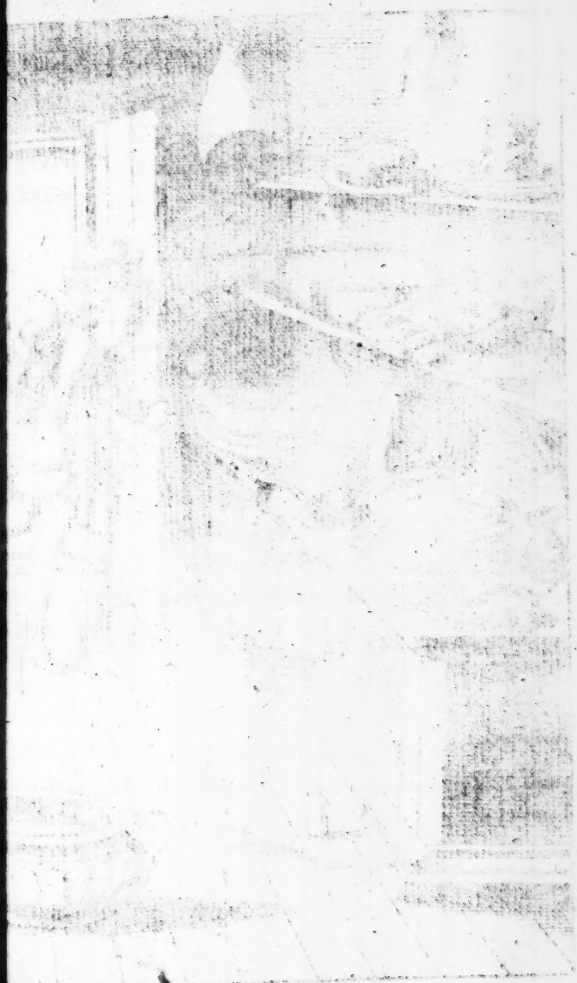
The woful Fairy *Mab* did this foresee,
 Whom grief transform'd now to an Humble-Bee:
 She flies about them, buzzing in their Ear;
 For both the Champions she esteemed dear.
 The Black Prince did with Captive *Frogians* come,
 And at her Altars paid a Hecatomb
 That day: and King *Frogmorton* in her House
 With rear'd up Hands offer'd a high-born Mouse;
 And when th' Immortal Cates did wish,
 The fattest Sacrifice was made her Dish.
 Therefore she hums, Desist; No more; Be Friends
 Behold, the Common Enemy attends;
 In vain 'gainst him are your United Powr's:
 O stay your Rage; see, o're your Head he tow'rs.
 But they, engag'd in cruel Fight, not heard
 The Queens Admonishments, nor did regard
 Approaching Fates; but suddenly they bind
 In grapple fierce, their Targets cast behind: (stood
 When the Plum'd Prince down like swift Lightning
 And seiz'd both Champions, maugre all their Troop
 Their Arms drop down, upon them both he feasts,
 And reconciles their doubtful Interests.

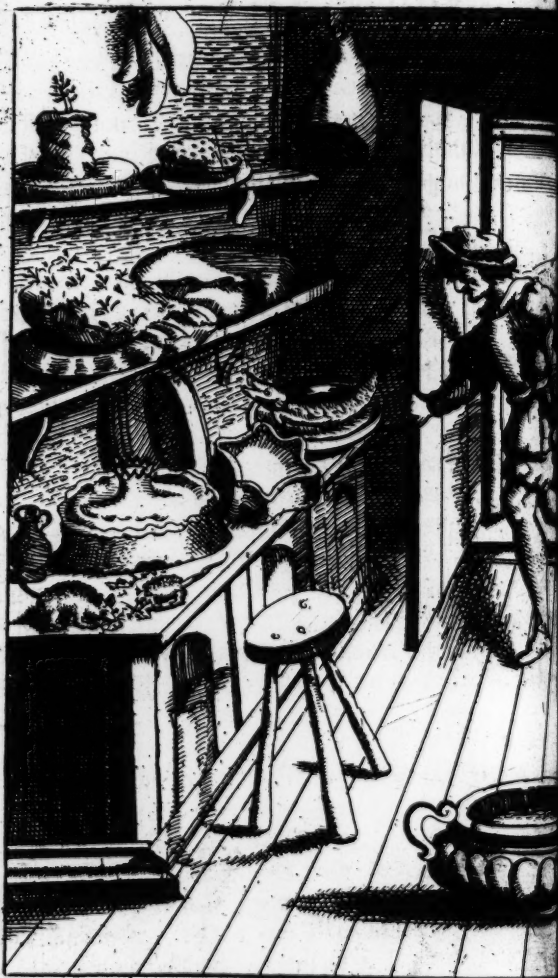
Amaz'd Spectators fly; *Hunt-crums*, and *Vaulters*,
 Run to their Holes, and leap into the Waters.

M O R A L.

*Thus Petty Princes strive with Mortal Hate,
 Till both are swallow'd by a Neighb'ring State:
 Thus Factions, with a Civil War imbruid,
 By some unseen Aspirer are subdu'd.*

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F A B. VII.

Of the Court-Mouse, and Country-Mouse.

A Courtly Dame of *Monstapha's* great Line,
 When length of time digested had long sorrow,
 Will with her Sister in the Country dine :
 The Rustick *Mouse* dwelt near a little Burrough ;
 About her round Verminious Troops inhabit,
 The Weefle, Fox,
 Badgers, and Brocks,
 And Ferrets, which so persecute the Rabit.
 Hither *Crevisa* coming, soon was brought
 Down by *Pickgrana* to a homely Table,
 Supply'd with Cates, not far fetch'd, nor dear bought,
 Which to behold, the Court-Mouse was not able ;
 Cheese that would break a Saw, and blunt a Hatcher,
 She could not taste,
 Nor mouldy Paste, (it.
 Though twelve stout Rustick Mice that night did fetch
 Yet had she Fruit, and store of Pulse and Grain,
 Ants Eggs, the Bees sweet Bag, a Stars fall'n Jelly,
 Snails drest i' th' shells, with Cuckow-foam and Rain,
 Frog Legs, a Lizard's Foot, a Neut's py'd Belly,

The Cob and Hard-Roe of a Pickled Herring,
 Got from a Dog,
 As they did prog,
 And a Rush-candle purchas'd by pickeering.

When Dame *Crevisa* thus at length begun :
 Dear Sister, rise, and leave this homely Banquet;
 Who with *Westphalia* Hams and *Parmazan*
 Are daily feasted (*Oberon* be thanked)
 Such Meats abhor : Come, go with me to th' City
 Here is cold Air,
 Famine, and Care ;
 Your miserable Life in truth I pity.

We Lords and Ladies see, dance, laugh, and sing ;
 Where is that Dish they keep from us is dainty ;
 Proud Cats not oftner look upon the King,
 And we with Princes share prodigious Plenty.
 Invited thus, they went through many a Crany,
 When it was wide,
 On side by side,
 To the Court-Larder, undescry'd of any.

There Heaps appear'd of Bak'd, Rost, Stew'd, and Sod
 The vast Earth's Plenty, and the Ocean's Riches ;
 Able to satisfie a Belly-God :
 The roof was hung with Tongues, & Bacon-fitches
 Beef Mountains had Rosemary Forests growing
 On their high back ;
 Nor was there lack
 Of Vinegar in Pepper Channels flowing.

Little they said, but suddenly they charge
 Huge Ven'son walls, then tow'rs of Paste they batter;
 Breaches are made in trembling Custard large,
 Here a Potride the bold Sisters shatter;
 This takes a Sturgeon, that a pickl'd Sammon:
 Then tooth and nail
 They both assail

Red Deer immur'd, or seiz'd an armed Gammon.

While boldly thus they mighty Havock made,
 They hear Keys gingle, and a groaning Wicket;
 From place to place *Pickgrana*, as betray'd,
 Seeks in strange Corners out some Hole or Thicket.
 To these Alarms *Crevisa* being no stranger,
 Needs not to think
 Where was the Chink

That should from Man protect her, and all Danger.

The Coast being clear, the *Court-mouse* straight did call
 The *Country-dame* to pillage the whole Larder;
 And Sister, said, to Second Course lets fall:

But she amaz'd, still seeking out some Harbour,
 Trembling and pale, Dear Lady, said, Pray' tell us,
 Are these fears oft?

Crevisa laught,
 And thus replies, 'Tis common what befel us.

No danger this; it adds to our delight;
 Nor are we with a careless Servant frightened:
 Motion and Time revives dull Appetite,
 And we to Banquets are afresh invited.

Then

The Cob and Hard-Roe of a Pickled Herring,
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 Where was the Chink
 That should from Man protect her, and all Danger.

The Coast being clear, the *Court-mouse* straight did call
 The *Country-dame* to pillage the whole Larder;
 And Sister, said, to Second Course lets fall:
 But she amaz'd, still seeking out some Harbour,
 Trembling and pale, Dear Lady, said, Pray' tell us,
 Are these fears oft?
Crevisa laught,
 And thus replies, 'Tis common what beset us.

No danger this; it adds to our delight;
 Nor are we with a careless Servant frighted:
 Motion and Time revives dull Appetite,
 And we to Banquets are afresh invited.

Then

Then said *Pickgrane*, Is this the Royal Palace?
 Better are Farms
 Without Alarms,
 Where we enjoy less Plenty, but more Solace.

M O R A L.

*What Relish hath the sated Appetite,
 When false Alarms tumultuous Cities fright?
 But in the noiseless Country, free from Care,
 Swains are more blest, though harder be their Fare.*



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F A B. VIII.

Of the Mountain in Labour.

HArk, how the Mountain groans! What wondrous Birth,
Committing Incest with his Mother Earth,
Did mighty *Typhon* get! His Sister *Fame*,
Lightning the Expectation, did proclaim
Was with Rebellion big; the hopeful Heir
Should pull proud *Jove* from his Usurped Chair;
The Starry Towers by Mortals should be storm'd,
And the Gods sculk in several Shapes transform'd.
Poets and Painters, nay, Historians too,
As near as they in modesty could do,
Drew to behold the Issue, and to see
A Monster might beyond all Fiction be.
Come, you long-sid'd Widows, six or seven,
Whose Husbands fell in the late War 'gain Heaven,
And help the Lab'ring Mountain; quickly come,
And mollifie her Adamantine Womb.
While thus it labours, *Fame* divulg'd abroad,
The Hill was eas'd of her prodigious Load:
Near tells she saw, and th' Infants Shape describes;
Not all the *Covenanting Brethren's Tribes*,
That Heaven assaulted, could such Forces boast:
This bigger was than that Gigantick Host.

This

This could more ponderous than his Mother peise
 A Hill on every Finger : *Hercules*
 In Cradle strangled Serpents ; but this can
 Crack 'twixt his Nails Iron-side *Leviathan* :
 So much it grew in ev'ry hour, that soon
 The Gold and Silver of the Sun and Moon
 Would all be his ; and some not stick to say,
Jove's Arms and Thunder would be seiz'd next day.
 At last the Mountain a huge Groan did fetch,
 Which made her Belly's Marble Portals stretch,
 And was deliver'd straight : From this great House
 That threatned so much danger, leaps a Mose.
 A Shout scales Heaven ; all cry, *A Mouse is born* :
 And what so much they fear'd, is now their Scom.
 Silence our Pipes, and Muses too be dumb ;
Great Expectations oft to nothing come.

M O R A L.

*Thus Haughty Nations, with Rebellion big,
 Land-Forces raise, and huge Armado's rig,
 Against the State, Fame trebling their great Pow'r,
 Which happier Stars oft scatter in an Hour.*

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F A B. IX.

Of the Lion and the Mouse.

What's this that troubles us, we cannot sleep:
 Something is in our Furs; we feel it creep
 Betwixt our Neck and Shoulders; 'twill invade
 Our Throat anon, the weary Lion said,
 New come from Hunting, stretch'd in a cool Shade.

ace, and we'll catch a Mouse: His Word is kept,
 As great Paw seiz'd the Stragler as he crept.
 Who trembling, thus began; King of the Grove,
 Whom, when thou thunder'st, Beasts more fear
 than Fove,
 Let no small Crime thy high Displeasure move.

ther I stray'd by chance: Think not, Great Sir,
 I came to pick a hole in Royal Fur;
 Nor with the Wolf and Fox did I contrive
 'Gainst you, nor question'd your Prerogative:
 If so, then justly me of life deprive.

ould I relate for what great Act my Name
 through *Micean* Realms refounded is by Fame,

It would too much my Modesty invade;
 But when at stake Life is and Fortune laid,
 To speak bold Truths why should I be afraid?

Pyrrhus, who now is through the World renown'd,
 The *Roman* Soldier no *Barbarian* found.

In compleat Steel he saw their Armies shine,
 Full Squadrons stand exacter than a Line,
 Beyond the *Cinean* Tactics Discipline.

Mountains of Flesh, he mighty Land-Whales brought
 That Tow'rs supported, with arm'd Soldiers fraught
 Supposing by the Castle-carriers Might
 To break the brazen Ranks, and to affright
Ansonian Squadrons with th'unusual fight.

But the Great Warriour fail'd in this Design;
 The subtle *Roman* Herds of filthy Swine
 On th' *Elephants* drove: straight at their dismal
 Citadels clash, rang'd Castles routed fly,
 And Tow'rs unsaddl'd in their Ruine lie.

Yet one maintain'd the Field against all Odds,
 For which his King him with new Honour loads;
 And to Paternal Scutcheons, charg'd before
 With Sable Castles in a Field of Ore,
 Canton'd in Gules, he adds an Argent Boar.

This mighty Elephant I, in dead of Night,
 With these small Arms, though sharp, challeng'd
 fight,

And said, Your Castle and your Arms are gone,
On equal terms encounter me alone.

True Valour best is without Witness shown.

Strange! from a Mouse this Mountain trembling ran,
And Prayers in vain to the high Moon began :
But when in Clouds she hid her silver Wain,
I through his Trunk, like lightning, pierc'd his brain,
And till the Dawn triumphed o're the slain.

But now my Fortune's chang'd ; I captive lie,
Exploring Quarter from your Majesty :
Make me your Friend ; to Sentence not proceed :
If fickle Chance should frown (which *Love* forbid)
The Lion of my Aid may stand in need.

His said, the King admiring that a Mouse
Should such a Monsters mighty Soul unhouse,
Seizing the *Piæmater* of his Brain,
And there with Death and sullen Darkness reign :
Sigas his Dismiss, then seeks Repose again.

Soon as to th' East tall Shades began to creep,
The Lion rose, and shakes off drowsie Sleep :
Feasts for his pregnant Queen must now be sought,
In Fields remote : Far fetch'd, as dear was bought ;
The roring King in a strong Net is caught,

Said by a subtle Sun-burnt *African* :
While he his great strength us'd, and strove in vain,
Twisted

Twisted Grates gnawing of his Hempen Cage,
 The *Micean* heard th' indulgent Lion rage,
 And grateful, streight to free him did engage.

First hunts out busily to find the Cord
 Which clos'd the Snare ; which found, as with a Sword
 His Teeth (before well on an Old Cheese set)
 Cleers all the Meshes of the tangling Net :
 When thus the Lion spake, at freedom set,

Kings be to Subjects mild ; and when you move
 In highest Spheres, with Mercy purchase Love.
 From private Grudges oft great Princes have
 'Midst Triumph, met with an untimely Grave :
 And Swains have power sometimes their Lords
 save.

M O R A L.

*Mercy makes Princes Gods ; but mildest Thrones
 Are often shook with huge Rebellions :
 Small Help may bring great Aid ; and better far
 Is Policy than Strength, in Peace or War.*

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F A B. IX.

Of the same Lion and Mouse.

Then to the Mouse he spake, Though Kings re-
quite

in Saviors oft with Steel, or Aconite;

Yet I, Magnanimous *Micean*, since I'm free,

and had this great Deliverance from thee,

shall (if our Kingdoms have it) Grateful be.

Now the *Frogians*, now a Popular State,

various Chance of War, and long Debate,

have driv'n your Race to fenced Towns, & Tow'rs,

where cruel *Tybert*, in Nights dismal Hours,

thy a harmless *Mouſcovite* devours.

Noble *Cassus* boasts his Stock from Us;

of our *Species* is Majestick *Puff*:

Use my Pow'r firm Peace from him to gain,

and by the *Eagle's* means from *Jove* obtain

A *Stork*, that shall o're Croaking *Frogians* Reign.

more than this, by that Cœlestial Sign

which gilds the Corn, purples the plump'd Vine)

The *Lion* call'd, by wise *Astronomers*;

What's mine is thine; Ask then: In Peace and Wars

be also one of our Prime Councillors.

Th' ambitious Mouse, who chuseth still the Best,
 (For where his Phang Tooth hath a Seal impress,
 If purest Bread, rich Cheese, or mellow Fruit,
 That the whole Table eats without dispute:
 To Great Kings Taster is this little Brute.)

Encourag'd by the Lion, thus reply'd;
 Then let the Royal Virgin be my Bride:
 Nor wonder at my Sute; though I am small,
 My Mother was a Mountain, full as tall
 As high *Olympus*, *Jove's* huge Council-Hall.

Great was the Expectation at my Birth,
 When flying *Fame* divulg'd our Mother Earth
 Swell'd with a Son, should give Heav'n fresh al
 What e're my Limbs, me no less Soul informs,
 Than bold *Briareus*, with the hundred Arms.

The troubled King then to the *Miccan* said,
 Son, dar'st thou venture on the Horrid Maid?
 See where she comes, attended from our Court
 Pards, Leopards, Panthers, round about resort,
 Near, her Delight, two wanton Jackals sport.

The Lion then aside his Daughter took,
 And, to prepare sweet Love, thus kindly spoke
 From whom I Life and Freedom have, behold
 Amongst our Kings his Name shall be enroll'd
 One wise in Counsel, and in Battel bold.

then take this Jewel, honour him as Lord,
 And in thy Bosom warmest Seats afford.
 She then advancing with Majestick Gate,
 Looking too high to view so low a Mate,
 Trod on him unawares, and slew him streight.

then said the Lion, weeping o're his Friend,
Where the Woes unequal Beds attend:
 Therefore I judge thou art more happy dead.
 Than those lie tortured in a scornful Bed,
 Where Vultures on their bleeding Hearts are fed.

MORAL:

Who dare a Combat with the Devil try,
 Often vanquish'd by a Lady's Eye:
 He that from Schools and hot Disputings come,
 At a Womans Presence stricken dumb.

F A B. XI.

Of the Boar and the Ass.

THE *Ass* prefer'd from 'Til, and tedious
 Roads,
 Labors no more now under Packs and Loads:
 That Goddess blind,
 To *Asses* kind,
 Gave him Trappings, and a Golden Saddle;
 With the Horse he prances, with the Ape he m
 And spends his time in Fidle fadle.

His once short Main is powder'd, curl'd, and dry
 He wears Heart-breakers too, with Ribands ty
 No more he brays,
 But lowdly neighs
 Love-Verfes, Madrigals, and Fancies,
 To some She *Ass* his Mistress; by her side
 No Hobby-horse more proudly dances.

The Warlike *Boar*, who never knew to yield
 Who oft with Blood and Foam had dy'd the
 Though round beset,
 And in the Net,





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Would break through Hounds, like tamer Cattel,
 Charge Horse and Man, Spear, Sword, and Shield;
 This Beast th' *Afs* challengeth to Battel.

Sir, I have heard, a Soldier's Horse well shod,
 His Arms, his Sword, and Pistol, are his God;

And you, I know,

Have seen the Foe,

By your Buff-jerkin, and your Bristles:
 'Tis like, the Paths of Honor you have trod,
 Where Roses do not grow, but Thistles.

Fortune hath courted me, and I court *Fame*;
 And though the Arms we use are not the same,

The Golden *Afs*

Will try a Pass

With your *Boarship* in a Duel:

'Tis true, I ne'r was try'd by Wild or Tame,
 Yet Honour I esteem a Jewel.

The Warlike *Boar* viewing the *Afs* so brave,
 Perceiving yet in him more Fool than Knave;

Though sudden Rage

Bids him engage,

Yet with an *Afs* he scorns to meddle,
 As Merchants trafficking through th' azure Wave,
 To deal with those bear Packs, and Peddle.

But to the high-fed Beast the *Boar* thus spoke,
Thou art not worth my Anger, nor a Stroke;

But I'll not stick

To give you a Kick;

But for a Combat chuse a Brother,
And there with equal Arms your selves provoke
One Ass must always beat another.

MORAL.

*Let Valiant Men themselves from Cowards blest,
Lest Fortune favouring Fools, grant them Success;
Who deal with such, oft conscious Shame disarms,
While hope of Honour the faint-hearted warms.*





F A B. XII.

Of the Frogs desiring a King.

Since good *Frogmorton, Fove*, thou didst translate,
 How have we suffer'd, turn'd into a State
 Several Interests we divided are;
 All hope is left well-grounded Peace to obtain,
 Unless again

Thou hear our Pray'r,
 Great King of Kings: and we for Kings declare.

That Supreme Power may on the People be
 Exercis'd, 'tis true; but who that day shall see?
 Men, Beasts, and Birds, nay Bees, their King obey.
 When Wealthy Regions Faction's Counsels steer,
 Destruction's near.

Thus Night and Day,
 Want us a King, a King, the Frogs did pray.

He hears, and smiles at their vain Suit; but when
 Of great Affairs he saw of Gods and Men
 With their Clamoring, down a Block he threw;
 With a huge Frigor circling Billows roll

From Pole to Pole:

The People flew,
 And far from such a thund'ring Prince withdrew.

At last all calm and silent, in great State
 On Silver Billows he Enthroned fate,
 Admir'd and reverenc'd by every Frog;
 His Brow, like Fate, without or Frown or Sm
 Struck Fear a while:

Then all the Bog
 Proclaim their King, and cry, *Fove save King*

But when they saw he floated up and down,
 Unactive to establish his new Crown,
 Some of the greatest of them, without dread,
 Draw nearer to him; now both Old and Young
 About him throng,

On's Crown they tread,
 At last they play at Leap-Frog o're his Head.

Streight they proclaim a Fast, and all repair
 To vex Heavens King again with tedious Pray
 This Stock, this Wooden Idol to remove;
 Send them an active Prince a Monarch stout,
 To lead them out,
 One that did love

New Realms to Conquer, and his Old Improv

Fove grants their Suit, o're them a *Stork* he pur
 Streight through the Fens the dreadful Long-
 Devouring Subjects with a greedy Maw.

Again the *Frogians* with a doleful Croak
 Heavens King invoke,

He would withdraw

This cruel Prince, that made his Will a Law.

Then th' angry God in Thunder answered these;
 To change your Government great *Jove* did please;
 And you I gave a peaceful Sovereign:
 Since he dislik'd you, by the *Stygian Lake*
 A Vow I make,
 The *Stork* shall Reign,
 And you for evermore repent in vain.

MORAL.

No Government can th' unsettled *Vulgar* please;
 Whom Change delights, think *Quiet* a Disease.
 Now *Anarchy* and *Armies* they maintain,
 And weary, are for *King* and *Lords* again.

F A B. XIII.

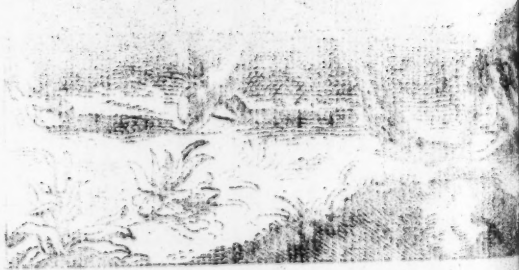
Of the Frog and the Ox.

From the Hydropick Kingdoms of the Bog,
 Up to a verdant Mead,
 With green Plush Carpets spread,
 Comes a proud *Frog*,
 Who once did tread
 Upon the Head

Of his own gracious Sovereign, mild King *Log*:
 Whom, fat with mighty Spoil
 Of the rich Wooden Isle,
 The *Stork* pursu'd: The new Malignant flies,
 And now in shady Grass in safety lies.

Amongst the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks
 This *Frog* by chance espies
 Of a prodigious size
 A Stall-fed Ox,
 Such Chimes and Thighs
 Good Stomachs prize,
 And Bones with Marrow big as hollow Oaks;
 Wide was his spreading Horn,
 As Evening from the Morn
 When thus the *Frog*, in length not half a Span,
 Puff'd up with Envy, and Self-love, began.





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who once greatest of our Nation seem'd,
Now standing by this Clown,
Whose Flesh might Feast a Town,
Am unesteem'd,
And up and down
Hop without Renown,
Though no such Bull-calf my dear Mother teem'd:
With Wind my Sides and Back
I'll swell until they crack;
Uncy shall help; a Revelation now
Might make me be great as th' Off-spring of the Cow.

Thus having said, on his Design he falls,
And both with Wind and Pride
He swells his Back and Side;
To his Son then calls,
And said, My Hide
Now grows as wide
As that in Thongs once measur'd Carthage Walls:
Nor on a longer Chine
Did Valiant Ajax dine,
When him the Grecian General did invite
Unfoil'd by Hector in a single Fight.

Then spake his Son; Father, you strive in vain:
To me you not appear
So big as his cropp'd Ear;
Ah, do not strain!

The Wind I fear
 Your Sides will tear;
 And though your Soul may a new Body gain,
 A Father I shall lack;
 Should you bear on your Back
 A Castle, and inspire an Elephant,
 The Mouse your deadly Foe you shall not want

Thus the wise Son to his fond Father spoke,
 While he did strive in vain
 Four Winds to entertain
 In one small Nook:
 Regions where Rain
 And Hail remain

Must in his Bosom be as Prisoners took.
 At last he grew as full
 As Toads live in a Scull,
 When at a mighty Rupture enters Death,
 And Air confin'd, now flies with Vital Breath,

Then spake the Son over his gasping Sire,
 Hadst thou contented been
 With this thy little Inn,
 Not aiming higher,
 Here thou hadst seen
 Good days agen;

But thou, like *Icarus*, didst too much aspire,
 On thy King's Neck hast trod,
 Now th' Ox th' Egyptian God

W'lt to be like: So the proud Angels fell,
 Though in Heaven, not knew when they were well.

VIZ

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

I thought I should have been a King,
 And now I am a Fool, for I have seen
 That which I thought I should have been,
 And now I am a Fool, for I have seen

To whom the King's daughter was betroth'd,
 And now I am a Fool, for I have seen
 That which I thought I should have been,
 And now I am a Fool, for I have seen

Son of a King, who was betroth'd
 To a Princess, who was betroth'd
 To a King, who was betroth'd
 To a Princess, who was betroth'd

The King's daughter was betroth'd
 To a Princess, who was betroth'd
 To a King, who was betroth'd
 To a Princess, who was betroth'd

I thought I should have been a King,
 And now I am a Fool, for I have seen
 That which I thought I should have been,
 And now I am a Fool, for I have seen

MORAL

To strive what seems impossible to get,

A Supererogation is of Wit, not of Force.

Not Folly now, when every day we see

What Men thought once impossible, to be.

FAB.

F A B. XIV.

Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

IT fortun'd the fierce *Wolf* and tender *Lamb*,
 Vex'd with High-noon, and *Phæbus* scorching fire
 To quench their Thirst, to one cool River came

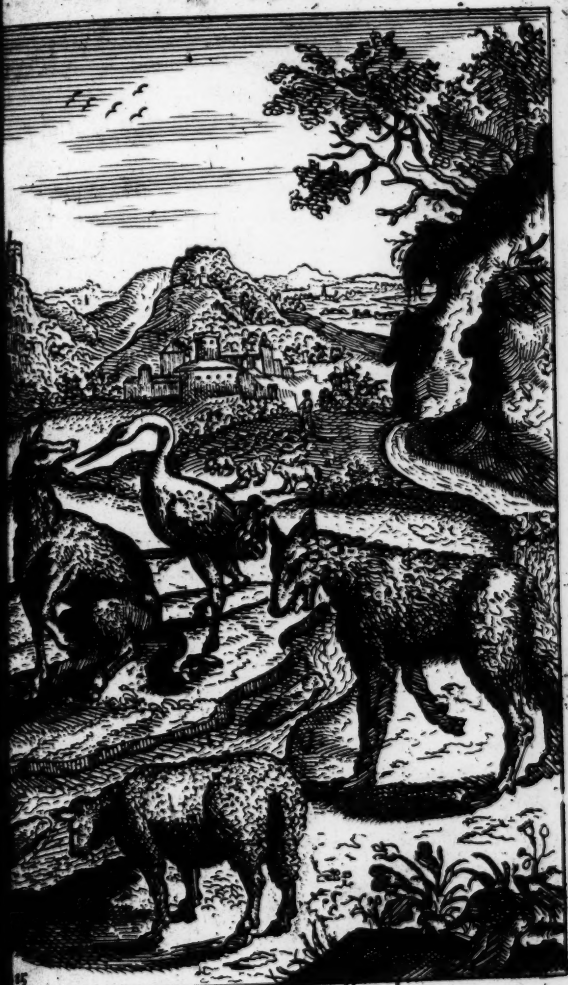
To whom the *Wolf*, betwixt his Draughts, with
 Yet rancorons speech, thus spake; How dar'st thou
 My Drink, and with thy Feet up Gravel throw

Son of a rotten Sire, How durst thou (Slave
 To cruel Man, who with thy Fleece doth save
 Himself from Cold) foul this clear Silver Wave

The *Lamb* astonish'd, struck with sudden Fear,
 To see his glowing Eyes, and bristly Hair,
 Said, Sir, be patient, and your Anger spare.

I humbly crave your pardon, that so neer,
 And at one time with you I water here;
 Yet under favour, still your Stream is clear.

I am beneath, Sir, if you please to note
 And from your Mouth to mine the Waters flow
 It passeth yours, before it touch my Throat.



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he fell *Wolf* grinn'd, his Eyes like Fire-brands glow;
 "Curst Race! he said, to mine a Foe,
 All plotting harmless *Wolves* to overthrow:

Thy Father, Mother, Sacrilegious *Lamb*,
 And all thy bleating Kindred, from the Dam
 Make themselves Guiltless, but I guilty am;

And none dare say you in *Wolves* Habit come,
 And tear dead Bodies from the new-built Tomb,
 And poor *Wolves* then for your Offences doom.

Yes, once our Brethren, curst Curs, you lead
 Against our Race; Who now will hear us plead?
 When you're the cause of all the Blood is shed.

Now by our King *Lycan's* Crown I swear,
 Wrong'd by that rebellious *Jupiter*,
 Offended thus, no longer I'll forbear.

Thus having said, at the poor *Lamb* he flies,
 His cruel Teeth a purple River dies,
 Whilst warm Blood spurtles in his Face and Eyes.

MORAL.

They that have power to do, may, when they will,
 Pick Quarrels, and, pretending Justice, kill.
 Who hunt for Blood and Spoil, need not invent
 New Crimes, but lay their own on th' Innocent.

F A B. XV.

Of the Wolf and the Crane.

BUt while the *Wolf* devour'd the innocent *Lamb*,
 Raising her Voice and Eyes to Heaven, the *D*
 Implor'd Revenge: *Pan* from the Shepherd's *Cave*
 To *Menalus* heard, and fix'd a Bone in's Throat.
 He wonders what obstructs, who *Warder* stood,
 Stopping so old a *Thorow-fare* of Blood.

What shall he do? or where now find a Cure?
 Great was the Danger, nor could he endure
 The Pain, while he o're Hill and Dale did pass
 To Native Realms, where his own Surgeon was.

When on a rising Bank hard by, he spy'd
Belin the Ram: He could but be deny'd;
 And though his Teeth blush'd with the purple *G*
 Of his dear Son, slain near his Mother's door,
 Yet would he try: In some Mischances, Foes
 Will, with our Friends, commiserate our Woes.
 Upon this score he went, and thus bespoke
 The King, and Horned Father of the Flock:

Sir, may your Wives be numerous, and bear
 wins always, and be pregnant twice a Year;
 and may your beauteous Son, who on yon Bank
 conferr'd with me, where we together drank,
 Golden-fleec'd, and when his Horns grow large,
 a thousand Ewes a Husband's Love discharge.

'Tis true; our Nations long at odds have been;
 yet why should Publick Jars raise Private Spleen?
 At there, my Lord, no Personal Difference be;
 strive we, let us strive in Courtesie.
 Frowns may purchase Love, Love Peace may win,
 Quarrels may end, since once they did begin.

Suspecting Plots, his Bell wife *Belin* rung;
 When Troops of *Rams* to guard his Person throng:
 When said, Your Business, Sir? Be brief, and know,
 must be Lawful that I grant a Foe.

When with dejected Look thus *Isgrim* spake;
 Bone sticks cross my Throat, some pity take,
 and draw it forth; and when the Silver Moon
 like low-brow'd Night faintly resemble Noon;
 the Goddess I'll beseech, you never may
 want Grass in Summer, nor in Winter Hay;
 no Floods in Autumn, no destructive Cold
 and Scabs, nor Rots depopulate your Fold.
 And she will hearken to our Pious Race.
 When she swoons, and Notes of Tinkling Brass
 cannot recall, nor colour her pale Lips,
 our Cries have rescu'd from a dark Eclipse.

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Then *Belin* said, Impudent *Wolf*, be gone;
 Who knows, but late thou hast some Murther done
 And this a Judgment due to thy Desert:
 On pain of death, our Quarters leave, depart.

When stalking through the Marsh, he meets
 (*Low-Country People know no God but Gain*) (C)
 To whom the *Wolf*, thrice Congeing, thus begins
 May your plum'd Phalanx pass the Ocean,
 To Southern Regions safe, and landing there,
 May all the *Pygmie* Kingdoms shake with Fear.
 And may you Conqueror o're the Dwarfish Race
 Triumph on *Strymon*, or swift *Hebrus* Banks.
 But to your Friend be kind, and draw a Bone
 Sticks in his Throat; ungrateful I'm to none:
 Then I'll a Trout present thee, sweet and good,
 Cleans'd in a Silver Stream, and free from Mud
 If that not satisfy, most noble *Crane*,
 To please thy Pallat this whole Fen I'll drain.

He undertakes the Cure, nor pluck'd he oft
 With his long Bill, but *Isgrim's* well, and caught
 The Bird demands his Pay: The *Wolf* at that
 With a sower Smile reply'd, Sir *Crane*, for what
 For plucking out a Bone are thy Demands?
 Thou mightst have stretch'd, fool, on these yellow Sands
 Vent'ring thy long Bill in my Throat; thy Head
 I freely gave: Thank me thou art not dead.
 Or come and draw another out, though loth,
 I shall reward thee nobly then for both.

When to himself the griev'd Crane mourning said;
Great Favours thus are by th' Ungrateful paid.

MORAL.

*So Merchants, having scap'd a dangerous Sea,
 Mocks to their Saints, for promis'd Offerings, pay:
 But some more impious, having touch'd dry Land,
 Think they perform, to let their Statues stand.*

F A B. XVI.

Of the Husbandman and the Serpent.

When a cold Storm confirm'd the trembling
 And drove to warmer Springs the naked
 With's Prong on's Back a simple Farmer
 Boldly goes
 Through Frost and Snows,
 Ice on's Beard, Fire in's Nose,
 A Freeze Jerkin all his Armor;
 To feed Sheep, and Cattel fodder.
 Where by chance he found
 Frozen to the Gronnd,
 Stretch'd at length, a dying Adder.

The cruel Serpent, under Death's Arrest,
 (Strange! but the Fable hath sufficient Test.)
 He takes, and in his Bosom lodges,
 Where at Night
 His Delight
 His dear Wife he'll invite,
 And home again in haste he trudges.
 The Viper as a precious Jewel
 Streight he laid in Moss,
 Putting Sticks across,
 Busling out to fetch more Fuel.



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Fresh Warmth gave Resurrection to the Fiend,
 And from the Dead the Devil did ascend,

His Vital Spirits returning :

He now grown hot,

Fresh Poyson got,

Contriving streight a damned Plot,

With Rage and Malice burning.

He uncoils his speckled Cable,

And prepares by Arms

To seize all the Farms

Of him that was so Hospitable.

And with Injustice thus he tax'd the Gods ;

Gives *fave* to silly Swains such warm Aboads,

When subtle Serpents must lie sterving :

Who else will dain,

But this dull Swain,

To take us up, and ease our Pain,

Whatever our deserving :

But leaves us gasping in a Furrow ;

Or with a Staff,

When we are half

Dead, kill, and so concludes our Sorrow.

Ill scorse my Windy Lodging for this Grange ;

Nor is it Robbery to make a Change,

A Cool House for a Warmer :

Him I'll assign

Whate're is mine,

In open Field to Sup and Dine,
 And here I'll play the Farmer.
 I'll take the Charge of Sheep and Cartel,
 And when there's need
 On them I'll feed.
 This said, he streight prepares for Battel.

His nervy Back, and his voluminous Train,
 Are both drawn up to Charge one single Swain,
 His Eyes like *Ætna* flaming;
 His Sting he whets,
 His Scales he sets,
 Now up and down the Room he jets,
 With Hisses War proclaiming:
 He Stools and Tables, Forms, embraces,
 Wreathing about,
 Now in, now out,
 And takes Possession of all Places.

Mean while the Rustick had with sounding Stools
 Whole Elms disrob'd, and naked left tall Oaks,
 To bring the Snake home store of Fuel:
 Little the good
 Man understood
 Whom he sav'd would seek his Blood,
 And with the Devil to have a Duel.
 But when he came into the Entry,
 It made him quake
 To see the Snake
 Stand, like an ugly Soldier, Centry.

Not staying to plead the Goodness of his Cause,
 Arm'd with a Stake, up the bold Shepherd draws,
 To save his House and Dwelling;

Well he knows

He must oppose :

Though Fire and Poyson arm your Foes,

At first Charge them Rebelling.

in, A Horse and Arms the Knight could brag on ;

This with a Stake

Assaults the Snake,

woln with Fury to a Dragon.

long time the Fight was equally maintain'd ;

the Shepherd now, and now the Serpent gain'd ;

Chance gave the Swain the better :

When with a Stroke

Three Ribs he broke,

And Words with Blows thus mixing spoke ;

roks, Sir, still I am your Debtor :

s, tender thus my House and Cattel.

The Serpent flies,

And Quarter cries,

And once more dying quits the Battel.

spawn of th' old Dragon, Worm, Ingrateful Wretch,

Then lights a Blow which makes his long sides

What do you cry *Peccavi* ?) (stretch,)

Unworthy Soul !

Think'st thou a Hole

Will shelter like a Worm or Mole;
 And from my Fury save thee?
 I'll sign your Lease first on your Shoulder;
 Next take this Soule,
 And then my House:
 Now go, and be a good Free-holder.

With what he meant for Fire, a knotty Stake,
 He warms the Serpent's Sides until they ake,
 Then on his Breast he tramples:
 His Purple Head
 Wax'd pale as Lead,
 His golden Scales with Blood were red:
 Live now (he said) among Examples;
 While this tough Cudgel lasts I'll bang thee:
 I to my grief
 Have sav'd a Thief
 That would have been the first to hang me.

M O R A L.

*Ungrateful Men are Marshall'd in three Ranks;
 This not Returns; the Second gives no Thanks;
 Evil the Last for Good repays: and this
 Of all Hell's Monsters the most horrid is.*

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F A B. XVII.

Of the Sick Kite and his Mother.

THe Kite first Steerage taught to Mariners,
 By which strange Lands they found, and un-
 known Stars,
 And took from Seas imaginary Bars.

They saw, when Heaven was clear,
 His Plumy Rudder Steer
 Starboord and Larboord, plying here, now there.

These Sailers having a good Voyage made,
 Neer *Kiritish* Seats rich Vessels did unlade,
 And to that Prince a Royal Banquet made;
 Him with fat Offerings fed,
 With Oyl, Wine White and Red:
 Which Surfeit a Malignant Fever bred.

And now, who long by Rapine and by Stealth
 Had heap'd up Riches, lost his former Health,
 More worth to Mortals than all Worldly Wealth.
 In his well-feather'd Nest
 The sick Bird takes no Rest,
 When to his Mother he himself confess.

Mother,

Mother, you know, and I now, to my grief,
That I have liv'd a most notorious Thief,
Robbing for Pleasure oftner than Relief.

I once from th' Altar stole
With Flesh a kindled Cole,
Which burnt my Nest high as the lofty Pole.

Such are my Sins, no God I dare implore,
Left they should know I live, and punish more:
You for your Son may Pray, as heretofore,

Let Heaven but grant me Health,
I'll give the Church my Wealth,
And Orders take, repenting former Stealth.

Then to her Son the Mother made Reply;
Ah my dear Bird, couldst thou but once more fly,
And cut with fanning Wings the ample Sky,
Wert hungry once agen,
Thou'lt rob the Lion's Den,
Spoil th' Eagle's Nest, and Pillage Gods and Men.

M O R A L.

*A Golden Robe in Winter is too cold,
Too hot in Summer is a Beard of Gold:
Church-Robbers thus cram impious Coffers still,
And Greedy Men count Sacrilege God's Will.*

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F A B. XVIII.

Of the Old Hound and his Master.

Old Dog, 'tis thou must do it; come away:
 Within a Thicket neer
 Is lodg'd a gallant Deer;
 We must not, Friend, neglect so brave a Prey.
 Kill'd, thou and I will Feast,
 To Morrow and to Day,
 Upon the slaughter'd Beast;
 Then come, I say.

Remember once a Conqueror thou wert,
 When seizing didst pull down a mighty Hart,
 When the King's swiftest Dogs thou didst out-strip.
 He said, the Huntsman lets his Old Hound slip.

The rows'd Deer flies for Life, the Dog to kill,
 Through Lawns, o're Hills and Dales,
 So swift, the nimble Gales
 Run in their Faces, turn which way they will.

Ready to pinch, Kilbuck

With Air his Mouth did fill;

At last the Deer he took,

Yet was deluded still:

Phangs grown old, now fail; and what vex'd more,
 The cross a Proverb, says, *Old Dogs bite sore.*

Then

Then Stripes resound upon his panting side,
Who while his Master beat him, loud thus cry'd.

Ingrateful Lord, once did I save thy life,
When thou by thy own *Hounds*
Wer't chac'd through neighboring Grounds,
Transform'd like to *Actæon* by thy Wife.

You a Horn'd Monster, Sir,

I kew, and vent'ring life

Beat off the leading Cur ;

But these Rewards are rife.

Thus Masters former Services forget ;

This no new way to pay old Servants Debr.

Ah me poor Wretch ! And must the Proverb hold :

A Serving Creature is a Beggar old.

M O R A L.

*Servants beware, oft is but little space
Betwixt Preferment and the loss of Place.
Ladies are fickle, and fantastick Lords
Would see new Faces waiting at their Boards.*

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F A B. XIX.

Of the Hares and the Frogs.

WHILE a huge Tempest through the Wood re-
 The frighted *Hares* (sounds,
 Prick up their Ears,
 Opposing loud-mouth'd Gusts, shrill Horns & Hounds,
 And leave their native Seats, and ancient Bounds;
 Frighted with vain fear, th'outstrip the thundring Wind
 Nor durst make a halt, or look behind.
 A stream, th' encounter, swoln up to the brim,
 Which a full Cloud
 Had made so loud
 Daring *Auster*; this they dare not swim,
 Seeing the hollow Wave it look'd so grim.
 Nor durst the valiant *Hares* once backward look;
 The Devil's behind, The Devil is in the Brook.

Of the gravest here did courage take,
 When he did spy
 The Frogians' flee
 Their approach, and did their Camps forsake
 For shelter in the bosom of the Lake:
 He bids them stand and make the Front the Rere;
 For is the *Frog's*, as vain may be our Fear.

All

All do as he commanded, not one stirs :
 When soon they find
 Threats empty Wind,
 Which did not hurt, but discompose their Furs.
 Then thus he said ; There is from barking Curs
 No danger : We are swift, and strong, all parts
 We have, that make good Soldiers up, but Hearts

Fortune assists the Bold, and he that dares,
 Though but a Swain,
 May Scepters gain,
 But whom cold Blood beleaguers with base Fears,
 That start at every Sound, like timorous Hares,
 At Court not thrive, nor in the Martial Lists,
 Nor *Venus* in Love's Conduct them assists.

M O R A L.

*Strange are th' effects of Fear, Danger to shun
 On grim Death's sternest Visages we run :
 Fear in a Night will blast the Conqueror's Bays,
 And from ster'd Cities mighty Armies raise.*

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F A B. XX.

Of the Doves and Hawks.

Ours had the *Doves* a happy Peace enjoy'd,
 Broching no Quarrel with their neighbor Nations;
 nor stir'd up evil Strife; with Plenty cloy'd,
 and Love, the *Pigeons* had no other Passions;
 They have no Gall,
 Nor know at all

contention, nor stern *Mars* his angry Mood,
 nor pleasure take in Rapine or in Blood.

they *Diana* flighted, nor prepare
Pallas Offerings, nor great *Juno's* Deity;
Venus and her Son is all their Pray'r.

these Powers offended highly with th' Impiety,
 Did *Mars* intreat,

Now in a heat,
 once more *Adonis Venus* did delight,
 to raise 'gainst gentle *Doves* the cruel *Kite*.

mov'd by the Gods, the *Kitish* Prince proclaims
 War 'gainst the *Turtles*, and their Wealthy Regions;
 more than Honor, Booty him inflames,
 and from the North he musters Feather'd Legions:

The

The War grows hot ;
 The *Turtles*, not
 Inur'd to Battels, Camps, and fierce Alarms,
 Many strong Houses lose by force of Arms.

They call a Council, and consult of Aid ;
 They know the *Hawk* more valiant is, and strong
 Would he take Pay, they need not be dismay'd,
 His Pounces sharper be, his Wing is longer.

The *Hawks* desire
 But Soldiers Hire ;
 Their Purse shall onely for the *Pigeons* fight,
 And they are certain to defeat the *Kite*.

The *Hawks* are muster'd, and the War renews,
 Soon they regain their Houses, Forts, and Castles
 As soon the *Pigeon* their Assistance rue ;
 For those they hir'd, and were the *Turtles* valiant
 Seiz'd them for Pay,
 And day by day
 Their Bowels rend, and tender Bodies plume,
 And, more than *Kites*, the *Dovish* Race consume.

M O R A L.

*Effeminate Nations, to long Peace inur'd ;
 Are by Auxiliaries ill secur'd :
 Who e're proves Victors, they shall be the Prize ;
 But best your Friend knows where the Money lies.*

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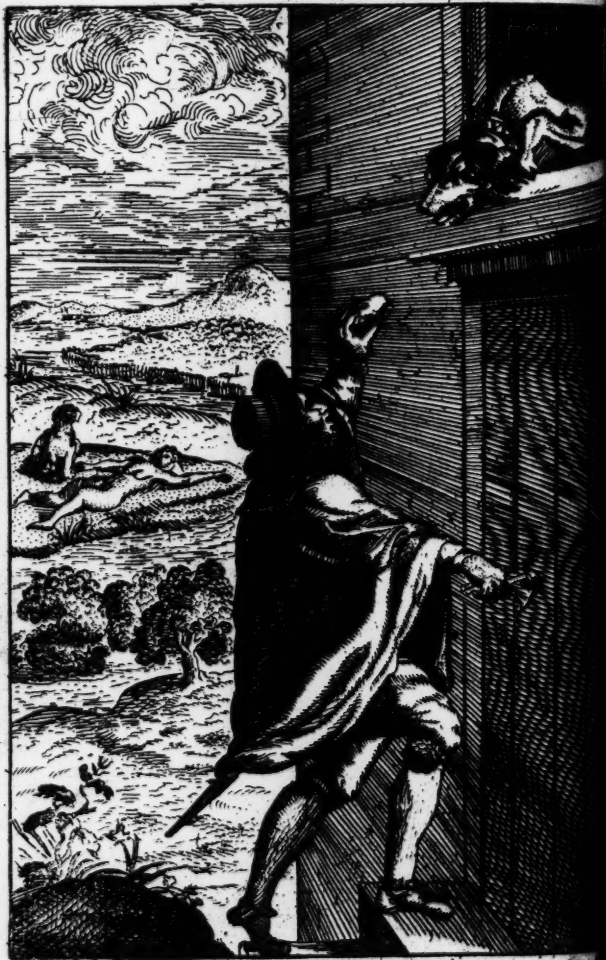
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F A B. XXI.

Of the Dog and Thief.

Bough-wough, Who's there? *Bough-wough*, Who's
 that dares break
 my Master's House? First stand, then speak,
 I'll have you by the Throat: ne're start
 Sir, I'll know your Business e're we part.
 In the *Cynick* Language, loud and brief, I bark'd,
 discovering a false Thief.
 Then softly thus Night's pilfering Minion said,
 sacred Silence, and the holy Shade
 Night, dear Friend, disturb not: I am sent
 since thy Master keeps a stricter *Lent*
 (wiser Mortals) with a Sop to thee,
Cerberus, at such fond Piery
 triple Jaws exclaiming, he bids Eat.
Sells, who Nature serve, forsake no Meat.
 take this Morsel, and lie down to rest,
 nor Fleas thee, nor others thou molest.
 thus the faithful Dog reply'd agen;
 thou thy Habitation among Men,
 know'st not me? Hast thou not heard how I
 Winter-days and stormy Nights did lie

Watching my Murther'd Lord : His bleeding Head
 Three Spring-Tydes wash'd on a cold Osier Bed
 At last, with extreme Hunger overcame,
 I to this House through the broad River swam ;
 Where well recruited with warm Viands, then
 From Hospitable Boards, and living Men,
 I crost rough Mountains with a silver Head,
 To wait in open Mansions of the Dead.
 At last they following me with swifter Oars,
 Where by the smell were found polluted Shores,
 They made a search, and e're I took my place,
 Kiss'd his pale Lips, or lick'd his woful Face :
 My Person they secur'd, then him Interr'd,
 And I for Faithfulness was thus Preferr'd.

Nay, more than that : 'Twas I the Murth'rer found
 And with my Forces first Beleaguer'd round ;
 Loud Vollics spent with Foam, with Tooth and Nail
 Fell in on's Quarters, all Parts did assail ;
 No Man durst rate me off, no not the Frown
 Of my dread Lord, until I pluck'd him down,
 And he cry'd out, 'Twas I thy Master slew ;
 Then fiercer *Dogs* upon him, *Sergeants*, flew :
 And thinkst thou I'll be treacherous for a Cruise
Dogs are than Men more Faithful to their Trust.
 Not our *Penates* keep a stricter Watch
 Over these Seats, than I, such Rogues to catch.
Erre, erre, Bough-wough, Thieves, Thieves, with *sp*
 He frighted flies, the trusty Dog then spake : (and *then*
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But what he said, is dangerous now to tell,
 What Tortures *Cerberus* told him were in Hell.

for Servants that are False: But they that sold
 their Country, or their Native King for Gold,
 To them Judge *Minos* deepest Seats allots,
 Where molten Gold they quaff in Iron Pots;
 And when their Blood with burning Liquor fries,
 They get on Snakes, the Worm which never dies.

MORAL.

Servants that Centinels to Princes are,
 Then Close Conspirers, Plotting Civil War,
 To send them Gold, if they prove Faithful, then
 They are the Best, if False, the worst of Men.

blot that are Fable: But they that fold

Country, or their Native King for Gold

them Judge Wiser decept Seers allow

the motion of their Nation's Power

when their Blood with burning Iphigene

age on snakes, the Worm which never dies

Of the Wolf and Carved Head.

WAs it *Alecto* in that Impious Age
 Stirr'd up the Peoples Rage,
 When Dedicated Temples they did spoil,
 And what no Prophet did presage,
 With *Heroes* broken Statues strew'd the Isle,
 And horrid Rudeness did Religion stile:

This trod

Upon the Image of his God,

And that bold Soldier storms

Heaven's Queen, and breaks the Marble in her Arms

Then Man

Began,

Seeing Vengeance flow fall from unwilling Sky

To question Truth, and Sacred Writ deny;

Not fearing Hell, nor hop'd for Heav'n when they

'Mongst Legs, and Arms, and Bulks of Men and Gods

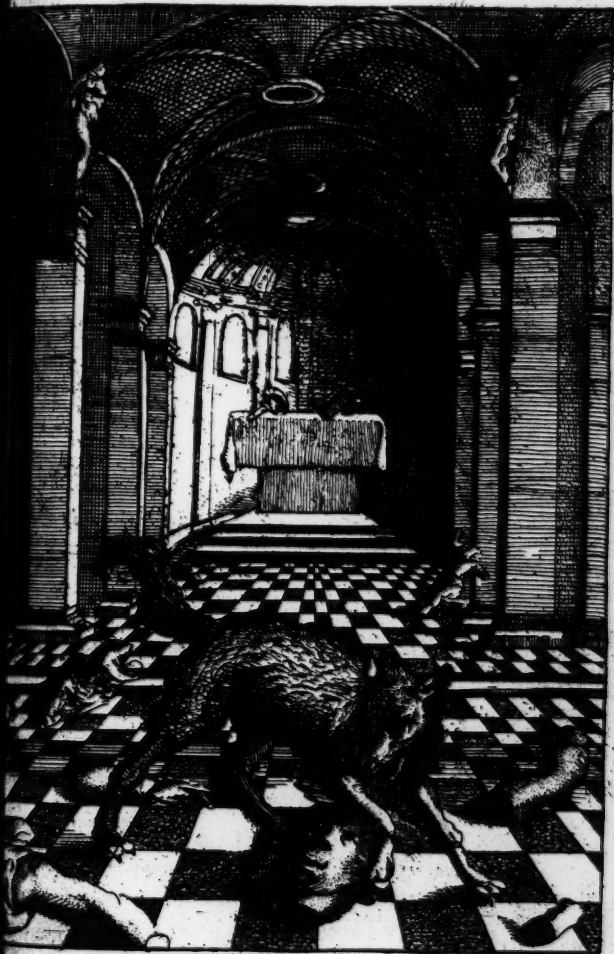
Which lay in mighty Loads,

The Sacrilegious *Wolf*, who preys by Night,

In Sacred and Prophane Aboads,

Came, and with Eyes casting malignant Light

Through gloomy Shades espy'd this joyful Sight



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Some Battel had been fought,

Or fatal *Vespers* had, with blown-out Lights,
Mix'd bloody Butcheries with Sacred Rites.

Where best

To Feast,

And be with Blood and Humane Slaughter fed,
He mus'd a while; then with much Purple Red
Painted to Life, he saw a Desolated Head,

Whose bloody Neck, insiring, straight he seiz'd.

What little pleas'd, and in obdurate Oak his Teeth engag'd,

Which not his Hunger well appeas'd,
Nor thirsty Jaws with Crimson Draughts allwag'd:

Who, while his broken Phang extremely rag'd,
Thus said,

Beauty hath Wit betray'd,
All is not Gold that glitters, and a foul

Cabinet oft includes the fairest Soul:

They're wise
Whose Eyes

With deep inspection on the inside look,
Regarding not the Gilding of the Book; (took.

But they are Fools with Idol Stocks and Stones are

M O R A L.

A Comely Carriage, Youth, and Beauteous Form,
Take proudest Hearts, and enter without Storm:
But when they find their List of Vertues short,
Suddenly they are expell'd the Fort.

F A B. XXIII.

Of the Lion grown Old.

COME all, Come all, take your Revenges full
 My Cofin Horse, the Boar, the Bear, and all
 Come all you Free-born Beasts; and now no more
 Tremble to hear the cruel *Lion* Rore:
 The Forest now is ours; that Tyrant which
 So long proud Scepters away'd, in yonder Ditch
 Lies Bed-rid, brays the *Ass*; then come each one
 And give him ample Retribution.

And I'll redeem my Reputation lost
 The *Lion* now shall know, unto his cost,
 The *Ass* is no such Dastard, nor so Dull;
 Then come, come all, and take Revenges full
 This said, the Vulgar rush, both Wild and Tame
 Where the *Old Lion* lay, Weak, Sick, and Lame
 His Crown they seize, upon his Scepter tread,
 And pull his Royal Ermine o're his Head.

When round his Eyes the dying Monarch cast
 And as he view'd them, groaning, spake his last
 I did not well, when I had Strength and Power,
 So many loving Subjects to devour,
 Whose Friends take Just revenge: But where are they
 Who drank with me their Blood, and shar'd the Prey?



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To Guard my Person from their cruel Rage?
 Come my dim Sight presents, who now engage
 With greater Malice: Ah! for which good deed,
 Friends, do you tear my Sides? You make me bleed.
 'Twas no well-grounded Policy of State
 By Arbitrary Power to purchase Hate;
 But I did worse, in chusing such False Friends,
 That joyn with Foes, having obtain'd their Ends.

MORAL.

*When Kings are weak, then active Subjects strive
 To raise their Power above Prerogative:
 Both Frinds and Foes conspire with Time and Fates,
 Oft to reduce proud Kingdoms into States.*

F A B. XXIV.

Of the Dog and the Ass.

WHy how now Rogue, why Rascal, hast thou
got

Thy Breakfast yet? Speak, Sirrah; Hast thou not
Your whining and colloquing will not serve,
Thy fat Sides, Villain, say thou dost not sterve
The Master said to's *Dog*; then stroaks his Head
And claps his Back and Neck. The Cur well
With fawning posture first plays with his Kne
Then leaps up to his Breast; next, who but he
His Master's Lap's his Cushion, where at ease
He lies, and torments the tormenting Fleas.

This put the sullen *Ass* in woful dumps,
Who his deep Judgment for a Reason pumps
Why he should toyl, and eat the Bread of Care
And th' idle *Dog* like his Rich Master fare.
Then with a Sigh he said;
Have I with Patience, and Pack-saddles, broke
My Heart and Sides, my Back so many a Stroke
Endur'd, to make my greedy Master Rich?
When his proud Steed lay fainting in a Ditch,
And cry'd no more he'd be a Pack-Horse made,
I took the Burthen from the pamper'd Jade,





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And bore it stoutly through a tedious Road:
 And yet this Whelp, this Cringing *A-la-mode*,
 With Bells and Collar, Hair in th' Island guise,
 Feeds with his Lord, and on soft Couches lies;
 And why? Because he'll sport, and fawn, and cog;
 He knows no other Duty of a Dog.

This keeps no Sheep, nor takes foul Swine by th' Ear,
 Ne'er barks at Thieves, nor plays at Bull or Bear,
 But a meer Foisting-Hound: Well, now I see,
 Not always Strength, nor Wit, nor Industry
 Gains Fortune's Smile: Too oft in Princes Courts
 Great Favorites rise by Fests, and Idle Sports,
 And Complements: If so, There's none surpasses
 For Complement, your Complemental Asses.

I am resolv'd their Dog-ships, Ape-ships, all,
 This day to imitate, fall what may fall.

This said, the *Ass* pricks his notorious Ear,
 And like a Hobby-horse, or dancing Bear,
 Begins to move, now like a Spaniel plays,
 But still his own Voice frights him when he Brays;
 Then to his Master boldly he drew neer,
 And briskly charg'd him with a full Career;
 Then rising up, takes with a rough Embrace
 About the Neck, offers to lick his Face,
 And with foul Hoofs wanders all o're his Breast.
 With Wonder then, and sudden Fear oppress'd,
 Th' affrighted Master calls aloud for Aid:
 Then *Assinego* for his Folly paid;
 Who, while his Bones Swains made with beating sore,
 Did thus his Fortune patiently deplore:

My Genius, and my Person I mistake;
 Not every Block a Mercury will make:
 Foul Ways, and heavy Burthens, better sute
 With Rustick Asses, than the Ivory Lute.
*All Things besit not All; and Imitation
 Is for the Ape, more than the Ass, in Fashion.*

MORAL.

*Of Airy Festers and Phantastick Drolls,
 Take more than Wise, Learn'd, or Industrious Souls
 A Handsom Mien, a Varnish'd Out-side, can
 More than the Golden Linings of a Man.*

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F A B. XXV.

Of the Husbandman and Snake.

Here dwelt a Learned Serpent neer a Grove,
 Whom Fortune did not love:
 He gave him Want, whom Nature had made Wise;
 Industry had taught all Sciences: (Chess,
 He knew each Walk in Heaven's great Board of
 Games not end in many thousand Years;
 Could Golden Hieroglyphicks all express,
 Which fill the Volume of nine mighty Spheres:
 Could the Musters of Heaven's Army tell,
 And when Stars ruling Seasons, rose, and fell.

There was a Shepherd who, by his advice,
 Grew Wealthy in a trice:
 Thousands wandering on *Sicilian Hills*:
 See every day a Milky River fills
 His Snowy Pails: His Numbers not decrease,
 When from the Sky some dire Contagion falls,
 When Herds and Flocks scarce make up Death one
 Siphon raging in full Cotes and Stalls. (Moss,
 His Swain invites the Snake his House to grace,
 And live with him, the *Genius* of the Place.

He that the Wisest Charmer would not hear
 Gave to this Rustick ear,
 Resolv'd to leave sad Hunger, Cold, and Care,
 For Roofs where Joy, and Warmth, and Plenty were
 Nor long he sojourn'd, when th' ill-natur'd Swain
 Vex'd that he could not fell a stubborn Oak,
 With the same Hatchet would his Guest have slain
 And raging charg'd him with a mighty Stroke:
 Hardly with Life the wounded Serpent fled
 To his own Seats, and frighted hides his Head.

*Those whom we Wrong, we Hate: What Arts the Rustick
 Rustick before did learn From the Wise Serpent, now seem'd poor and cheap
 Who Winds and Stars observe, not Saw, nor Reap.
 Him Industry, and Fortune happy made.
 But not long after Udders full wax dry,
 A Chaffie Ear shoots from a Witcher'd Blade;
 His Corn is blasted, Sheep and Cattel die:
 Suppliant he stands then at the Serpent's Door,
 And thus desires his Company once more.*

Wise as thy self, than Doves more Innocent,
 The Injury I repent:
 And though 'tis Justice, since thy Head did feel
 My cruel Ax, that thou shouldst bruise my Heel
 Yet pardon me: and once more I entreat,
 That thou wouldst bless my little House again.

Then spoke the Serpent from his low-roof'd Seat
 Though the Wound's whole, the Memory I retain

Yet I'll forgive the Wrong, but never more
While thou a Hatchet hast, come in thy Door.

THE FABLE.

THE FABLE.

O! how I wish I could be like thee,
And thou art now my friend and ally;
I heard the Hawk was to be slain;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy;
And I have been to fight;
And I have been to fight;
Thus did the Hawk the Nation's enemy.

The Hawk was not thought to be a friend;
As well as any of his kind;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy;
The Hawk was a Nation's enemy.

At last the Hawk was slain;
A Tale in a Country;
A Tale in a Country;
A Tale in a Country;
A Tale in a Country;
A Tale in a Country;
A Tale in a Country;
A Tale in a Country.

MORAL.

What Pleasure hath Full Boards, when o're our Head
A ponderous Sword hangs on a twisted Thred?
In dangerous Company; When Choler burns,
Of Princely Cheer to Bloody Banquets turns.

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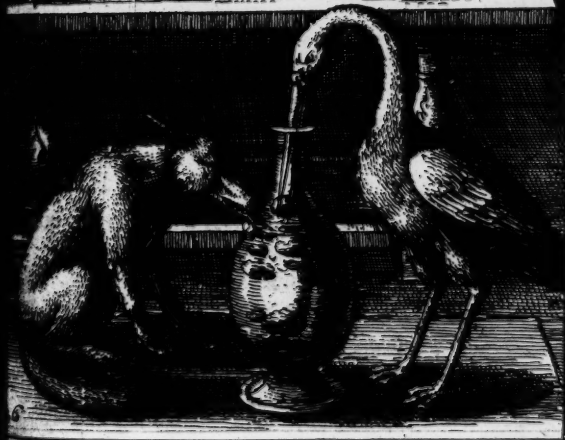
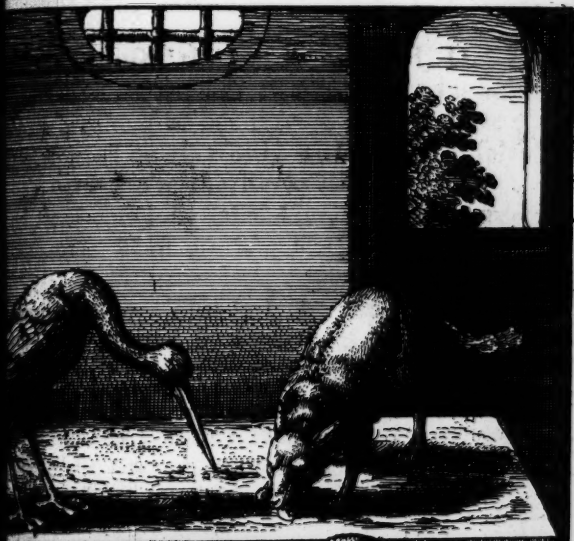
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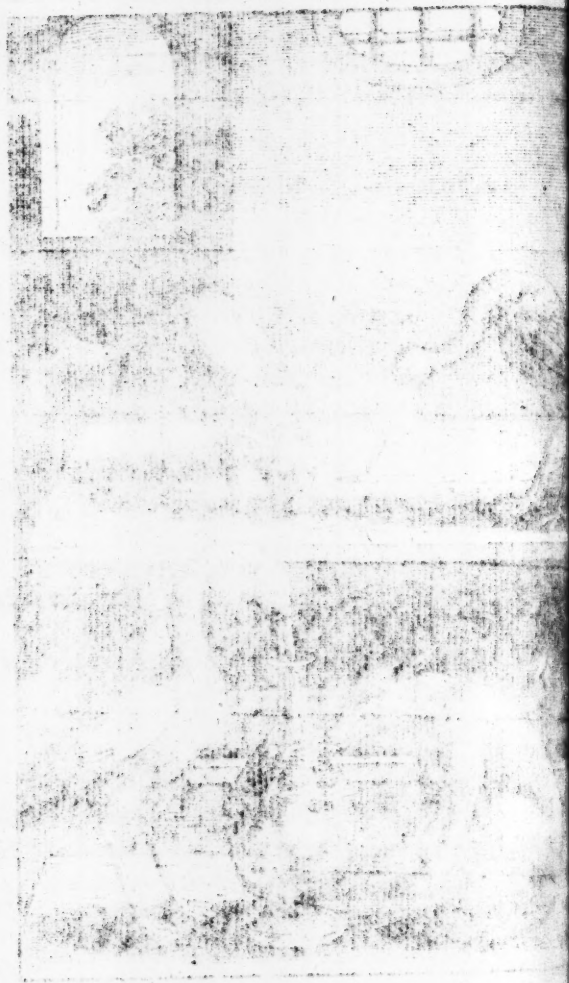
Of the Fox and the Crane.

NOble Sir *Crane*, I tarried at my Gate;
 You, and your Victory to congratulate;
 I heard the Battel was both sharp and long;
 The *Pygmies* are a Nation fierce and strong.
 Be pleas'd, good Sir, to light,
 And take a Bait with me; 'tis long to Night
 Thus did the *Fox* the mounted *Crane* invite.

The *Crane* not doubted but the *Fox* could gibe,
 As well as any of his subtle Tribe:
 But the sharp Air amongst *Riphaean* Rocks,
 Where nothing was but Hunger, Cold, and Kicks
 Provok'd his Appetite;
 Besides, a savory Steam did him invite,
 And his long Nose now stood in his own light.

At last *Fox-Hall* they enter, where they found
 A Table in a Broathy Deluge drown'd:
 Broth must not cool; This piddles with his Bill
 While young Sir *Reynard* did whole Rivers fill
 Licks up the *Mediterrane*,
 Drinks misty Bays, then guzzles up the Main,
 Till the Boards *Weinscot* Face appears again.





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When to himself the vex'd *Crane* said, Did I
 That Giant *Pygmie* kill twelve Inches high,
 When breaking of our Eggs a Sea he made :
 Him, spitted on this Bill, with Wings display'd,

I carried o're the Rocks :

And shall this long-tail'd Cur, this Fox-furr'd *Fox*,
 Abuse me ? Must my Shoulders bear his Mocks ?

It must not be. This said, he wipes his Bill,
 As if that he had Banquetted his fill,
 And *Reynard* then invites, with many Thanks,
 To taste a Dish brought from *Cæster's* Banks :

The *Fox* consents, nor did
 Believe the *Crane* to any thing would bid
 His Worship, unless Veal, or Lamb, or Kid.

Th'appointed Hour is kept, and as he wish'd
 Choice Cates he found, but in Glass Vials Distr'd.
 His diving with his Beak, sweet Morsels picks ;
 With watry Jaws dry Glass Sir *Reynard* licks ;

Then said, I have deserv'd
 With *Tantalizing* Banquets to be sterv'd,
 And am with Tricks for Tricks most justly serv'd.

M O R A L.

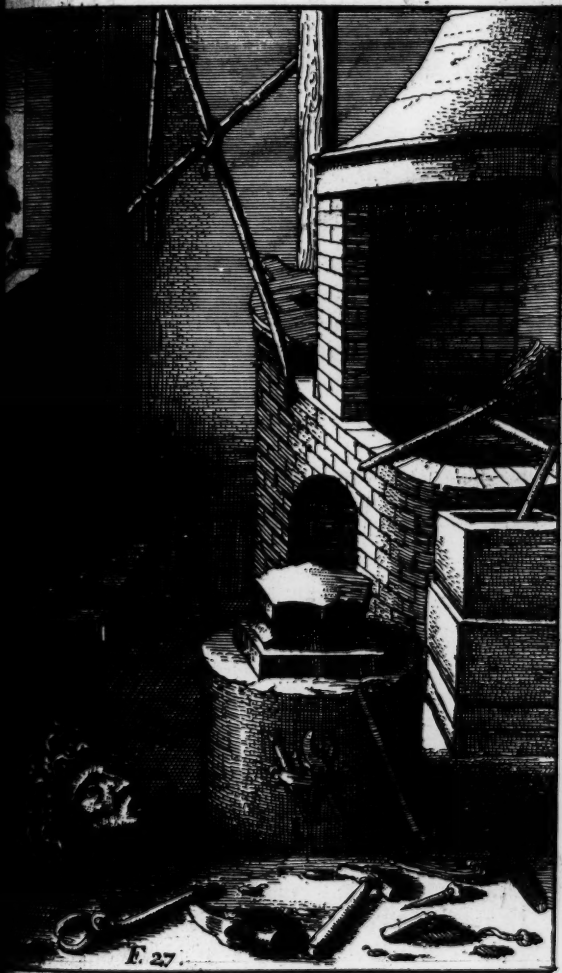
The most ingenious Scoffs, and bitter'st Taunts,
 Are best revenged with the like Affronts :

At many times from them such Rancor breeds,
 That he that Laugh'd at first, soon after Bleeds.

F A B. XXVII.

Of the File and the Viper.

WAs't ill-advising Hunger did persuade
 Or Anger, that fond *Viper* to invade
 A horrid *File*, which had an Iron Husk
 Scorn'd the Shark's Tooth, defid the wild Boar
 It had a Skin so hard and rough,
 As that Infernal Coat of Buff
 The *Luciferian* General had on
 In the first Grand Rebellion,
 Which no Coelestial Arm
 Could harm,
 Or pierce,
 But *Mis*, who guides the Stars, and Rules the Elements
 But Anger gave the Cause he so mistook;
 He knew the sweating Artist was no Cook,
 VWho with this *File* that day had polished
 The Snakes which Periwig the *Gorgon's* Head
 And had Fil'd down the speckled Mail
 VWhich shining arm'd th' old Dragon's
 He thought those Snakes alive had been,
 And strange Tortures he had seen.
 Since on the Man he could not fight
 To bite,



F. 27.

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He glides,

ging with venom'd Tooth, to pierce strong *Iron-sides*.

Secure *File*, whilst he did gnaw and bite,
Lying lay still : at length it laugh'd out-right,
Saying his Foe no *Estridge Weapons* had,
Neither *Hors-hoes*, and devour a *Gad*.

Then thus began ; Desist for shame :

Thou hurtst not me ; I'm still the same.

When thou begin'st a War, not onely know
Thy own, but Forces of the Foe.

Thou seest I lie upon my Back,

And crack

Thy Gums :

is not wise with his own Strength himself o'recome,

MORAL.

Fools that with Spleen and Fury are possess'd,

mind their own, nor Pulick Interest :

we, vex'd abroad, on their Domesticks fall,

blow their Knuckles on a senseless Wall.

F A B. XXVIII.

Of the Hart.

THe *Hart* beholding in a Fountain clear
 His stately Crest,
 With Antlers drest,
 Admiring said, I am a gallant Deer.
 How many in the Park like me appear
 Where is the Beast that can,
 Or the Cornuted Man,
 Shew such a Horay Forest on his Head:
 Nor could that mighty Stag
 Arms like these Weapons brag,
 Which with the famous Clubman combated
 Nor were *Actæon's* Branches fairer spread.

But his Supporters did stir up his Gall;
 'Mongst all the Ranks
 Of Spindle-shanks,
 None were so little, none had Legs so small
 Both God and Nature he unjust did call,
 To mount him like a Crane,
 On four Limbs less than twain:
 Such spiny Shins ne're went in any Road
 Those Usher Dames boast half,
 His Legs had ne're a Calf;



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He wonders that on Stilts he durst abroad,
 And why four Sticks bore such a gallant Load.

Thus while he descanted on every Part,
 The Wood resounds

With Horns and Hounds;

Like to a *Scythian* Shaft, or *Indian* Dart,
 Or Clouds with Tempest driven, flies the *Hart*.

Those Legs he so much scorns

Did save him; but his Horns

Entangled 'mongst thick Boughs, made him a Prey:

Who spake with weeping Eyes,

Poor Friends I did despise,

Who me from Dogs and Hunters did convey:

At Pride, vain Pride, did the Proud *Hart* betray.

MORAL.

Too much we value Beauty, Wit, and Arts,

Since oft Great Men are ruin'd by their Parts:

Come with small Learning, and a slender List

Of Vertues, Frowns of fickle Chance resist.

F A B. XXIX.

Of the Birds and Beasts.

A Difference 'twixt Birds and Beasts arose,
But how, no Story shows:
Traditions tell, that Beasts
In Trees would build their Nests;
Others, that Birds did Forest-Lands enclose:
But hot Debate at last did come to Blows,

Both Feather'd and Four-footed not delay
To Muster and Array;
And as the Nations use,
Their Generals they chuse:

The Eagle must the Winged Legions sway,
The Lion, in great Bodies, Beasts obey.

Poets and Painters added to their Force,
The Feather'd *Griphon*, and the Winged *Horn*
Than those, no other dare
Tempt Castles in the Air,
Nor through untraced Sky to bend their Course
Among steep Rocks the Eagles Nest to raise

The *Bat* observing that the Bestial Power
Encreased every Hour,



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How Lions, Wolves, Bears, and Boars,
Dogs, and Horses, fill'd the Shores,
Enough ten Flying Armies to devour,
Sight he revolts, and yields his Airy Tower.

Both Sides engage, there was a cruel Fight
From Morning until Night ;
Beasts well maintain their Place,
Birds charge them in the Face :
The Eagle, by Advantages of Height,
Both Salvage and Domestick put to flight.

The Treacherous Bat was in the Battel took :
All hate the Traytor's Look ;
He never must display
Again his Wings by Day,
If hated, live in some foul dusty Nook,
Else he his Country in Distress forsook.

M O R A L.

Wise Men are Valiant, and of Honest Minds ;
The Treacherous subtle, and explore all Winds :
King or State their Ruine they'l endure,
If they from Sequestration be secure.

F A B. XXX.

Of the Jay and Peacocks.

WHO hath not heard of that most cruel Fight
 When by the Eagles Beasts were put to flight
 When, from Supplies fell in at Setting Sun,
 Of Harpies, Furies, and sad Birds of Night,
 Tygres like Steers, like Sheep bold Lions run:
 Then first on Birds and Beasts Men to the height
 Did Feast themselves, and they who often prey
 On slaughter'd Armies, now a Prey are made.

'Mongst other Chances of that dreadful Day,

A Wing of *Peacocks* was discomfited:

Their Valiant Leader 'mongst the foremost lay,

His Angel-Plumes dy'd with his own Blood:

This had a Page, a proud and foolish *Jay*,

Whom from an Egg he in his Nest had bred:

This strips his Lord, and boldly then assumes

His Train of *Argus* Eyes, and gaudy Plumes.

When to the *Eagles* Court the proud *Jay* got,

And like a Turkey-cock struts up and down,

Suing to draw in *Juno's* Chariot,

As if those gaudy Feathers were his own;



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With Love fair *Pea-hens* here he follows hot,
Keeps company with Noble Birds, or none;
Among the Wits and Braveries did sit,
And would be (Strange !) a Bravery and a Wit.

His Tongue condemn'd to everlasting Prate,
Boasting his Beauty, Wealth, and better Notes,
Brought on him first Suspicion, after Hate :
(*Peacocks, though Angels Plumes, have Devils Throats.*)
At last they strip him, as he chattering fate,
Of his fair Feathers, and his gaudy Coats :
Naked, and banish'd from the Court of Birds,
He to a doleful Note compos'd these VVords :

Stand the true Example of vain Pride,
Since I the *Jayish* Nation did despise,
Not onely Noble Birds will me deride,
But I shall be a scorn to *Jacks* and *Pies* ;
Not *Tyrian* Robes can Birth and Breeding hide ;
Let their own Fortune still content the Wise
And let all those that climb above their Place,
Tripp'd be, like me, and suffer such Disgrace.

M O R A L.

Whether Ambition Vertue be, or Vice ?
Which rais'd great Disputations 'mong the Nice :
Who by unseen Gradations reach a Crown,
Heroes are stil'd, but Traytors tumbling down.

F A B. XXXI.

Of the Wolves and Sheep.

THE *Wolves* and *Sheep*, great Nations both,
Had long

A mighty War maintain'd:
Great Slaughter oft there was of Old and Young
With various Chance; yet none the better gain'd
Finding their Strength decay'd, their Treasure drain'd
With one consent Commissioners are chose,
That might so great a Difference compose,
And joyn in lasting Leagues such ancient Foes.

Long they not sate, when they conclude a Peace
On these

Few Articles they streight agreed;
The *Wolves* should give their Whelps up Hostage
The *Sheep* their Dogs, their stout *Molossian* Breed,
And then they might in Fields at pleasure feed;
The *Wolvish* Bands should sally forth no more
From Wood nor Hill; No *Wolf* come near the Door
To this horn'd *Belin* and fierce *Isgrim* swore,

And now on pleasant Plains themselves the *Sheep*
Do keep;



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No Dog of War to guard the Cote;
 All seem secure; they eat, and drink, and sleep:
 When the young *Wolves* extend a hungry Throat,
 Wanting their Dams, and raise a dismal Note.
Wolves cry, *The Peace is broke*; and like a show'r
 Fell in their Quarters, and whole Flocks devour.
Neither to Friend nor Foe give up your Power.

M O R A L.

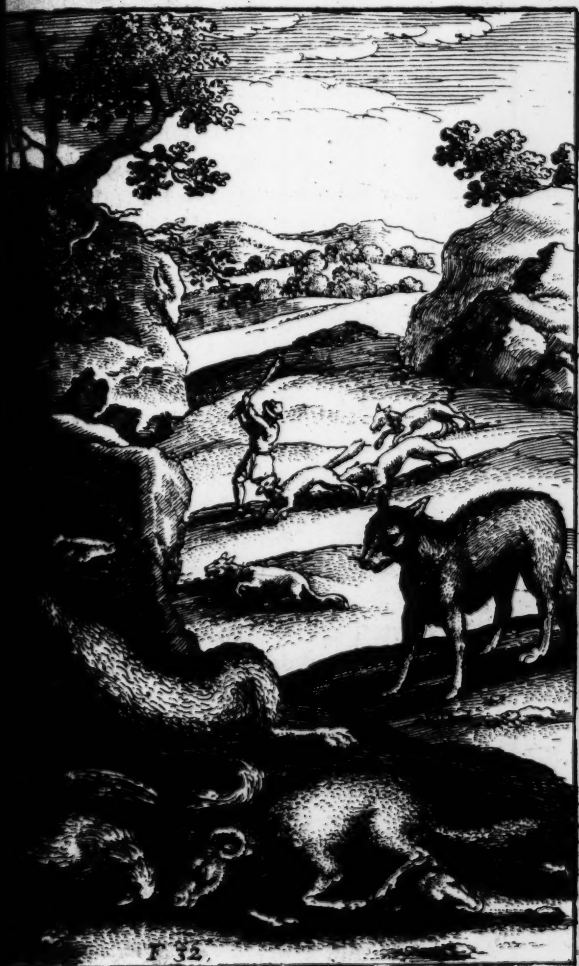
Not Hostages, though Sons, the Foe can bind,
 If they an evident Advantage find:
 Let Mothers weep, die Children, suffer Friends,
 Th' Ambitious values nothing but his Ends.

F A B. XXXII.

Of the Wolf and the Fox.

THat Night when Slaughter did the Fields
 brew,
 When from the Woods and Hills the *Wolvish* Crew
 Pretending Rescue of their cursed Brood,
 Howling, *The Peace was broke,*
 Fell on the guiltless Flock,
 And satisfied their Ravening Jaws with Blood,
 They who a *Solemn League and Cov'nant* swore
 But one short Day before,
 Then flew *Ram Belin* at the Shepherd's Door,
 And with him slaughter'd many thousands more.

'Mongst these was one whom *Wolves* themselves
 For Rapine, *Plunder-Master-General*,
 This having stuff, in that great Massacre,
 His Den with fattest Sheep,
 Resolves a Feast to keep,
 And sit in State alone, like *Kings* to fare;
 When with Self-kindness struck, he thus began,
 I fear nor Dog nor Man,
 I scorn the Swain and Sheep-Protector's Paw;
 Soul, take thy rest, do they the worst they can.



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A Crafty *Fox*, who strict Account did keep
Of those Well-fed and Golden-fleeced Sheep
He by the Horns that Night to's Den had drawn,
Two Days and long Nights waits,
Expecting open Gates;

When with the Greedy-worm his Bowels gnawn,
Aloud he calls; Ho, Col'nel! How d'ye fare?

Be pleas'd to take the Air;
And since the *Wolvish* Army Conquerors are,
Keep not within, nor Spirits waste with Care.

The *Wolf* perceiv'd the *Fox* desir'd to Feast,
And in his absence make himself a Guest;
When with a heavy Groan, he thus returns:

Ah, Dearest Cofin, I
Am sick, and like to die;
In a hot Fever all my Body burns:
In that Nights Service I, provok'd with Zeal
To serve the Common-weal,
After much Toil, would needs stand Centinel,
Where I took Cold, which did my Blood congeal.

In my stopp'd Veins rules adventitious Heat;
Swift doth my Pulse like an Alarum beat;
My Throat so dry, that Seas of *Sheepish* Blood,
Which still did use to cure

The *Wolvish* Calenture,
Commix'd with Humane Gore, will do no good!
Desire not to come in; Cofin, I fear

'Tis dangerous; Spots appear:

My

My short Breath tells me my Departure's near;
Ah, that I had some *Zealous Pastor* here!

Thin Hunger now gives place to swelling Rage,
Thirst to Revenge, spurs *Reynard* to engage
With Mortal Foes: Who straight thus calls a Swain,

Ho! Shepherd, come away,

Make this a Holy-day;

The *Wolf*, by whom such Loss you did sustain,
I'll bring you to; be pleas'd to Fancy then

Me, with his Goods and Den,

And cleer my Score of Lamb, Kid, Goose, and Hen
The Shepherd grants, and calls his Dogs and Men.

Mean while the *Wolf* did sit at joyful Feasts,
When at his Gates he heard no welcom Guests:
Repeated Surfeits oft make Courage fail.

Up starts his brisly Hair,

His fiery Eyes now stare,

And Cowering 'twixt his Legs he claps his Tail,
But out he must, and venture to the Field;

No Quarter Shepherds yield:

His pamper'd Belly made him Leaden-heel'd,
That e're he ran Six-score, the *Wolf* was kill'd.

This done, the Man sets on his Dogs again,
And *Reynard* seiz'd; who dying did complain,
I the sad Emblem am of Rancorous Spite:

The foolish *Fox* repin'd,

Because the *Wolf* had din'd

So well alone, and would not him invite.

Thieves falling out, thus true Men get their own.
 His Head must go to Town,
 My Skin must Face some Wealthy Burgers Gown:
 Thus Avarice hath the Wolf and Fox o're-thrown.

MORAL.

When Conquerors, rich with Spoil, scorn Men and Gods,
 Chance unexpected, shakes revenging Rods.
 Are Common Foes destroy'd? Th' unequal Share
 From Complices will raise a second War.

FAB.

F A B. XXXIII.

Of the Fly and the Ant.

WHEN the hot *Dog-Star*, joyn'd with *Phœbus*
Beams,
Drank broad-back'd Floods to narrow-shoulder'd
Streams,

From the King's Palace comes the Silken *Fly*,
And cuts with Sarcenet Wings the Soultry Sky;
From whence he saw black Bands of Lab'ring
(Mindful of Winter, and approaching Wants)
March through strait Paths, on many Shoulders borne
View'd a great Convoy guard one Grain of Corn.

Then to himself he said; 'Tis wond'rous strange
Ants thus should toil, to fill some petty Grange,
When those in Courts and Cities, with less pain
Oft in an Hour get more than Rusticks gain
In their whole Life: Clowns toil for Cloth and Meat
While Courtiers Feast, and flant in Gold and Silk
Purchas'd in Kid-skin Gloves a thousand ways:
None e're by Sweat did a great Fortune raise.

Then to a Labouring *Ant* the *Fly* did call,
And makes Comparisons, odious unto all.

What art thou Wretch, to me? Worm, thou dost creep
And liv'st in Caves, while I my Palace keep





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in Princes Courts, and when the World is *May*,
 about their Sun-reflecting Tow'rs I play :
 Among Heavens Feather'd Quiristers I have flown,
 and to Coelestial Musick was the Drone.
 Thou Water drink'st, and eat'st the Bread of Care,
 and when your Squadrons plunder, thou dost share
 perhaps one Grain of Wheat, gain'd with more Toil
 than some get Kingdoms, and subdue an Isle.
 from the Margents of the Golden Bowl
 drink Liquor that revives the saddest Soul,
 frees Prisoners, cures the Stripes of cruel Rods,
 makes Peasants Princes, and makes Princes Gods.
 on gilded Cielings, my Heels upward, I,
 'ere my broad Shoulders looking down, espie
 casts for a Mighty Man, and full Cups plac'd
 at pleasure all those Delicates I taste.
Phaon my Father was, me he begot
 When his Steeds fainting fell into a Trot
 in the high Solstice ; Then my Brother *Fly*
 y'd by Ambition in a Prince's Eye :
 his vast Kingdoms he no place could find
 but that to rest in, equal to his Mind.
 Why should I boast that sad, yet happy Fate
 of my dear Cousin, the Renowned *Gnat*,
 who with his Trumpet sav'd a sleeping Swain
 from the Snake's Tooth, yet for the Fact was slain :
 at soon th' ungrateful Shepherd did repent,
 and built him an Eternal Monument,
 whose Epitaph the Prince of Poets made,
 and the first Stone with polish'd Verses laid.

Then

Then spake the *Ant*; Sir *Fly*, I in a Cave
 Not Golden Beds, nor Ivory Tables have;
 Yet I contented live, though under Ground,
 VVhen thou dost wander like a Vagabond:
 And where thou sojournest, those high Aboads
 Are none of thine; Thou hast no Household-Gods
 But when a Tempest comes, and *Fortune's* Frown
 Tumbles thy King, as other Princes, down,
 Then in vast Circles may the hungry *Fly*
 Round empty Halls, and keep his parch'd Trunk dry
 There shall the Spider subtle Meshes spread,
 And having seiz'd thee, feast upon thy Head.
 And while she changes Poyson for sweet Blood,
 Thou dying shalt in vain thy King and God
 Great *Belzebub* implore, who minds not thee,
 Nor pitying will those mighty Slaught'ers see
 That Emperor makes, when he so many days
 To kill *Flies*, off all other Business lays.

That thou art *Phæbus* Off-spring, thou mayst prate
 But say, VVhat art thou by the Mothers side?
 From Excrement, or Putrefaction sprung,
 Foul Ordure brought thee forth, or Madam *Dung*.

Though I inhabit Caves and narrow Cells,
 Yet mighty Kingdoms, and great Common-weals,
 Following Examples of th' industrious *Ant*,
 Rise to their height: *Who Labor shall not want*.

Thou that of Idleness and Impertinence
 The Emblem art, go, seek a safe defence
 In the great Shambles from the Butcher's Flap,
 That kills whole Hundreds like a Thunder-clap.

o drown thy self in Snuffs of Drowfie Ale,
leave the VWorld, a Straw thrust through thy Tail.
compare with me ! Know, that the noble *Ant*,
With *Myrmidons*, did once a Kingdom plant.

M O R A L.

*Short Life and merry, give me Ease, this crys ;
While that with Sweat and Care his Marrow drys :
These are Extremes ; upon the Medium fix ;
Study and Toil with Recreation mix.*

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FAB.

F A B. XXXIV.

Of the Fox and Ape.

THe *French Ape* gives the *Fox* of *Spain* Bon
 Three Conges, and *Tres humble Servitude*:
 Then thus begins; In *France* we not indure
 To see long Cloaks; all there
 Go in the shortest Wear:
 But your large Fashion is the Statelier sure.

Pardonne moy, as we are all too short,
 In Curtail'd Garments, *A-la-modes* o' th' Court,
 So with th' other Extreme yours, Sir, doth sort
 Be pleas'd to wear your Fur
 A little shorter, Sir;
 'Twill be as grave, and suit well with your P

Seignour, I know your Taylor is not here
 My *Apeship's* Workman quickly with his Sheer
 Shall cut you shorter, and my Self will wear
 The Remnant of your Train,
 Conformable to *Spain*;
 And then *Don Diegoes* both we shall appear.



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Sennor, said the Fox, we Dons of Spain
 are constant to our Fashion; such a Train
 my Father's Father wore: and, to be plain,
 This Long Wear I will keep, *dress*
 Though it the Kennel sweep,
 rather than give an Inch to Monsieur Vain.

MORAL.

Heaven to each Nation several Genius gave;
 the French too Airy, Spaniards seem too grave:
 the Country; Courtiers both despise;
 the Rude, and Rude, most their own Manners prize.

F A B. XXXV.

Of the Horse and the Ass.

HE was a Fole o' th' Winds, or of the Breech
 Which *Circes* stole, got by a Heavenly Steed
 Broad was his Back, his Belly short, a large
 And dimpled Breast, the Office to discharge
 Of swelling Lungs; his Fet-locks clean; a Hood
 'Gainst Stony Roads, and Rocky Mountains, proud
 Eyes full, quick Ears, Fire when the Trumpets
 From's Nostrils flies; nor stands on any Ground.
 His Colour Daple-grey, his Skin more sleek
 Than *Venus* Bosom, or plump *Bacchus* Cheek:
 On's Breast a Feather, on his Crown a Star:
 Such *Alexander*, or the God of War
 Did use to ride, bearing down all before
 Their White Feet, Straw-berri'd with Crimson
 His flowing Main and bushy Tail was ty'd
 With Ribands, baffled Rainbows in their Pride
 His Bridle, Saddle, all you could behold,
 His Cloth, and Stirrups, nay, his Shoes were Gold
 This at *Olympus*, when the Prize he won,
 Broke fiery *Ethon's* Breath that drew the Sun,
 Strain'd the Neer Pinion of the Northern Wind
 And far left all Competitors behind.



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This proud of many Victories, at a Pass
 his *Grand-paw* did meet a laden *Ass*,
 whom he said; Thou Son of a dull Sire,
 stand up, or else I'll trample thee i' th' Mire;
 thou shalt lie gasping here beneath thy Load,
 trod by all those thou hindrest in the Road.
 The silly Beast, not daring in his Face
 to look, nor answer, suddenly gave place;
 who, while the Clock struck Twelve, did run a Mile,
 and shakes with thund'ring Hoofs the rotten Soil.
 And now the Day was come, the Hour drew on,
 when seven Steeds, swift as those drew *Phaeton*,
 were match'd to run for a huge Golden Bowl,
 which, crown'd with Wine, must glad his Masters Soul
 that wins the Cup. *Dapple* so well was known,
 on his Side all would Bet, but 'gainst him, none.
 At the first Post they came, *Fockies* were weigh'd,
 great Cracks on each side were, and Wagers laid:
 The Signal's given, at once Seven Champions start:
 now Spur, now Switch, Hank, Loose, no little Art
 their Riders shew; Low as their Horses Ear
 bending their Heads, they break resisting Air.
 The Earth with Hoofs, the Skies with Clamors rore,
 while Voices tumbled Echo on the Shore.
 But as swift *Dapple* far did all out-strip,
 dire Mischance! he strain'd and shot his Hip:
 thus shaken out, he and his Rider droop,
 while in a dusty Cloud on goes the Troop.
 Here our sad Tale begins: This Steed unfit
 to run the Race, or with a Burnish'd Bit

To bear his Wealthy Lord with proud short Steps,
 Disgrace for all his former Service reaps:
 They take from him his Trappings, Silk, and Gold,
 And to a cruel Car-man he is sold,
 Labour'd all Day, and fed at Night with Grains,
 He dreams of Loads, steep Hills, and narrow Lanes,
 With's Cart at's Back, weary, and ill array'd,
 The *Ass* espy'd him, and thus vapouring Bray'd:

Sir, I'm mistaken, if I did not meet
 Your *Horse-ship* lately in this winding Street;
 But you'r much alter'd in a little time,
 Now Lean and Poor, then Fat, and in your Prime:
 Where's all the gallant Furniture you had?
 How rustily you look in Leather clad?
 Nor your soft Neck bends proudly in a Trot,
 With Ladies in a *Belgick* Chariot,
 Bounding on Velvet Beds; nor I discern
 No golden Scutcheons on your gilded Stern:
 Your Wheels not thunder, nor your Axes flame;
 This is a Cart; you draw as if y'are Lame.

Thus are proud Mortals paid, and *They that know*
No Mean in Bliss, shall have no Mean of Woe:
 And this shall be the greatest Gall to Pride,
 Whom they scorn'd Rich, grown Poor, shall them de-
 ride.

M O R A L.

*Let no Prosperity move Arrogance;
 Like April are the fickle Brows of Chance:
 But when she most seems for thee, then provide
 With Caution to allay o're-swelling Pride.*





F A B. XXXVI.

Of the Husbandman and the Wood.

✓ Eer a vast Common was a mighty Grove,
 Protected by the *Hama-dryades*,
 Which then had Mansion in those long-liv'd Trees,
 Ere flourish'd *Esculus* the Delight of *Jove*,
 And *Phæbus* Love;
 There were Plants had Sense, and some could Feed,
 Fruitful Palms did Male and Female breed;
 Poll-bearing Stocks grew there, and some of old
 Those Leaves were Spangles, and the Branches Gold;
 In aged Trees
 Industrious Bees
 Built Fortresses,
 And did their Waxen Kingdoms frame,
 And some, they fame, (came.
 From whose Hard Womb Man's Knotty Off-spring
 This Wealthy Grove the Royal Cedar grac'd,
 Whose Head was fix'd among the Wandring Stars,
 Above loud Meteors and Elements Wars,
 His Root in th' Adamantine Center fast;
 This all surpass
 Crown'd *Libanus*; about him *Elmy* Peers,
Ash, *Fir*, and *Pine*, had flourish'd many Years,

By him protected both from Heat and Cold,
 Eternal Plants, at least ten Ages old,
 All of one mind,
 Their Strength conjoyn'd,
 And scorn'd the Wind;
 Here highly honour'd stood the Sacred *Oke*,
 Whom Swains invoke,
 Which Oracles, like that of *Dodon*, spoke.

But in the neighboring Commons dwelt a Swain,
 That to his Hatchet long did want a Heft,
 Which only was the Royal *Cedar's* Gift:
 When to the under Cops (that did complain
 Their Sovereign
 A Tyrant was) he su'd, they promis'd Aid:
No Helve of Brier or Thorn was ever made.
 Some Rotten-hearted *Elms*, and Wooden Peers
 Run with the Stream, spurr'd up by Hopes or Fears;
 Avarice, Pride.
 Make others side,
 Hoping more wide,
 Some mighty Trees remov'd, they in their stead
 Branches might spread
 From Sea to Sea, and raise to Heaven their Head.

Then to the *Cedar* he his Suit presents,
 About whom round his whispering Council grows:
 Hot they debate, some side, and some oppose;
 When, but unwilling, the forc'd King consents,
 And soon repents:

Arm'd by his Gift, Trees fall in Ranks and Files,
 Friends, Foes, in Stacks to Heaven the Rustick piles;
 Then hollow *Pines* first cut with Sails unfurl'd
 Lines, that, like Nets, are drawn about the World;
 Great Trees and small
 Together fall,
 He Ruins all:

But first the Grove told Oracles expires,
 And all their Quires,
 Enough t' have made twelve *Cæsars* Funeral Fires.

At last the Shepherd standing on a Hill,
 Beheld the Havock his own Hands had made,
 And, with a deep-fetch'd Sigh, thus weeping said;
 Where is the Mast and Acorns that did fill
 My brisly Cattel still?

Ill gotten Wealth, ay me! is ill employ'd,
 And I am poorer the whole Wood destroy'd.
 Where shall my Kids browse? How shall I maintain
 My Board with Nuts, and blushing Fruit again?

Thus *Avarice* brings
 People, and Kings,
 Their Ruinings.

Thus Grants of Princes have themselves brought low,
 And oft o're-throw
 Them, by their Fall, on whom they did Bestow.

M O R A L.

Who Weapons put into a Mad man's Hands,
 May be the first the Error understands:
 But Kings, that Subjects with their Sword entrust,
 If they do suffer, seems not much unjust.

FAB.

F A B. XXXVII.

Of the Hart and Oxen.

AH me, poor *Hart* ! Ah ! Whither shalt thou go
 A Pack of cruel *Hounds* in a full Cry
 Are at thy Heels, on the bold Hunts-men rush ;
 In Woods there is no safety, every Bush
 My Horns will tangle in : Ah ! where's the Stream
 Whose Waves commiserating, would from them
 To further Shores in safety me convey,
 Where I at last my weary Limbs might lay ?

Thus the chas'd *Deer* his woful Chance bemoan'd
 To Hills and Dales, deaf Trees, and senseless Stone
 When his own Fate, by ill advice, did call
 Him to seek Refuge at the *Oxen's* Stall.

To whom he said ; Ah ! for Acquaintance sake
 Since we in one Park dwelt, some Pity take,
 Receive me in ; a thousand ways you may
 Save this poor Life ; I'll hide in yonder Hay,
 When one reply'd ; He might in safety lie
 There till the Men and cruel Dogs pass by ;
 But if their Master or his Man came in,
 The Danger greater was, should he be seen.
 Keep Counsel, Sirs, and I will venture here :
 Under the Cock at All-hid plays the *Deer*.

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When a dull Servant enter'd, one that did
 For half the Work his careful Master bid,
 Returning when the Beasts were serv'd with Hay:
 Then flatt'ring Hope did the glad *Hart* betray.

But an Experienc'd *Ox*, whom *Livie* made
 Once speak before, to him rejoycing said,
 Unhappy Friend, thou hast small cause to vant;
 Wert thou as mighty as an Elephant,
 stoodst where I stand, a Castle on thy Back,
 This Clown had left thee feeding at the Rack.
 This is a Clod heavier than Earth; such Souls,
 Were all Heaven Sun, would see no more than Moles:
 But when our Master enters, I advise
 That close thou lie; for he hath *Argus* Eyes:
 To scape from him, that is a Work, a Task,
 Would all the Shifts of subtle *Proteus* ask.

Scarce said, but in the busie Master came,
 And first his Servant's Negligence did blame,
 Gathers the Offals, did the Litter spread,
 The laboring Yoke-mates with his own Hands fed.
 Here, there, he pries, and searcheth every part,
 Three Fathom under Hay he finds the *Hart*.
 Glad of the Prize, aloud for Aid he calls,
 Streight on the *Deer*, a Troop of Rusticks falls;
 No hope of Quarter, he with weeping Eyes
 Chief Mourner was, at his own Obsequies.

M O R A L.

When urgent Dangers press, 'tis hard to shun:
 Stern Fortune loves to end as she begun:
 On Fear, and Haste, bad Counsel still attends;
 Let none seek Refuge from unable Friends.

FAB.

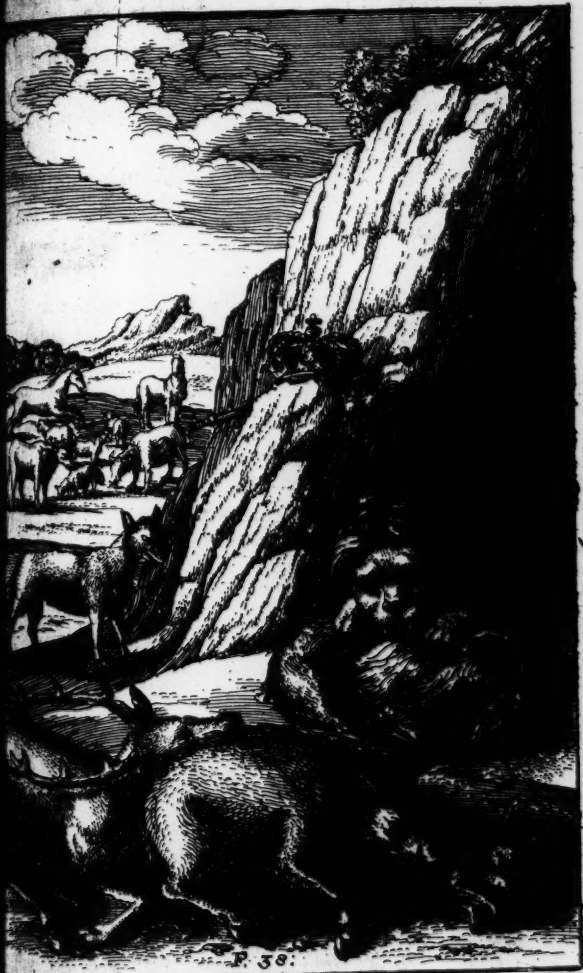
F A B. XXXVIII.

Of the Lyon that was Sick.

THrough all the Forest was a Rumor spread,
 The King the *Lyon's* Sick, some report Dead,
 No sooner was it trumpeted by Fame,
 But Wild and Tame,
 From all parts came,
 With Countenances sad,
 Thou inly glad;
 A mighty Throng at the Court Gates appear:
 But flie Sir *Reynard* was not there.
 To whom the King thus with a Porcupin's Quill
 Writ on a Leaf; Dear Cousin, I am ill,
 And your Advice now want to make my Will.

If you suspect (but Fear is causeless, Sir)
 Danger at Court, alas! I cannot stir;
 The holy *Wolf* here teacheth Heaven's Commands,
Grim Malkin stands,
 Wringing her Hands,
 The Lamb and Tygre sit
 Both at my Feet;
 But none of these can Comfort Us, like you.
 You shall not, Friend, your coming rue.

Ah!





Oh! let me see thee ere my Eyes do fail;
 Thou oft have help'd me, oft your Wisdoms Tail
 Made on the Ground my Parliament Robes to trail.

To whom the subtil Fox reply'd again,
 That he to Heaven would pray, his Sovereign
 May former Health recover, and once more
 From Shore to Shore
 Be heard to Rore,
 And with his Voice to make
 The Forest shake:

But to obey his Will must be deny'd,
 Because he many Tracts espy'd
 Of Visitants repair'd to's Royal Den;
 But saw no Print of those return'd agen.
 His Majesty must pardon him till then.

MORAL.

Not too much Credence to Kings Letters give;
 In Flowry Eloquence black Serpents live:
 Conster th' ambiguous Words, and wary read,
 For I'll advance, that's I'll take off thy Head.

FAB.

F A B. XXXIX.

Of Cupid and Death.

Cupid too careful of his Mothers Task
 Roving all day did wound a thousand He
 With Golden or with Leaden pointed D
 At Night his Sport pursuing to a Mask,
 Where he his Quiver empties and supplies
 Again from beauteous Ladies Eyes,
 While they in comely Motion act their parts
 What Nymphs are these, some whisper : others
 What Goddes now appears : and as they 'dmire
 Active and fierce Desire
 Seven Couples shoots at once with mutual Fire,
 And ere Nights Wheels could the Meridian cut,
 There thousands more the God to torture put.

The same Day *Death* had at a cruel Fight
 As busie been, and mighty Slaughter made.
 She and blind Chance on both sides double plaid
 Then the grim Angel visits Towns by Night.
 Now weary, and grown late, *Death* could not well
 Reach th' Adamantine Gates of Hell,
 Where Plague, War, Famine, her Companions
 On Iron Couches, trembling Ghosts affright ;



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For could blind *Cupid Paphos* find, so dark
The Sky was grown, no spark
all Heaven's Face to give the Boy a Mark :
In one Inn therefore two great Furies lay,
Ill Sleep, *Death's* elder Brother, doth obey.

For *Death* long rests her weary Bones, but wakes ;
Not clearing well her Eyes which were two Coals
That cast malignant Beams from gloomy Holes ;
In *Cupid's* Quiver for her own mistakes,
And hungry out she flies to Countres far,
To Breakfast at a Massacre.

Nor long the Boy from torturing Lovers Souls
Ceasing made, but out with speed he makes,
And storms with deadly Arrows Myrtle Groves,
Where perch'd his Mother's Doves,
Where cunning Lovers use to find their Loves ;
There while the Youth did *Cyprian Vigils* keep.
Death seals their Eyes up in eternal Sleep.

When through the World a mighty Change appears,
When the curl'd Youth, whom Love and Beauty
lead

Under pale Ensigns muster with the Dead,
And Verse and Garlands fix'd to Virgin Biers ;
While in a Dance up the long Bed-rid leaps,
And Beldams mince with wanton Steps
And their pale Cheeks with borrow'd Blushes
spread

False Lilies trenches fill plough'd up with years ;
Whom

Whom *Death* had mark'd for sudden Funerals.
 Now for the Viol calls,
 And old remembring, make new Madrigals.
 This hath a Son, that hath a Daughter dead,
 And their House clear'd, the lusty Parents Wed.

But while this Tragi-Comedy was plaid
 Of Error long, a Youth more happy saw
 When to his Ear the God did aiming draw
 A Shaft at him, and thus to *Cupid* pray'd:
 O hold thy Arrow tipp'd with Charnel Bone,
 And shoot me with a Golden one,
 Thy Darts are wing'd with Death, 'gainst Na-
 tures Law;

See in the Groves what slaughter thou hast made
 Must the World end? Must all our Youth be slain
 Must feeble Age again
 Recruit the Loss? Then let the Gods ordain
 That Winter Marrying with North-Winds
 bound.

To make, with sharp Frosts, pregnant barren Ground

Admonish'd thus, he looks about, and spi'd
 Old Men and Matrons Dancing in a Ring,
 And joyful *Peans* to Love's Mother sing,
 While Arm in Arm sad youthful Lovers dy'd.
 Streight the Mischance *Cupid* to *Death* makes known
 Requiring to return his own;
 But *Death* in various Conquests taking Pride,
 Reserv'd some Feather'd with the Sparrows Wing,

and left him others dipt i'th' *Stygian Lake*.
 From whence rose the Mistake,
 That when sweet love Virgins and Youth should make
 proves sad Wills; and Old Folks one Leg have
 wanton Sheets, the other in the Grave.

MORAL.

Age burns with Love, while Youth cold Ague shakes;
 And Nature oft her Principles mistakes:
 Suffers Youth in Ages cold Embrace,
 Living Men to Dead bound Face to Face.

F A B. XL.

The Parliament of Birds.

WHen *Jove* by impious Arms had Heaven
 And old King *Saturn* setting in the West
 Finish'd the Golden Days, a Silver Morn,
 Pale with the Crimes Success, did Earth adorn,
 And gave its Name unto the Second Age ;
 Then Skies first thundred, Seas with Tempests roar
 Four Seasons part the Year, Men Sow, and Plant
 (*The Golden Times nor Labor knew nor want.*)
 Then Toil found Ease by Art, Art by Deceits,
 Then Civil War turn'd Kingdoms into States ;
 (For Petty Kings Rul'd first) then *Birds* and *Beasts*
 Did with Republicks Private Interests
 Begin to build : *Eagles* were vanquish'd then,
 And *Lions* worsted lost their Royal Den.

The *Birds* reduc'd thus to a Popular State,
 Their King and Lords of Prey ejected, fate
 A frequent *Parliament* in th' ancient Wood,
 There Acting daily for the Nations Good.
 When thus the *Swallow* rising from the Flock,
 To Master Speaker, the grave *Parrot*, spoke.



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Great Things for Us, Sir; Providence hath done,
 and we have through a World of Dangers run;
 the *Eagle* and the gentle *Falcon* are
 destroy'd, or Sequester'd by happy War;
 the *Kitish* Peers and *Buffard* Lords are flown,
 Who sate with us till we could sit alone:
 like Worthy Patriots since, your special Care
 hath settled our *Militia* in the Air,
 All Monarch-hating *Storks* and *Cranes*, who march
 like Sons of Thunder, through Heavens Crystal Arch;
 When Tumult calls, to beat those *Wigeons* down,
 That vainly flock to re-advance the Crown.

Of *Maritime* Business let our Sea-fowl tell,
 Who now as far beneath, as 'tis to Hell,
 the *Antipodes* dive, to fetch home Gold and Spice
 from *Phœnix*, and the *Bird of Paradise*;
 Whom Thunder-eating Fire-Drakes safe convey
 from Royal *Harpeys*, that pickeer at Sea.
 War is far off remov'd, and almost done;
 and we now sporting in the Golden Sun,
 prune and re-gild our Wings; while on hard Coasts,
 Wedded to Famine, and eternal Frosts,
 The *Eagle* Rigid Discipline digests,
 Drove from his *Godwits* to the *Byters* Nests.
 We fear no Flying Nation; should the King
 Plum'd *Griffons*, and his VVinged Horses bring,
 Of now scorn'd *Pegasus*, the baffled Sons,
 to oft chac'd round our vast Dominions.

But a new Danger, with a dire Offent,
 (You Gods avert it from this *Parliament* !)
 Begins to threaten : *Line*, unthought upon,
 Now shades it self, and to a VVood is grown,
 Luxurious Branches shooting to the Sky :
 This, this, behold ! is the great Enemy.
 Man will make Nets of this, where he'll no fewer
 Than thousand silly *Birds* at once secure.
 Under the Tyranny of twisted Cords
 Oft *Lybian* Lions groan ; those Forest-Lords
 Wild Bulls, and Boars, make all the Wood resound,
 When they are taken in this Linen Pound.
 Fetter'd in these, how loud storm salvage Bears :
 And took *Hyena's* weep with unfeign'd Tears.
 This Branch and Root must up, or else your State
 (Which Forein *Eagles* now congratulate)
 Will be short-liv'd : Down, down with't to the ground
 Nor let its Place or Name be ever found :
 Enact with speed, your Time, your Strength employ
 To Ruine that, which else will you Destroy.

The *Swallow*, for his Wisdom much renown'd,
 Since he the Art of Architecture found ;
 Whose well-built Nests incircle scarce a Span,
 Are yet but coldly pattern'd out by Man ;
 Whose Cement smiles at Time, and th' Elements
 Strengthen'd with Storms, and more confirm'd by Age
 Had now prevail'd, and his great Eloquence,
 So sympathizing with the Houses Sense,

Persuade

persuaded straight an Host of *Geese* and *Cranes*
 should Plunder and Depopulate those Plains,
 but that the *Linet* (Private interest much,
 since *Linseed* was his Food, this *Bird* did touch :)
 arising said, Most honor'd House of *Birds*,
 the *Swallow* hath in well-composed Words,
 and handfom Language, drest up scare-Crow Doubts,
 of some *Priapus*, or a Thing-of Clowts,
 such as Plum'd Forragers fright from Corn and Fruits,
 and well with his complaining Nature sutes.
 sure, I believe, e're since the World began
 this *Line* hath grown, or Wild, or Sow'd by Man;
 yet ne're employ'd our Nation to betray :
 but these Times find new Arts out every day,
 lime-twigs are lately known, and Hair and Hooks,
 Which Scaley People draw from Crystal Brooks.

But grant all this, Will Man his Cordage pin
 to the high Poles, and spread his Linen Gin
 O're Heaven's broad Face, like Geometrick Lines,
 to catch Stars wandring through twelve spangled
 Then, if hot *Phæbus* burn it not at Noon, (Signs ?
 How shall our Gifted *Woodcocks* reach the Moon,
 Who now from Churches Lunatick have brought
 revelations, both for Life and Doctrine taught ?

Or over Earth's broad Surface will he spread
 this new Device, and with entangling Thred
 Where e're we light, engage our heedless Foot ?
 If so, then grub it up both Branch and Root.

The worst that can, over some little Patch
Of Earth, this Yarn deceitful Man will watch,
And with some Bait the hovering Foe entice:
Then let them suffer for their Avarice.

But the Chief Point I most insist upon,
Too much we have incens'd already Man;
Libidinous *Doves* and *Sparrows* (most unjust!)
Plunder his VVheat to heighten filthy Lust;
And wicked *Geese*, *Storks*, and insulting *Cranes*,
Spoil their own Quarters, 'midst his Golden Plains.

But Humane Forces if you long to know,
And aggravating VVrong would raise a Foe,
Must'ring your Power, your Strength consider first,
And the Malignants in your Bowels nurse,
Ready to rise at all times, whenfoe're
Or Bird, or Beast, or Devils, or Men appear.

Unsettled, no such VVar you can maintain,
Unless the Common Foe you home again
VVith joy invite, unanimous joyn in One;
But e're I see that fatal Union,
And under cruel *Eagles* Ensigns go,
Let me descend to unclean *Birds* below.

Brief, 'tis impossible to joyn agen;
VVho Gods and Fiends despise, tremble at Men.
To Heaven the harmless Vegetive let grow,
And Man incense not, he's a dangerous Foe.

May our Good *Angels*, those *Coelestial Birds*,
 Who skreeking *Eagles* drove with flaming Swords
 From this warm *Paradise*, our State defend
 Against all dire Fowl from *Stygian Floods* ascend.

This said, th' House thunders with discording Notes :
 This for the *Swallow*, that the *Linnet* Votes ;
 The Major, still the weaker Part, decry
 The *Swallow's* Counsel, bearing to the Sky
 The *Linnet's* Wisdom and high Eloquence ;
 This House by Reason was not rul'd, but Sense.
 They Act, That *Line* shall to perfection grow,
 And make it Treason to call Man a Foe.

Soon fiery *Sirius*, joyn'd with *Phæbus* Rays,
 Faint Heats encreased, with decreasing Days ;
 When *Ceres* golden Locks each where were shorn,
 And *Line* in safety to dry Houses born.
 Then said the *Swallow*, fearing future Fates,
 Whom Jove will Ruin, he insinuates :
 And straight to Man he flies, and makes a Peace,
 The Articles they sign'd in brief were these :
 He grants him Chimneys for his stately Nest,
 For which his Song must calm Man's troubled Breast.

Mean while fine Threds are spun of hatchel'd Flax,
 And nothing for the Expedition lacks :
 The War grows hot ; Fowlers both Night and Day
 By their Commission thousands take and slay.

Here in vast Fields, Nets colour'd like the Corn
 Do Execution Evening and Morn;
 Their Dogs and Stalking-Horses many fright
 Into the Snare, and Low-bells dreadful Light;
Eagles and *Hawks* Auxiliaries they employ,
 And treacherous *Fowl* their dearest Friends decoy.

Thus soon this rising State was overthrown,
 And Man e're since did Rule the Earth alone:
 When this sad Ditty, silver'd o're with Age,
 A Captive *Stare* sung in his woful Cage;
When Civil War hath brought great Nations low,
Destruction comes oft with a Forein Foe.

M O R A L.

*In perverse Counsel best Advice is scorn'd;
 The worst, with Art and handsom Words adorn'd,
 Enacted is: But Private Interest blinds
 The Wisest, and betrays the Noblest Minds.*

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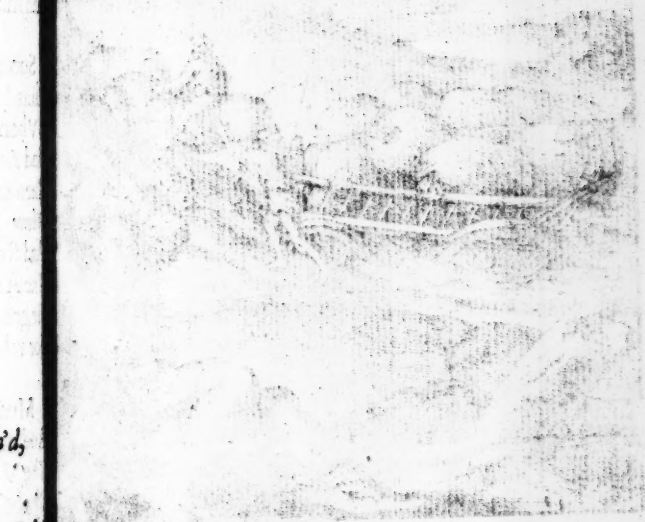
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F A.B. XLI.

Of the Rustick and Hercules.

Thou that didst so many Monsters kill,
 And of twelve Labors didst none ill,
 Help, if it be thy will.
 Thou that forc'd Fire-spitting *Cacus* Den,
 And got'st thy Cattel then,
 Though mine I ne'r could have agen,
 Thou that art the strongest God,
 With thy long Arms out, and Shoulders broad,
 Wheels, which stick up to the Nave in Mire :
 Ah ! 'tis a mighty Load ;
 Help, I desire,
 Or here I will expire.
 A deep Tract his Cart being lodg'd, thus pray'd
 Lazy Swain to *Hercules* for Aid.

When thus the Deity in a mighty Crack
 Of Thunder to the *Rustick* spake,
 Then lying on his Back ;
 Whelp thy pamp'rd Horses up the Hill,
 Thy Shoulder lay to th' Wheel,
 And there use all thy Strength and Skill :
 Not onely me whom now thou dost Invoke,
 But then expect a God at every Spoke

To

To thy assistance, who offended be
 VVhen they implor'd shall look
 From Heaven, and see
 A heavy Clown like thee :
 VVe help the active, though they wicked are ;
The Gods ne're did, nor will hear Idle Prayer.

MORAL.

*Under the Tropicks more refined Souls
 Cherish old Piety : but neer the Poles
 Men follow War, Sail, Bargain, Sow, and Reap,
 And no Religion love, but what is Cheap.*

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F. A. B. XLII.

Of the Fox and Weasle.

With Fasting long, *Reynard* was grown the Type
Of Seven Years Famin;

With Hunger, which so much did gripe

His clem'd and empty Tripe,

At last he came in

Full Larder, through a straiter Hole

For ever Body past, or scarce a Soul.

He had stuff'd his Panier like a Sack

With store of Forrage,

His Belly's Hoops, his Ribs, did crack,

Streight he resolveth to go back

With all His Carriage,

The same Pass he enter'd, nor did think

His sides might larger grow, or the Hole shrink.

At the Streights of the long narrow Lane

And low-roof'd Entry

Came to, but a Passage fought in vain;

The *Fox* repuls'd, was fain

There to stand Centry:

Sometimes the Rocky Pass with Teeth and Claws

Strives to open, and as oft did pause.

Then

Then Conscience pricks, a melancholy Fear
 Shews all his Slaughters,
 Sad *Partlet* following of a woful Bier,
 Where lay bold *Chanticleer*,
 And his three Daughters:

Then jetting Turkeys with blue Snouts he spy'd,
 And White-fleec'd Lambs, which he in Scarlet dy'd

Like *Hydra's*, hissing Geese extend their Necks,
 And threatening Ganders;
 At's Eyes the Crow, took with his Pizle, pecks;
Keyward's pale Ghost with squeaks
 About him wanders:

That some suppose the *Fox* this day did dine
 On melancholy Dishes, wanting Wine.

Then spake the jeering *Weefle* from the Wall:
 Sir *Fox*, I know y'are Crafty,
 But you have made a Prison of your Hall,
 Nor can you scape at all,
 Or look for Safety,
 Until you be as thin as when
 You enter'd, then you may return agen.

Then said the *Fox*; Hunger did ill perswade:
 Yet those are sterving
 Oft through a Wall of Stone a Breach have made;
 And I may now be paid
 My just deserving.

But thou that in such danger jeer'st the *Fox*;
 Like Fortune may reward thee for thy Mocks:
 Revenge draws nigh, beware the Cat; I can
 Be uncas'd, and bravely die by Man.

MORAL.

Heaven's Joys we sell for Broth; rather than want,
 With Death and Hell consign a Covenant.
 Greedy of Spoil, with Violence and Deceit
 We daily act, considering no Retreat.

FAB.

F A B. XLIII.

Of the Hawk and the Cuckow.

UNworthy Bird, base *Cuckow*, thou that art
 Large as my self in every part,
 Strength, Length, and Colour of thy Wing,
 Mine much resembling;
 Whose narrow Soul, whose no, or little Heart;
 Will to thy Board
 Afford
 Nothing but Worms, of Putrefaction bred,
 Which of the Noblest Mortals are abhorr'd,
 Since they must turn to such when they are dead:
 Mount, gorge thy self with some delicious Bird
 Be wise,
 Such Banquets leave for *Daws* and silly *Pies*.
 Thus the bold *Hawk* the *Cuckow* did advise.

Who not long after taken in the Field,
 Having a harmless *Pigeon* kill'd,
 Was in a most unlucky Hour
 Hung from a lofty Tow'r;
 To teach all those who Blood of Innocents spill'd
 The *Cuckow* saw
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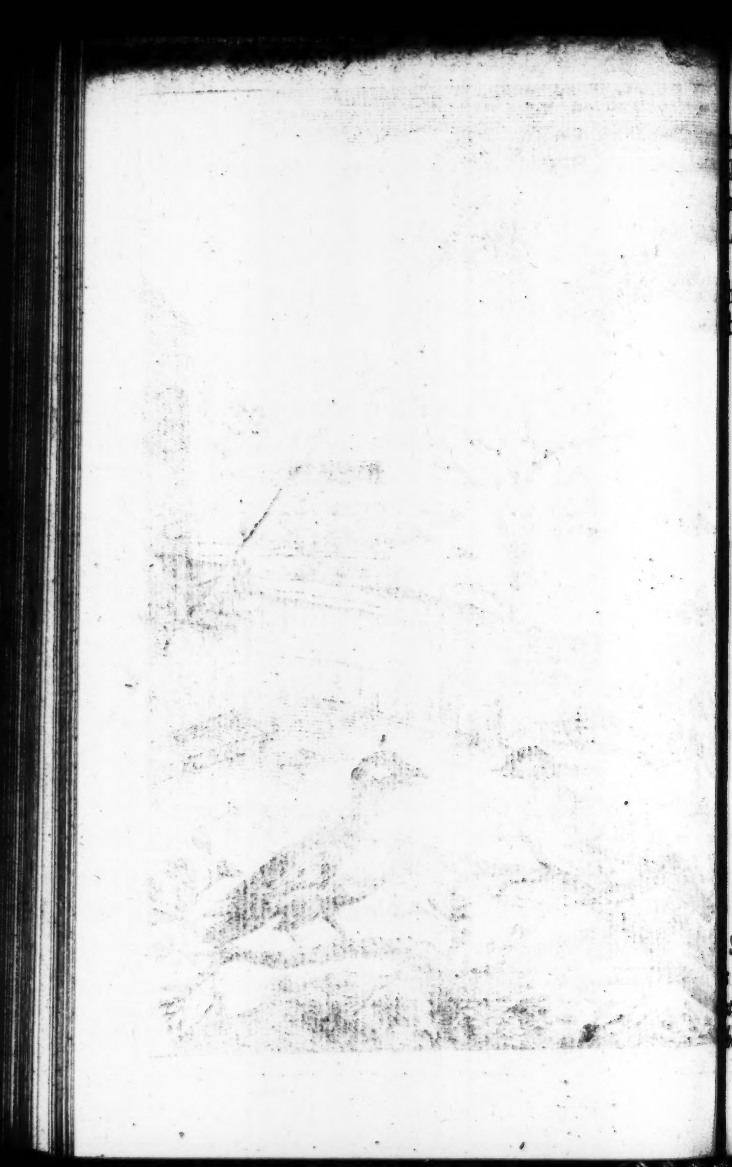
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the Murthress suffer'd; when these Notes she sung;
 Better with Worms to fill my hungry Maw,
 then betwixt Heaven and Earth by th' Heels be hung;
 And a Cold Bird lie in my Stomach Raw.

Had I

my Counsel took, and Forrag'd through the Sky,
 here had I hang'd with thee for Company.

MORAL:

Some without Conscience Plunder, Spoil, and Kill,
 as if for Bloody Banquets were no Bill:
 Vengeance Spring-tides hath, as well as Neap,
 when Malefactors short from Ladders leap.

FAB.

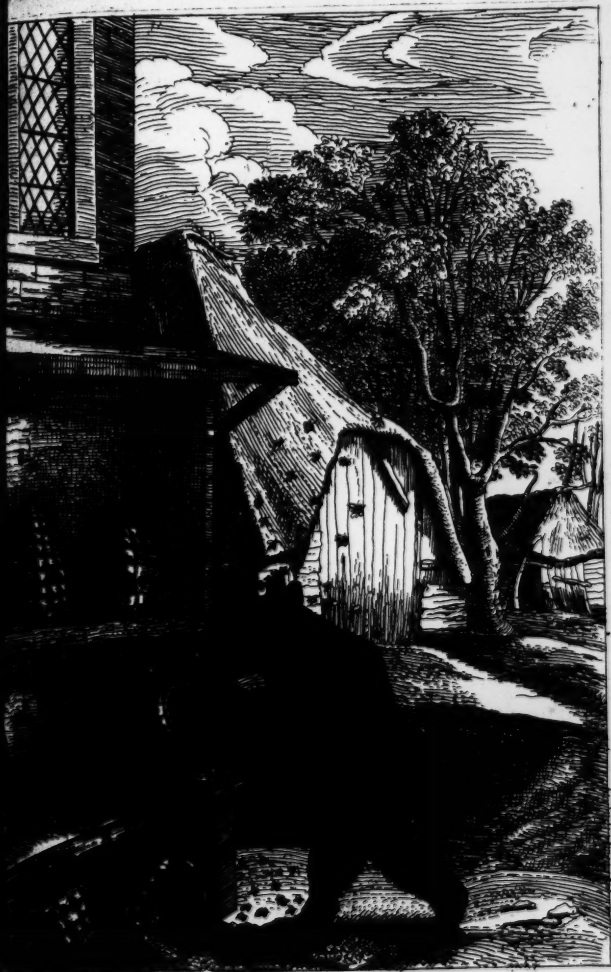
F A B. XLIV.

Of the Bear and the Bees.

B*Ruine* the *Bear* receiving a slight Wound
From a too Wasplish *Bee*,
Joyful to raise a War on any ground,
(It was their Wealth had done the Injury:)
Did now propound,
And to himself decree,
Ne'r to return, till he had overthrown
Twelve Waxen Cities of that Nation,
And seiz'd their Honey-Treasure as his own.

This being resolv'd, he to the Garden goes,
Where stood the stately Hives;
One, after one, the Barbarous overthrows,
And many Citizens of Life deprives;
A few survives,
Who in a Body close:

For your everted Towr's, your slaughter'd Race,
For your great Losses, and your high Disgrace,
Fix all your Venom'd Weapons in his Face.
This said, the Trumpet sounds, the Vulgar rage
And all at once in mighty War engage.





Now Bruin's ugly Visage did not freeze,
 Nor his foul Hands want Gloves;
 The monstrous Bear you could not see for Bees;
 To Bacon-Gamon was so stuck with Cloves:

Who Honey loves,

Not with sharp Sawce agrees:

Pre-power'd by Multitude, and almost slain,
 He draws his shatter'd Forces off again;
 Then said, I better had endur'd the pain
 Of one sharp Sting, than thus to suffer all;
 Making a Private Quarrel National.

M O R A L.

Great Kings, that Petty Princes did despise,
 We oft by War's Experience grown Wise:
 Who Whipp'd the Sea, and threat'ned Floods to Chain,
 Fought back for Millions but a slender Train.

F A B. XLV.

Of the Hart and Horse.

Long was the War betwixt the *Hart* and *Horse*
 Fought with like Courage, Chance, and
 Until a Fatal Day

Gave signal Victory to the *Hart*: The *Steed*
 Must now no more in pleasant Valleys feed,
 Nor verdant Commons sway:

The *Hart*, who now o're all did domineer,
 This Conquering *Stag*,
 Slights like a *Nag*

The vanquish'd *Horse*, which did no more appear.

In Want, Exil'd, driven from Native Shores,
 The *Horse* in Cities Humane Aid implores,
 To get his Realms again:

Let *Man* now manage him and his Affair,
 Since he not knows what his own Forces are.
 Thus sues he for the Rein;

For sweet Revenge he will endure the Bit,
 Let him o'rethrow

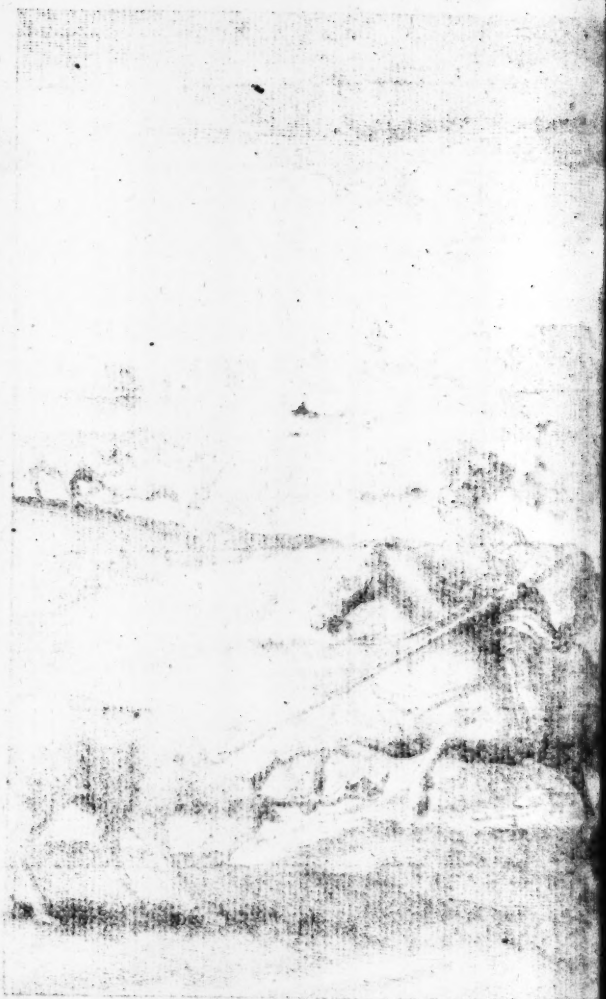
His cruel Foe,

And let his haughty Rider heavy sit.

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He takes the Bridle o're his yielding Head :
 With *Man* and *Arms* the *Horse* is furnished,
 And for the Battel neighs.
 When the *Hart* two Hostile Faces saw,
 And such a *Centaur* to encounter draw,
 He stood a while at gaze.
 At last known Valour up he rows'd again ;
 More hopes by Fight
 There was, than Flight :
 What's won by Arms, by Force he must maintain.

When to the Battel did the *Hart* advance ;
 The *Horse* a *Man* brings, with a mighty Lance
 Longer than th' others Crest :
 The manner of the Fight is chang'd, he feels
 No more the *Horses* Hoof, and ill-aim'd Heels ;
 They charge now Breast to Breast.
 He to one's ads 'gainst *Hercules* : The *Hart* ;
 Though strong and stout,
 Could not hold out,
 He flies, and must from conquer'd Realms depart.

No longer could the *Horse* his Joy contain,
 With loud Neighs, and an erected Main,
 Triumpheth after Fight :
 When to the Soldier, mounted on his Back,
 Feeling him heavy now, the Beast thus spake ;
 Be pleas'd, Good Sir, to light :
 Since you restor'd me to my Father's Seat,
 And got the Day,

Receive your Pay,
And to your City joyfully retreat.

Then said the *Man*, This Saddle which you wear
Cost more than all the Lands we conquer'd here,
Beside this burnish'd Bit :

Your self, and all you have, too little are
To clear m' Engagements in this mighty War ;
Till that's paid, here I'll sit :

And since against your Foe I aided you,

Can you deny

Me like Supply ?

Come, and with me my Enemy subdue.

Then sigh'd the *Horse*, and to the *Man* reply'd,
I feel thy cruel Rowels gall my Side,

And now I am thy Slave ;

But thank thy self for this, thou foolish Beast,

That for Revenge, to Forein Interest

Thy self and Kingdom gave.

'Mongst Rockie Mountains I had better dwelt,

And fed on Thorns,

Gor'd by th' *Hart's* Horns,

Than Wicked *Man's* hard Servitude have felt.

M O R A L.

Some injur'd Princes have, to be Reveng'd,
With their own Realms, the Christian World unbind
On any Terms, with any Nation deal :

Will Heaven not bear them ? They'll to Hell appeal.

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F A B. XLVI.

Of the Satyr and Traveller.

When *Lucifer*, the first Grand Rebel, fell,
 With all his Winged Officers, to Hell;
 Almighty Conqueror thought not fit
 That then
 He should be quarter'd in the Brimstone Pit
 Reserved for bad Angels, and worse Men;
 They the Vulgar Spirits did incense
 With God's Counsel, with a fair Pretense,
 That thus Heaven's King they would more glorious
 Be sent by Thunder to the *Stygian Lake*: (make,
 Whose Crime was Error, he confines
 To Caves,
 And Graves,
 Tender Gold to guard in hollow Mines.
 And some there be, that dare
 Make their repair
 To Ætherial Air;
 Some the rough Ocean rule, and others guide
 The mad Clouds, and on the Backs of Tempests ride.

Are those Spirits timorous People fright
 With horrid Shapes, and play mad Pranks by Night;

Nymphs, Fairies, Goblins, Satyrs, Fauns,
Which haunt

Soft purling Streams, cool Shades, and silent Lawns
Begot on Mortals, Sires Immortal vaunt.

Of which our *Satyr* was, whose cloven Hoof,
Rough Thighs, and crooked Horns, were ample proof

Who, by the Mothers side more gentle, gave
To a cold *Traveller* shelter in his Cave,
Whom *Boreas* charg'd with a huge Drift of Snow.

The Man

Began,

Having no Fire, his Fingers ends to blow.

Why thus he blew his Hands?

His Host demands,

And wondring stands:

Who then reply'd; My Breath my Fingers will
Streight unbenum, and warm, though ne're so chill.

Soon the kind *Satyr* made a Fire, and got
Boyl'd Lentils, which he gave the Stranger, hot.

The *Traveller* begins to blow

His Broth:

Then ask'd the Rural Deity, Why so?

My Breath will cool't, he said: Then wondrous wroth

The staring *Satyr* answer'd; I that am

The Devil's Sister's Son, and to his Dam

As neer ally'd by my dear Mother, which

Is now a famous *Caledonian* Witch,

Dare not a Monster like to thee behold,

A Man

That can

With the same Lungs at once blow Hot and Cold;

Be gone, or else that Breath

Thou shalt bequeath

To me in Death.

Sycophant, and a Back-biter too!

My Uncle himself had best beware of you.

M O R A L.

Who Smile, and Stab; at once Clear and Attaint;

Like Pictures are, here Devil, and there Saint:

But Fiends and Saints convertible be; for where

We spy a Devil, some say a Saint goes there.

F A B. XLVII.

Of the Rebellion of the Hands and Feet.

R *Eason*, once King in *Man*, Depos'd, and Dead,
 The Purple Isle was Rul'd without a Head:
 The *Stomach*, a devouring State, sway'd all;
 At which the *Hands* did burn, the *Feet* did gall:
 Swift to shed Blood, and prone to Civil Stirs
 These Members were, who now turn *Levellers*,
 The vast Revenue of the Little World
 Is in th' Exchequer of the Belly hurl'd,
 And Toil on them impos'd by Eternal Laws:
 With a drawn Sword the *Hands* thus plead the Cause
 Free-born as you, here we demand our Right,
Reason being vanquish'd, the proud Appetite
 In *Microcosmus* must no Tyrant be,
 The idle Paunch shall work as well as we.

The *Stomach* promis'd, and so gain'd our Love,
 Our King Dethron'd, we should in Kid-skin Gloves
 Grow soft again, and free from Corns, the *Feet*
 In Cordovan at leisure walk the Street;
 Who now toll more than when that Monarch swam
 Then we did Works of Wonder, then we made
 Egyptian Pyramids, Mausolus Tomb,
 Built the Grand Caire, Great Ninive, and Rome.

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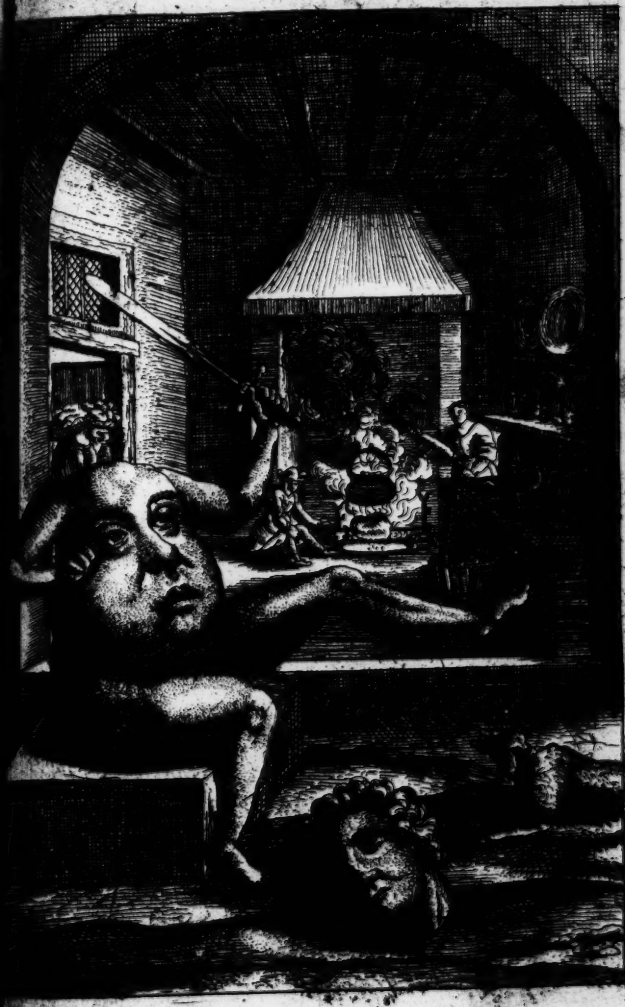
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Heaven-threatning *Babel*, those Sky-kissing Tow'rs,
 Proud, boast themselves a mighty Work of ours;
 We *Dadalus* Wing'd to fly from Spire to Spire,
 And Thunder fram'd out-ranted *Jove's* loud Fire:
 These were our Works, which are by Fame enroll'd;
 Now we dress Meat, Change it some God to Gold!
 Skies, Seas, we spread with Nets, vast Earth with Gins,
 To Banquet you, who Feast Seven Deadly Sins.

Did we for this storm the bold *Breast*, and raze
Jove's Image in the Heaven-advanced *Face*?
 Where our sharp Nails a Rubrick penn'd in Gore,
 And curl'd Roofs from King *Reason's* Palace tore?

For such Rewards the *Feet* in cooling Streams
 Sweating did rush; who by such Stratagems
 Did at strange distance disaffect with Pain
 The *Head*, hurt *Reason*, and disturb the *Brain*.

In brief, or work, or fast, take up your Staff,
 Gird thy Loins, Belly, and leave Banquets off.

This said, the *Stomach* with sharp *Choler* stirr'd,
 Cast forth such things, belching at every Word;

Rebellious Members, you that be so far
 From Peace; that rather 'mong your selves you'l War;
 What Acts did you, to those that we have done?

Who was it carried the great Business on?

The Senses took, the Cinque-Ports of the Realm,
 With a fair Shade, and a deluding Dream?

Was't you, or we, full with * *Egyptian* Gods, * *Garlick* &
 The Brainish Monarch drove from his Aboads, *Onions*.

Beat up all Quarters of the *Heart* by Night,
 And did that Fort with its own trembling fright?

Who

Who swell'd the Spleen, and made the Gall o're-flow
 The *Feet* and *Hands*? Who made the Liver glow,
 Till all those Purple Atoms in the Blood
 Which make the Soul, swim in a burning Flood:
 From whence inflam'd, they seiz'd upon the Head,
 And o're the Face their blushing Ensigns spread:

All that you boast of since this War began,
 Are but light Skirmishes with th' Outward Man:
 Leave threatening: Must we keep perpetual *Lent*?
 The Members shall, as soon as we, repent.

Trembling with Rage, the *Feet* and *Hands* depart,
 The *Stomach* swells, high goes th' incensed Heart:
 Three days in Pockets closetted the *Hands*
 Refuse to put on Gloves; the vex'd *Foot* stands.
 Mean while the *Stomach* was come down, and cries,
 What once a hollow Tooth serv'd, would suffice
 The streighten'd Maw; one Bit, one Crum bestow:
 But still the moody Members answer, No.

At last an extreme Feebleness they felt,
 Saw all but Skin and their hard Bones to melt,
 A pale Consumption Lording over all;
 At which a Council the faint Brethren call:
 The *Stomach* must be fed, which now was so
 Contracted, that, like them, it answer'd, No.
 At which pale Death her cold Approaches made,
 When to the dying *Feet* the weak *Hands* said;

Brethren in Evil, since we did deny
 The Belly Food, we must together die.
 All that are Members in a Common-wealth,
 Should, more than Private, aim at Publick Health.

The Rich the Poor, and Poor the Rich must aid :
None can Protect themselves with their own Shade.
None for themselves are born. We brought in Food,
 Which the kind *Stomach* did prepare for Blood,
 The *Liver* gave it tincture, the *Great Vein*
 Sends it in thousand several Streams again
 To feed the Parts, which there assimilates.
Concord builds high, when Discord ruins States.
 But the chief Cause did our Destruction bring,
 Was, we rebell'd 'gainst *Reason*, our true King.

M O R A L:

Civil Commotions strongly carried on,
 Seldom bring Quiet when the War is done :
 Then thousand Interests in strange shapes appear,
 And through all Ways to certain Ruin steer.

F A B. LXVIII.

Of the Horse and the Laden Ass.

DEAR Brother *Horse*, so heavy is my Load,
That my gall'd Back
Is like to crack;
Some pity take,

Or I shall perish in the Road:
For thy fair Sisters sake,
Who once did bear

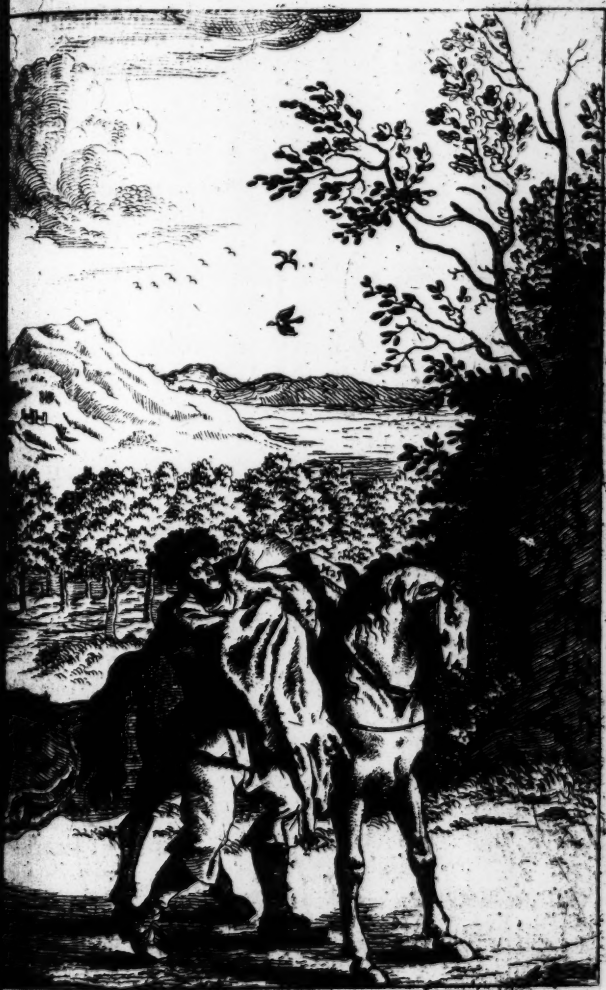
To me a Son, a Mule, my hopeful Heir,
Assistance lend,
My Burthen share,
Or else a cruel End

Waits on thy Fellow-servant, and thy Friend:
Here I must lie,
And die;

The tir'd *Ass* said to th' empty *Horse* went by.

Prick'd up with Pride and Provender, the *Horse*
Deny'd his Aid:
Shall I, said he,
My own Back lade,

And hurt my self, stir'd up with fond Remorse
My prudent Master laid





This on thee, who
 Better than you or I knows what to do.
 My Sister *Mare*
 Was given to you,
 Our Nobler Race to spare;
 The *Ass* and *Mule* must all the Burthens bear.
 I must no Pack,
 Nor Sack,
 But my dear Master carry on my Back.

This said, Heart-broke, the *Ass*s fell down and dy'd:
 The Master streight
 Laid all the Weight
 On his proud Mate,
 And spread o're that the *Asses* Hide.
 Repenting, but too late,
 The *Horse* then said;
 Thou wert accurs'd didst not thy Brother aid;
 Now on my Back
 Th' whole Burthen's laid.
Such Mortals Goodness lack,
And Counsel, which their Friends distrest not aid.
 Had I born part,
 The smart
 Had been but small, which now must break my Heart.

M O R A L.

*People that under Tyrant-Scepters live,
 Should each to other kind Assistance give:
 The Rich the Poor, still over-Tax'd, should aid,
 Lest on their Shoulders the whole Burthen's laid.*

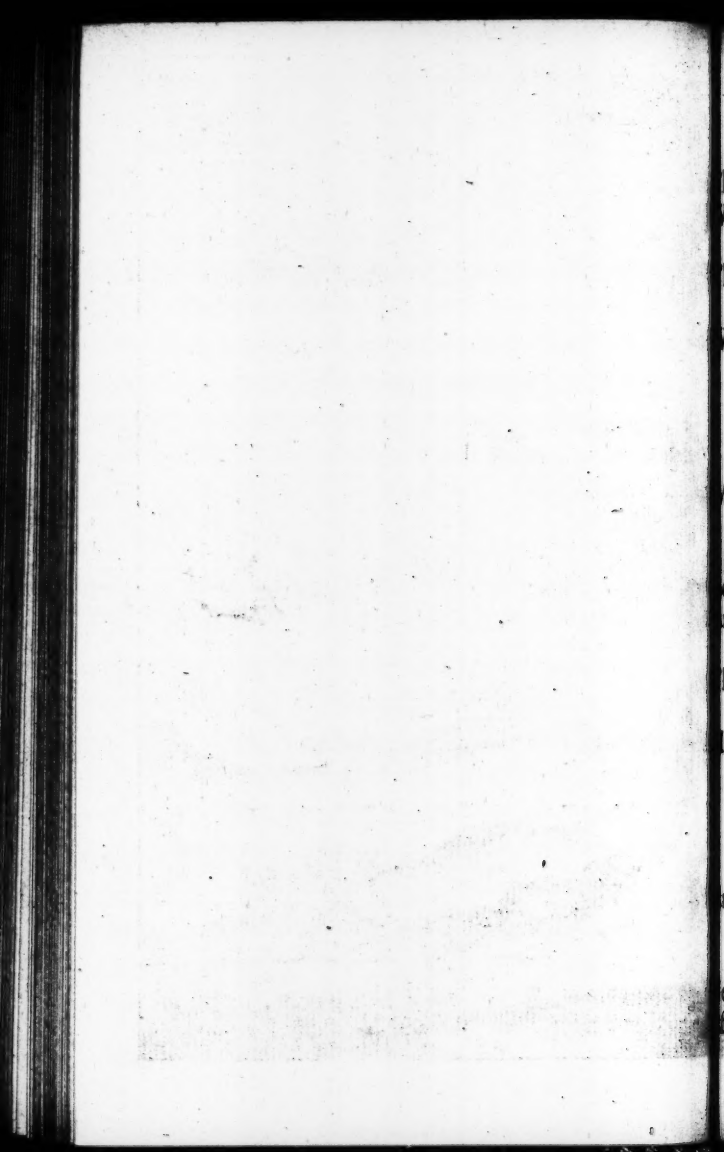
F A B. XLIX.

Of the Fox and the Cock.

Soon as the *Fox* to *Pullen*-furnish'd Farms
 Approaches made,
 Though valiant, *Chanticleer* not trusting Arms,
 Nor Humane Aid,
 Ascends a Tree,
 Where he
 Stood safe from harms:
 Loud was the Cackle at no false Alarms:
 From ground
 About him round
 For safety all his Feather'd Household flock:
 When *Reynard* thus spake to the wary *Cock*.

O thou through all the World for Valour fam'd,
 Hast thou not heard
 What our two Kings so lately have Proclaim'd:
 Both Beast and Bird
 At Amity
 Must be,
 War, which inflam'd,
 Since *Adam's* Fall, all Creatures Wild and Tam





Must cease:

In lasting Peace

the cruel *Lion*, and the *Eagle* then

Will joyn their Force against more cruel Men.

The Sacrilegious *Wolf* in Graves must feed,

And Birds of Prey

With Humane Slaughter must supply their need:

The *Popinjay*

Needs not to bauk

The *Hawk*;

The *Lamb* and *Kid*

Amongst hungry *Bears* may in dark Forests feed;

At Feasts

Both Birds and Beasts

begin to meet; the *Cat* with *Linnetts* plays,

and *Griffons* dine where tender *Heifers* graze.

Therefore, most Noble *Chanticleer*, descend;

And though your Spurs,

Maintaining *Pulletin-Quarters*, once did rend

My tender Furs,

When Feathers I

Made fly,

I'm now your Friend:

Unless we strive in Love, let us contend

No more.

Though *Reynard's* poor,

he's faithful to his Trust, and boldly can

affirm, No Beast is half so false as Man.

The

The *Cock*, long weary of devastating War,
 And fierce Alarms,
 Well knowing what Outrages committed are
 By Civil Arms;
 And how the Man
 Had slain,
 To mend his Fare,
 His Off-spring, yet pretending Love and Care,
 Right glad,
 To him then said,
 I meet your Love, Sir *Reynard*, and descend
 To chuse 'mongst Beasts, rather than Men, a Friend

While the *Cock* spake, a Pack of cruel *Hounds*
 The *Fox* did hear,
 And saw them powd'ring down from Hilly Grounds
 After a *Deer* :
Reynard not stays,
 (Delays
 Are dangerous found.)

But Earths himself three Fathom under Ground,
 At last
 The *Dogs* being past,
 All Danger o're, again he did appear.
 Then, to the *Fox* return'd, spake *Chanticleer* ;

Learned Sir *Reynard*, if the Words be true
 Which you have said,
 Why did these *Dogs* the trembling *Deer* pursue ?
 They should have staid ;

Like Enemies

From these

You also flew.

He said the *Fox*, Though I th' Agreement drew,
So late

This Act of State

He forth, I fear, they th' Edict did not hear;

I shall trounce them: Have they kill'd the *Deer*?

The *Cock* reply'd, But I'll make good this Tree:

Now true: then 'twill to Morrow be.

MORAL.

What we like, we easie Credit give;

Makes us oft from Foes feign'd News believe:

The mighty Holds hath took, and storm'd alone,

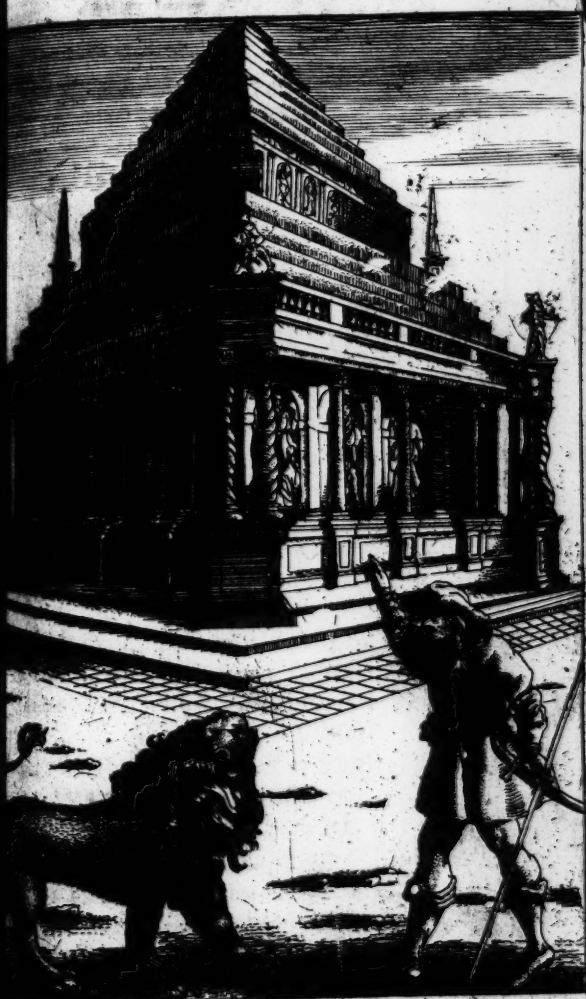
False Reports whole Armies overthrow.

F A B. L.

Of the Lion and the Forester.

VAST Forests and great Cities open'd, when
 Betwixt Wild Beasts and Men
 A long Cessation was;
 And it was then
 That Citizens and Rusticks view'd the *Lion's*
 At his vast Courts amaz'd;
 Where now Fat *Bulls*, *Colts*, and Tame *Asses*
 Through Defarts Travellers took the neereſt
 Where with their *Spaniels* wanton *Tygers* play
Foxes 'mong *Geese*, *Wolves* 'mong Fat *Weathers*

At Skinners Shops the *Bear* unmuzzl'd calls,
 Cheapning on Furnish'd Stalls
 His Friend or Cofin's Fur;
 In Common Halls
Panthers behold themselves on ſtately Pedestals
 And now no Yeoman *Cur*,
 Nor Sergeant *Maſtive*, Beasts indebted ſtir;
 The Woods Inhabitants wander every where
 And briſly *Boars* walk ſafe, with untouch'd
 After the Proclamation they did hear,



When a great *Lion* met a *Partridge*,
 With home he off in War
 Had strove with various Chance :

This with a Spear
 The *Lion* gall'd ; that would his strong-spun Ambush
 Then boldly up advance, (tear,
 And with his Teeth in sunder bite the Lance.
 To whom the *Lion* said, Sir, you and I
 Could ne're decide our Strength by Victory,
 Let us dispute, and it by Logick try.

Then said the *Woodman*, Let us wave Dispute,
 Antiquity shall do't,
 Behold *Mausolus* Tomb,
 And then be mute,
 The World's Wonder by Example thee confute :
 There let us take our Doom.

His said, they to the Monument did come,
 Where streight he shew'd him, by rare Artists made,
 A *Lion's* Head in a *Man's* Bosom laid.
 This no sufficient Proof, the *Lion* said.

Could we, as well as you, our Stories cut,
 We might, and justly, put
 Your lying Heads beneath
 Our Conquering Foot :

From partial Pens all Truth hath been for ever shut.
 Where first I drew my Breath,
 Heard a *Carthaginian* at his Death

The *Roman* Nation most perfidious call,
 Crying out, By Treason they contriv'd the Fall
 Of them, and their Great Captain *Hannibal*,

MORAL.

Through a gross Medium, by refracted Beams,
 Historians Friends appear : Still in Extremes
 The wrong end of the Perspective must shew
 In little, the great Actions of the Foe.

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F A B. LI.

the Lion, the Forester, and his Daughter.

Then they had view'd the Wonder, and the strife
 Admir'd of Artists working to the Life;
 drew the *Forester's* fair Daughter near,
 whisper'd in her swarthy Father's Ear,
 the *Lion* starts, and feels a sudden Wound,
 when at first his Lioness he found,
 made her Pregnant in a shady Wood,
 with Man's Flesh, & Draughts of Humane Blood.
 whom the *Woodman* said; Sir, since the Sun
 sets our Meridian, half his Business done,
 at your own Court so far, be pleas'd to share
 of what's mine, though mean, yet wholesome Fare:
 if Humane Princes in poor Lodges have
 sadly repos'd, and low Roofs Honour gave.
 The King the Proffer takes, to lowly Rooms,
 daily visited with cleansing Brooms,
 the *Lion* is convey'd, where he in State
 at a full Board in ancient Maple sate.
 There, whom the Father never overcame,
 the Daughter did: Scorch'd with Loves cruel Flame,
 the *Lion* burns; the Valiant, Strong, and Wise,
 who Javelins did, Dogs, Men, and Nets despise,

Trammels of bright Hair took, a slender Dart,
 Shot from a Virgins Eye, transpierc'd his Heart,
 The Amorous *Lion* lays his dreadful Jaws
 Now in her Lap, gently with dangerous Paws
 Her fair Hand seizeth, shrinketh up his Nails,
 Fain would, but cannot tell her what he ails.
 Then staring in her Face, offers to rise,
 Ambitious of her Lip: She frighted flies;
 Whom with a Groan he draws by th' Garments back
 And troubled, to the trembling Virgin spake:

Sweet Creature, fear not me, a *Roman* Slave
 Who cur'd my fester'd Foot, once in my Cave
 I Feasted forty Days, and when that I
 Was Pris'ner took, and he condemn'd to die
 In a sad Theatre, where Men sate and laugh'd,
 To see how Beasts the Blood of Wretches quaff'd,
 I mock'd their Expectations, and did grace
 My trembling Surgeon with a dear Embrace.
 The Story known, to him they Pardon gave,
 And honoring me, sent to my Royal Cave.

Dear, if you knew me, I not dreadful am:
 How many Ladies have made *Lions* tame?
 My Grand-fires *Berecynthia's* Chariot drove,
 Not by Force coupled, but Almighty Love.
 We with your Smiles are rais'd, and when you frown
 The greatest Monarch values not his Crown.

Then to her Father turning, thus he said,
 Still holding in his armed Foot the Maid:
 Lo! I, the King of Beasts, a Suiter stand,
 And this thy Daughter for our Queen demand.

We need not tell you what our Interests are
 in this great Forest; and my Power in War
 is known: but joyn'd with such a Bride,
 our Race deriving from the Fathers side
 such active Spirits, Strength, and Valiant Hearts;
 from her Womb taking Humane Form, and Arts;
 how may we be advanc'd? where shall our Sons
 find Limits for their vast Dominions?
 The Sibyls Man-Lion, stil'd the Wondrous Birth,
 must Rule the Conquer'd Nations of the Earth.
 The Macedonian was a Type of this,
 Who sent the Spoils of Persia to Greece:
 Which to his Father was in Sleep reveal'd,
 When his Queens Womb he with a Lion seal'd.
 Then said the Man, I know, Great Prince, you are
 a Defiant King, I know your Force in War;
 but all the Laws of Men and Gods forbid
 that Humane Creatures should with Salvage Wed.
 The Lion then, ready to lash his Side,
 bowing up Anger, with grim Looks reply'd;
 Did not a Queen Match with an ugly Bear,
 And in dark Caverns live with him a Year?
 Was not the pregnant Lady, he being slain,
 by Hunters brought to her own Courts again?
 Did not his Son prove a most Valiant King,
 And slew all those were at the Murthering
 Of his Dear Father? Orson was no Beast,
 Though like his Sire he had a Hairy Breast.
 Thus having said, he cruel Weapons draws,
 Sharp Teeth appear, and Needle-pointed Claws.

Now Wit assist : *Against the Lion's Rage,*
Inflam'd with Love, what Madman would engage
 Then said the Forester, Great Sir, sheath your Arms
 If you vast Realms will joyn to humble Farms,
 My Daughter's yours, my Error I confess :
 For many Salvage Beasts in Marriages
 With Women have conjoyn'd ; the Golden As
 As fair a Lady hath as ever was :
 Mastiffs and Pious Virgins wed so rife,
 Ballads in Streets have sung them Dog and Wife.
 Take, Sir, my Daughter to your Royal Seat :
 Yet one thing for the Damsel I entreat ;
 For sweet Love grant her this : See how she stands
 Trembling to view your Teeth, and Armed Hands
 Meet her with equal Arms, that Face to Face
 She may as boldly Charge with strict Embrace ;
 Then pare, and draw them out. The *Lion* said,
 What e're thou ask't, I freely give ; O Maid,
 I will devest my self of all my Power,
 And make my Teeth and Claws thy Virgin Dower.

No sooner said, but done : With bleeding Jaws
 On tender Feet he stands ; the *Woodman* draws
 Then a bright Falchion hanging by his Side,
 Which to the Hilt he in his Bosom dy'd.
 The *Lion's* slain, and the Cessation broke ;
 When to the dying *King* the *Woodman* spoke :

They that give up their Power to Foe or Friend,
Let them for Love expect a Woful End :
They that undo themselves to purchase Wives,
Like Indians, part with Gold, for Beads and Knives

*Love is a Child, and such as Love obey,
Like Kingdoms fare, that Infant Scepters sway.*

F A B L E

Of the Lover, the Soldier, and a Beggar.

THE Lover, the Soldier, and the Beggar,
Soon strike him of the Road, and Royal Fair,
The Crown and Scepter, old Regalities
Of many former Princes, now are his;
He takes possession of the Palace, which
Trophies made Proud, and Spoils of Enemies Rich;
Where, at an Once, all his Things are sold,
A small Room, dear to Portraits of old
When the same Man that bore the Lion's Skin,
Thus to the bustling Victor designs:
"Sir, since the Groves are yours, and you have won
Dark Havens, impervious to the Sun,
The few dead, and the few living now
Dost you wish now to spend the Month of May
A Pleasure King, and to my Share the Money
To have a few more years, and a few more
To live in ease, and to be free from care,
I should be glad to see you here."

M O R A L

*The Powder'd Gallant, and the Dusty Clown,
The Horrid Soldier, and the Subtle Gown,
Old, Young, Strong, Weak, Rich, Poor, both Fools and Wise,
Offer, when they with frantick Love advise.*

F A B.

F A B. LII.

Of the Forester, the Skinner, and a Bear

THe *Lion* slain, the greedy *Forester*
 Soon strips him of his Robe, and Royal Fur;
 The Crown and Scepter, old Regalities
 Of many former Princes, now are his;
 He takes possession of the Palace, which
 Trophies made Proud, and Spoils of Enemies,
 Where, at an Out-cry, Precious Things are sold
 At small Rates, dear to Potentates of old.
 When the same Man that bought the *Lion's* Skin,
 Thus to th' Insulting Victor did begin :

Sir, since the Groves are yours, and you have
 Dark Haunts, impenetrable by the Sun,
 The *Lion* dead ; go, and th' ambitious *Bear*
 Destroy, who now aspires his Master's Chair.
 A Heathen King sent to my Shop this Morn,
 To have a *Lybian Bears-skin*, to adorn
 His spreading Shoulders with at Annual Feasts,
 When Barbarous Cups must raise his Salvage
 Call forth thy Dogs, and a fresh War begin,
 Then Gold receive for slaughter'd *Bear's* Skin.
 Then said the *Woodman*, Wilt thou buy ? I'll sell
 The Devil's Hide, and bring it thee from Hell,

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ready Money; come, and give me Coin,
 and the *Bear's* Skin, though now he fives, is thine.
 And thou shalt go along and see the Sport,
 and how I'll rowle him from his shady Court:
 I make him pay now for my slaughter'd Bees.
 ere they strike Hands, and Gold the Payment is.
 hen in vast Woods to Hunt they both prepare.
 he Valiant *Forster* trusts his new-ground Spear,
 he Citizen, more wary, takes a Tree:
 eer *Brum's* Cave, where he might safely see,
 he Dogs are streight sent in, such ranting Quest
 o troubled *Brum*, newly gone to Rest,
 hat to the Tarriers he resigns his Cave;
 at whose dire Gates the *Woodman* with a Glave
 id ready stand, thinking to give the Blow
 ould his Staff Crimson in the dying Foe;
 When his Foot slipp'd, his sure Hand fails, his Spear
 eaves him to Mercy of the Cruel *Bear*;
 ainting, or feigning, to the Ground he fell,
 sone struck dead. Then with a hideous Yell
 ame the Incens'd, and arrested him
 With his great Paw, to tear him Limb from Limb
 uly resolv'd; he brake the Peace, he slew
 he King his Guest, and watch'd to kill him too.
 But when he nuzling laid his Nose to Ground,
 and from his Mouth nor Lips no Passage found
 or Vital Breath, nor saw his Breast and Sides
 ebb and flow with Life-respiring Tides,
 orning to wreak vain Anger on the Dead,
 o Man, more cruel, he this Lecture read:

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Let *Wolvis* Monsters rip up putrid Graves
 Of buried Foes, and be old Malice Slaves;
 Although thou soughtst my Life when thou didst
 Thy Friends shall thee due Rites of Funeral give,
 I War not with the Dead: Thus having said,
 He covert in the Woods protecting Shade.
 When from the Tree the *Skinner* did descend,
 And having row'd almost from Death his Friend,
 He thus began; Good Sir, what was't the *Bear*
 Spake, when so long he whisper'd in your Ear?
 Who answer'd, *Bruin* said, I did not well,
 Before the *Bear* was slain, his Skin to sell.

He said, and then he went to his Cave;
 And the *Skinner* went to the Woods with a Glave,
 And ready hand, thinking to give the Blow,
 And his first Grin in the dying Foe,
 When his foot slipped, he fell Head tails his Spear;
 And him to Mercy of the Cruel Bear;
 And then, or falling to the Ground he fell,
 He fell Head tails his Spear;
 And then, or falling to the Ground he fell,
 He fell Head tails his Spear;
 And then, or falling to the Ground he fell,
 He fell Head tails his Spear;

M O R A L E.

Fortune assists the Bold, the Valiant Man
 Oft Conqueror proves, because he thinks he can:
 But who too much flattering Successes trust,
 Have fail'd, and found their Honor in the Dust.

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F A B. LIII.

Of the Tortoise and the Frogs.

Would it not grieve one still to go abroad,
 Yet ever be within?
 He condemn'd to a perpetual Load,
 Over-match'd with every goury Toad,
 And thus be hide-bound in
 A Slough
 Of proof,
 An Adamantine Skin?
 No Cuirass is more tough;
 A home-spun Iron Shirt,
 Web of Mail still on, would Giants hurt:
 How happy are these Frogs,
 That skip about the Bogs!
 O pitying God, ah ease me of my Arms,
 And Native Farms,
 That naked I may swim
 Below, now on the Brim,
 Among the Scallie Swarms,
 Among the Bays, and Bosoms of the Lake,
 With these nimble Croakers Pleasure take:
 At his Shell, thus the fond Tortoise spake.

But when he saw fierce *Eels* devour the *Frogs*,
 And mark'd their tender Skin
 Pierc'd with each R^ush which circle in the Bogs;
 And his, less penetrable than hard Logs;
 The *Tartoise* did begin
 To find
 His Mind
 Contented with his Inn;
 And thought the Gods now kind
 To grant him such a Fort;
 Over whose Roof one drove a Loaden Cart:
 Better to bear his Castle on his Back,
 Though it should crack,
 Than to be made a Prey,
 While he abroad did play,
 To every *Grig* and *Fack*.
 Then thus aloud his Error he confest;
 I live in Walls impregnable, at rest,
 While all my Friends with Tyrants are oppress.

M O R A L.

Thus at home Happy, oft fond Youth complain,
 And Peace, and Plenty, with soft Beds disdain:
 But when in Foreign War Death seals his Eyes,
 His Birth-place he remembers e're he Dies.

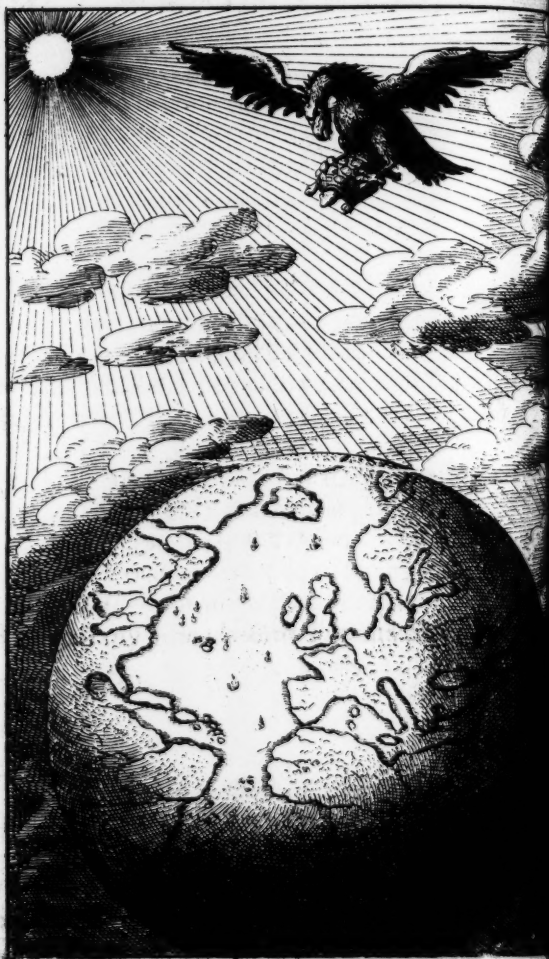
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FABLE LIV.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.

But now again she cries, Ah, must I creep
Still as I were asleep!

Creatures else can Swim, or Walk, or Run;
The dusty Road lie like a Stone:

The Birds do fly

So high,

That oft they singe their Feathers in the Sun.

O Princely Eagle, bear me through the Sky,

That I may measure the Bright Spangled Arch;

Where the great Planets march;

And I will give thee Jems,

As do shine in Princes Diadems,

Or a huge Pearl I in a Scallop found

By th' Hellepontick Sound;

Worth Nine hundred ninety thousand Pound.

He said, the Eagle lifts her, and her House,

Up, like a little Mouse;

Through the cold Quarters of the Stars they go,

Magazins of Rain, Hail, Wind, and Snow:

Such was their Flight,

They might

See the dark Earth's contracted Face below
 To cast forth sullen Beams, with Brazen Light,
 Like a huge Moon, and turning on her Poles;
 Dark Seas, like *Phæbe's* Moles,
 Casting a dimmer Ray.

Then rolling East, they view *America*,
Asia, and *Africk*; *Europe* next arose:
 No Map so perfect shews

How the great Mid-land Sea betwixt them flows.

But here the *Eagle* his reward did ask,
 Due for so great a Task;
 But when the *Tortoise* saw his threatening Beak,
 And cruel Sears, amaz'd, he could not speak.

The Royal Bird

Then stirr'd

With Indignation, thus did silence break;
 Thou that didst boast as if thou hadst a Hoard,
 And didst with promis'd Jewels mock a Prince,
 Now for thy Insolence

I'll strip thee from thy Shell;

Cheaper thou mightst have seen the Gates of Hell
 Than the high Stars: Who rais'd thee from thy Hell
 To Seats above the Pole,

Shall now divide thy Body from thy Soul,

M O R A L.

What, to gain Treasure, will not greedy Kings!
 Sweet smells the Coin drain'd from Mercurious Springs
 But Promisers, who Princes Hopes defeat,
 Oft pay sad Forfeits with their Lives and State.

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F A B. LV.

Of an Egyptian King, and his Apes.

Valms Marl'd and Water'd with the fertile Nile;
 A King did Rule, who lov'd nor Care nor Toil,
 With devasting War his Neighbors Land to spoil:
 He in Ostentation Riches spent,
 Vexing poor Israelites,
 Proud Pyramids to build,
 Whose pointed Spires still wound the Firmament,
 Darkning our Western Nights,
 When they our rising Moon and Stars ungild.
 Took he pleasure to hunt Salvage Beasts,
 Entertainment lov'd, and Princely Feasts;
 And with his own, or to hear others Witty Jest.
 At full Boards, a jolly Peer did start
 A Question, Whether Apes might learn the Art
 Dancing, and be taught to Act a Humane Part?
 A Novel Fancy much the King did please;
 When thus he said, My Lord,
 This Project I'll advance;
 If there are none, we'll send beyond the Seas,
 To Realms far off, well stor'd
 With Masters, that shall teach them how to Dance.

Both *Greece* and *Rome* the Art of *Ocassry*
 Always esteem'd, where Dancing-Masters be,
 Whose Feet Historians are, and tell a History.

Mars in a Net, this in a Figure shapes ;
 That, Ravish'd *Proserpine* ; these, the several Rape
 Of all their wanton Gods, and lustful *Jove's* Ele
 But there are Masters in a Realm far *West*,
 As Travellers relate,
 More for our purpose fit ;
 Where the whole Nation like our *Apes* are dress'd,
 And Grave long Garments hate,
 Being much of their Capacity and Wit :
 Go then, and Dancing-Masters fetch from *France*
 The best chuse by their Apish Countenance,
 To teach our *Apes* like *Men*, or like *themselves*, to d

Sails from *Marseilles* a stout Vessel sets,
 Laden with Dancing-Masters, and their Kits,
 To purge the King of all his Melancholy Fits.
 Now Eastern *Apes* ply *Gallick* Dancing-Schools,
 Where the dull *German*, joyn'd
 With the raw *English* *Ass*,
 That imitate all Nations, look'd like Fools ;
 The *Apes* were so refin'd,
 That all our *A-la-modes* they far surpass :
 How they a *Brawl*, a *Saraband* could do !
 How stately move in a *Coranto* ! Who
 From their great Masters now the cunning Sch
 knew :

for his *Monsieur* the King pleas'd to ask:
 when he hear'd they had perform'd their Task,
 Solemn Order gave to have a stately Mask.
 and now th' expected Night was come; when late

Enters the joyful King,

And takes his lofty Chair:

about him Peers and Princes of the State,

And in a Glorious Ring

the Gypsie Ladies, there accounted Fair.

The Scene appears, the envious Curtain drawn,

Gold and Purple, tufted with pure Lawn,

all Frenchified shew'd like the blushing Dawn.

From the Scene a nimble *Hermes* springs,

with his *Caduceus*, Golden Shoes, and Wings,

conducting in a *Dynastie* of ancient Kings,

that had been *Mummy* many thousand Years.

Before, our Authors say,

Adam the World begun:

with in his Hand a mighty Scepter bears,

And from their Heads display

elve Silver Rays, shot from a Golden Sun.

The Demy-gods the *Apes* began to move;

they saw such a Majestick Foe:

Men admire, the taken Ladies fire with Love.

When one that knew what best would please the King,

husks of Nuts did 'mong these *Heroes* fling,

which suddenly did all to great disorder bring.

Figures they quit, and alter soon their Pace,
 And scrambling run to seise
 Their most beloved Nuts,
 Respecting not the Majesty of Place :
 These would Kings Palaces
 Forsake, to reign in well-stor'd Squirrels Huts.
 At last the Dancing Kings began to rage,
 Scuffling for Prey, old Princes, seeming Sage,
 All Laws of Revels brake, and in fierce War engag

They fight, they scratch, they rumble o're and o're
 Their Masking Sutes are all in Mammocks tore.
 The Stage with Green Cloth spread, is now a Field
 Their *Apish* Masters taken with the Sport, (G
 Among the thickest run,
 Where scrambling down they fall :
 Then Shouts and Laughter shake the joyful Court
 Which had not yet been done,
 But that the King did cry, *A Hall, a Hall.*
 All silent then, he gravely thus began ;
Rich Cloaths, nor Cost, nor Education can
Change Nature, nor transform an Ape into a Man.

M O R A L.

*Nature in th' Old World's Infancy was strong :
 But Education, Diet, Art, so long
 'Mongst Mortals hath prevail'd, that Apes and Owls
 Not only Shapes transform, but change their Souls.*

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F A B. LVI.

Of the Eagle and the Beetle.

Thou most Noble Beetle, thou that art
 Stil'd by some Nations *The Black Flying Hart*,
 Save my Life, and do a Friendly part!
 A towering Eagle threatens from the Skies
 Poor *Keyward* to destroy.

Thou whose Troops of Hornets, Wasps, and Flies
 The Bestial Army did annoy
 In that fatal Day the Lion lost,
 Can they who wings like spreading falls might boast:
 And Trumpeters they were, whose numerous swarms
 Ring'd about their Ears still fresh Alarms,
 In their Faces fix'd their venom'd Arms.

As at approaching Death the *Hare* dismay'd,
 The poor Beetle for Protection pray'd,
 To caves, and to safety him convey'd,
 The Beetle lights, and asks, Who's in that Cave?

She straight replies, I here
 A harmless Beast, my Menial Servant have,
 The *Hare*, whom I esteem most dear:
 The Eagle tore him straight without remorse.

So said the Beetle, I that kill'd a Horse

With Hornets nine in that Victorious Day,
 And dost thou thus thy Soldier's Service pay?
Those that can Help, to Hurt may find a way.

And now the *Eagles* Queen laid Royal Eggs:
 When the vext *Fly* Aid of *Alecto* begs,
 Who sprinkles her black Wings with *Strygian* Dregs,
 And to small Members gave a mighty Force.

Soon the high Nest she found,
 And what an *Embrio* was, without remorse,
 Did break, and tumble to the Ground.

At which her Husband mounts *Ethereal* Skies,
 And to his great Protector *Jove* thus cries;
 The spiteful *Beetle* to our Palace came,
 And Our dear Race, which should preserve Our Name
 She hath destroy'd, and I most wretched am.

To whom thus *Jove* in pleasing Language said,
 Thou brought'st me *Ganymed* on Wings display'd,
 Thou needst not thus for Our high Favor plead.

When next thy Queen brings forth a happy Birth

And hath supply'd her Nest,

Bring them to me up from the dangerous Earth,

And those I'll cherish in my Breast.

Pleas'd with the Grant, the Bird descends again,
 And did his Spouse with sweet Love entertain;

Who streight another hopeful Issue brings,

With which to Heaven he mounts on spreading Wings

And bears them to great *Jove*, the King of Kings

All hath no depth, nor profound Heaven that height,
 Will not be found by Wrong-begotten Spite.
 Neither the furious *Beetle* takes her Flight,
 And bears with her foul Pills of sordid Earth,
 Which in *Jove's* Breast she threw.
 Dregs she shakes them out, with them the unhatch'd Birth :
 Which when the God did view,
 He said, I that have made, and can unhinge
 This World's great Frame, yet cannot curb Revenge.
 And therefore Mortals, you that strongest are,
 Injuring the smallest Worm beware,
 For they Our Lap, a Sanctuary, not spare.

M O R A L.

To find much Treasure ; to obtain a Bride,
 Which so oft thou hast, and others died ;
 Hungry and Cold, Feasts and Rich Wines to meet,
 Sweetness of Revenge are nothing sweet.

F A B. LVII.

Of the Fox and the Cat.

THUS to the *Cat* the *Fox* did boast his Parts,
 And glorified himself with his own Arts;
 Know, Madam *Puss*, a thousand ways I have
 Beloved Life to save,
 Despising the Advantage of a Cave,
 When bloody Hounds pursu'd me, I have oft
 Trac'd my own Scent, and their vain Fury scott
 When Dogs the Men, Masters their Dogs condemn
 While I did both contemn,
 And in contracted Circles hunted them.

When me swift Greyhounds follow'd, though a Beast
 I have struck blind, and Urin'd in their Face:
 When after me both Court and Country throng,
 I from a Branch have sprung,
 And in a Stream on yielding Sallows hung;
 Only my Mouth above the swelling Wave.
 The King is mad, the Dogs and Huntsmen rave.
 These Arts of mine would many Volumes make,
 My Sights would fill a Sack,
 Of which, from many, this short Story take:





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in a full Slaughter-house, hung round with Mear,
uninvited did descend to eat:

Feasted with Poultry, Mutton, Veal, and Lamb,

I did attempt the way I came

To have leap'd back, but fell short in my aim.

When in the fierce Man comes, no sooner spy'd,
But with loud voice, The Thief is found, he cry'd;
Then shuts the Door, and casts at me a Stone,

Which bruis'd my Shoulder-bone,
And made me Fiz, 'twas with such fury thrown.

The Fight was long, and doubtful; in short space
Could expect no other but Uncase:

My Liver given in Wine to them that could

By Night no Water hold,

And Heftick Lords to drink my Tail in Gold.

At last he threw at me a mighty Stone,

Which fell beneath the Place where I came down;

He stoops to take it up, on's Back I stepp'd,

Thence through the Window leap'd,
And spite of him my Skin and Breakfast kept.

Then said the Cat, I have no Trick but one;

That *Grimalkin* fail, then she's undone.

While thus she spake, a Pack of Dogs they see;

Puss nimbly takes a Tree,

The Foxes Heels must his Deliverers be.

He on a Bough the Cat, in th' open Plain,

Angre all Arts, saw boasting *Reynard* slain:

When

When thus she spoke ; Friend, for thy Death I'm sad
Much Knowledge makes some Mad ;
One Good Art's better than a thousand Bad.

M O R A L.

*Some think much Learning and too many Arts
 Debilitate the Strength of Natural Parts :
 Oft one Ingenious Mystery fills the Bags,
 When Men of many Trades scarce purchase Rags.*

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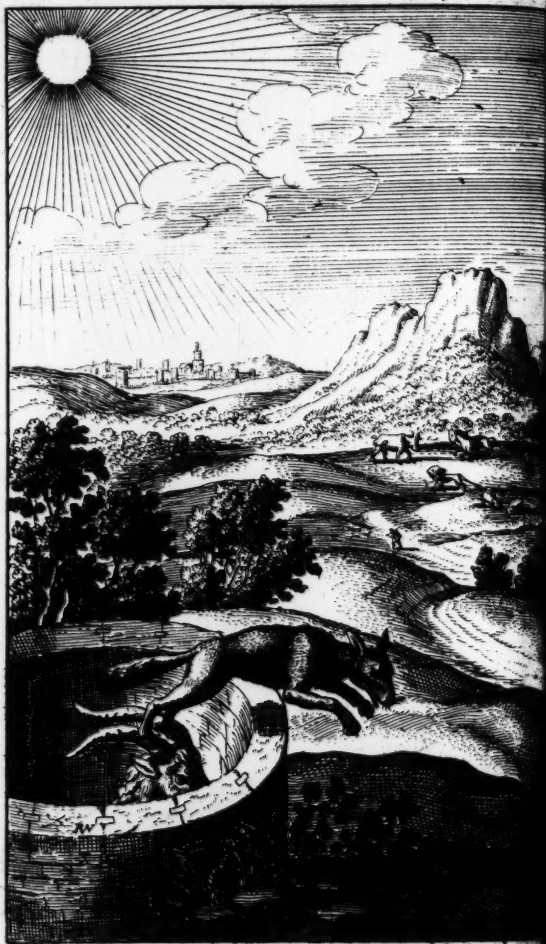
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F A B. LVIII.

Of the Fox and the Goat.

NOW *Sirius* and the Sun seem'd to conspire
 To set the great Worlds *Arctic* side on fire:
 Countries forbidden by eternal Laws
 To feel excessive Heat,
 Lay in a burning Sweat;
 Ming ten thousand parched Jaws
 Water to get:
 Silence put were all those purling Streams,
 Whose murmur gives to Shepherds pleasant Dreams:
 And some did think,
 Whether *Phaeton* the Sea would drink,
 Or would *Dencalion's* Flood restore the Grass;
 Earth was turn'd Iron, Heaven had so long been Brass.
 In this Combustion, and excessive Heat,
 The Fox and Goat extremely thirsty met,
 There (but deep digg'd) by chance they found a Well.
 Then spake the Learned Fox,
 Dry are all Pipes and Cocks;
 Drink I'll venture down to Hell:
 Through Adamantine Rocks
 Pluto's Cellars break, to get one Drop;
 And from loud *Cerberus* waking, snatch his Sop.

Let

Let it be so,

Come Father, let us try these Shades below.

This said, they down to the deep Fountain glide,
Where they beheld the Heaven scarce three Yards

✓ There they drank deep; and now their Hands being
Profoundly quaff to th' Lion and his Queen,
Many Go-downs on Reputation drank,
To th' Bull, the Bear, and Boar,
To all could fight and rore;
To Animals, then, of the Civil Rank.

Suffic'd, gave o're;

*For Sensual Beasts could always better tell,
Than could the Rational, when they are well.*

But here the Goat,
Stroaking his Beard, the hard Return did note,
And sighing said, *To Hell's an easie way:*
But how shall we again revisit Day?

That is a VVork, a Task beyond my Skill.
Then said the Fox, Have a good Courage still;
The means is found to scale Ethereal Skies:

Against these steep VValls set
Now Your two Fore-feet,
Stand Man-like on your hinder Thighs,

Let your Chin meet
Your Hary Bosom, that your Horns may rise
Upright, as if prepar'd to Butt the Skies:
Then from your Back to those two Spires I'll leap,
VWhence out is but a Step;

Then on the Brink I'll in fit posture stand,
 Brave Sir, to bring you off with my strong Hand.

His Advice is took; Who would good Counsel doubt?
 And at three Skips the nimble *Fox* got out.
 Then at the Margents, like a wanton Hind,

Sports, proud of his Success;

Nor more his Promises,

Nor his forsaken Friend did mind;

Who in distress

False *Reynard* did with Breach of Faith upbraid.

The insulting *Fox* to him deriding said;

But, in thy Head had so much Wisdom been.

As Hair upon thy Chin,

But long Beards witless are; thou wouldst have known

How to get up, before thou hadst come down.

MORAL.

For Action Youth, Age best with Counsel fits;

And readiest are in Danger Younger Wits.

Forest-Beard, Grave Looks, and Silver Locks;

Longest shaven Chins shew now like Tradesmen's Blocks.

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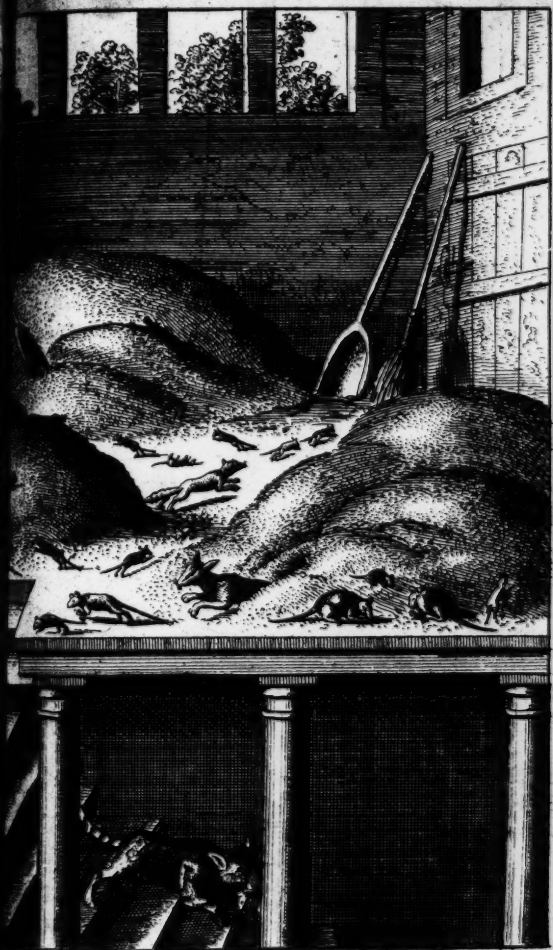
F A B. LIX.

Of the old Weefle and the Mice.

I That so long maintain'd this ample House
 From bold Excursions of the plundering *Mouſe*,
 And in huge Weinfcot Woods have in the Holes,
 Where never *Cat* could venture, freed their Souls;
 Now growing old, my Strength and Courage fail;
 Juſt when I have them by the Tail,
 Like a ſwift Ship arreſted under Sail
 By Rocks or *Remora's*, I ſtay,
 While they the Pillage to ſtrong Holds convey,
 And when I ſtand and Cough,
 And ſharp-breath'd Tyficks ſhake my panting ſides,
 The *Miceans* laugh,
 And old *Rat* m' imbecility derides.

In this my Houſe Soldiers and Scholars Dine,
 Inspir'd with Truth from moſt Oraculous Wine;
 I heard them ſay, That Strength and Courage are
 Inferior much to Policy in War.
 Their gouty Generals will fit,
 And by a Stratagem of Wit,
 Make ſtubborn Kings, with all their Powers ſubmit
 If it be ſo, I'll Cunning uſe at length,
 Since with my Youth Courage is gone, and Strength

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In this huge Pyle of Wheat
 Shelter, and the Car's Invasion shun.
 Let *Miceans* eat
 To my Retreat,
 And Din'd, then let them from the *Weefle* run.

The old Vermin said, and dives into the Hold
 Thrice his own length; as soon the News was told,
 The Foe was dead: then black Bands issue out,
 And like a Deluge through the House are born:

They plunder all the Corn,
 And highly Feast from Ev'ning to the Morn.

When with the Dawn *Cerebian* Mountains shook,
 And a dire *Spectrum* with a ghastly Look

Rose from th' Infernal Shade,
 Which to the Plunderers did no Favor shew:

Great Slaughter made,

The *Weefle* said,

Do questions Fraud or Valour in a Foe?

MORAL

Of unknown Stratagems shorten a long War?

Is not how Valiant, but how Wise, they are

As Armies lead: But Money is a Spell

That Conquers all, and takes in Heaven and Hell.

F A B. LX.

Of the Spider and the Swallow.

OH, I shall burst,
 With my own Poyson starr'd!
 Oh, that accurs't
 And most despit'ful Bird!
 The *Swallow* daily on spread VVings resounding,
 Ne're leaves surrounding
 These vast and empty Halls,
 And bold, at once on winged Legions falls
 Of Flies that sport
 About our Court,
 And gives whole thousands cruel Funerals:

VVhile I in vain
 Have built my lofty Rooms,
 From Wind and Rain
 Secure, and cruel Brooms.
 There I spread Nets to catch the Boneless People
 High as a Steeple:
 With slender Hands and Thighs
 Spinning my Bowels, poor *Arachne* lies
 Watching all day
 To seize a Prey,
 And catch not one; this Bird takes all the Flies.



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What shall I do
Now to revenged be?
I'll make a Clue,
And Threds twist three times three:
Now the Chimney top where builds the *Swallow*,
Thither I'll follow,
The *Spider* said;
O'er her Nest, most skilful in her Trade,
All Night she spun,
Till Day begun,
As she thought, a dangerous Engine made.

The *Swallow* saw,
And said thus with a Smile;
I that gave Law
To th' overflowing *Nile*,
With huge Bulwarks did keep out his Water,
Though Floods did batter
A Furlong wide,
Thrang'd Nests kept out his Conquering Tide:
And is this Net
To catch me set?
Shouldst thy Mesh, fond *Spinster*, first have try'd.

When with the Dawn
Out the swift *Swallow* flies,
And Cobweb-Lawn
She breaks, then to the Skies
Spider, and her vain Endeavor carries,
And never carries,

Until her Flight
 Did put *Arachne* in a woful Plight;
 In one small Rope
 Was all her Hope;
 And if that break, she on the Earth must light.

When thus she said;
 I am deservedly
 Example made,
 That scarce could catch a Fly
 With all my boasted Art, and fond Endeavor,
 To think that ever
 In such thin Meshes I could *Swallows* catch:
 I did but ill
 Imploy my Skill,
 And a Nights Toil, my self to over-reach.

M O R A L.

*Jews, Turks, and Christians, several Tenets hold
 Yet most one God acknowledge, and that's Gold:
 Parent of Love and Hate, in Peace or War
 Strength and Craft may, but thou much more by far*

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F A B. LXI.

Of Cupid, Death, and Reputation.

Cupid and Death with Reputation met
 At woful *Hymens*, where the cruel Fates
 Once snatch'd two, fair, young, and noble Mates;
 And th' unrequired Debt
 Inforced them to pay
 Long time before the Day
 That was by Nature set:
 Rites are chang'd, a Funeral Torch
 Conducts dead Lovers through a mournful Porch.

At Archers having put up Darts
 In which glad Offices and sad were done,
 Names enroll'd by *Reputation*,
 And three Gods play'd their Parts,
 They in the woful House
 Full Cups of Brine carowse,
 And from sad Parents Hearts,
 And Friends, which in long Order stood,
 And broach'd with Sighs, warm Spirits mix'd
 With Blood.

They then began to vapour, and with vain
Boasting promote their Power; now mellow grown
Desire t' each other to be better known,

And where to meet again,
Such Company to enjoy.

Cupid, although a Boy,
Yet eldest there, began:

All-Conquering *Death*, and *Reputation*, know,
Though Heaven's my Seat, I Places haunt below

But seek not me where oft you hear my Name,
In Princes Courts, nor 'mong the City-throngs;
They are all Atheists, only in their Tongues.

My Deity proclaim:

Their Bosoms never felt
My kindly Shafts, nor melt
With true coequal Flame.

They Lust and Wealth adore, to me they bring
Poësies for Offerings, conjur'd in a Ring.

But I reside in th' unfrequented Plain,
Where silly Sheep the harmless Shepherd feeds,
Playing sweet Pastoral Notes on Oaten Reeds;

There every youthful Swain,
And blushing Virgin, well
Can tell you where I dwell,
Who in their Bosoms reign;

those chaste Temples resident I am, : night and day
 All the last Hour quench the long-lasting Flame.

When *Death* began ; My Habitations are
 Not in this World, but at the Gates of Hell ;
 With the Devil and his Angels dwell :

The cruel Furies there

On Iron Couches lie,

And bloody Fillers tie

Their Elf-lock'd Viperous Hair :

Love nor *Reputation* to be found,

Three thousand Mile and more beneath the Ground.

Or you shall find me where, in mighty War,
 Against his King some Valiant General stands ;
 There you shall see me use ten thousand Hands.

Or when that burning Star

Joyns a pestiferous Ray

With the great Eye of Day,

And Towns infected are :

When th' Angel *Death* you with a Syth shall meet,
 Mowing down thousands daily in the Street.

When *Reputation* spake ; I have no Seat,
 I wander up and down from Coast to Coast,
 And to be found, and easie to be lost.

Therefore I would entreat,

Since now you have me, you

Would keep me ; there are few

Having departed, meet

With me again: Though false, or small the ground
Lost Reputation hard is to be found.

MORAL.

From Honest Dealing Reputation springs;
 But other Notes the Matchivellian sings.
 They are most Honour'd, who are most unjust,
 And, Wrong or Right, stand Faithful to their Trust.



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F A B. LXII.

Of the Gourd and the Pine.

Here was a stately *Pine*, which long had stood
 The Glory of, and was it self a Wood ;
 Which, when the warring Tempests took the Fields,
 And shake a hundred Arms with Leafy Shields,
 Which watch about her, a perpetual Guard,
 Against all the Injuries of Heaven prepar'd :
 Conquerors Trophies, Shepherds there their Pipes
 And use to hang, for War and Peace the Types :
 Upon the swelling Bark Lovers did put
 Their Names with Knots, and pleasant Fancies cut,
 All intimating, as the Letters grow
 With the increasing Tree, their Loves should so.
 Near to this Plant, which flourish'd many Years,
 One short Night shot up, a *Gourd* appears ;
 Which by sweet Seasons, gentle Dews, and Rain,
 Suddenly a mighty Body gain ; (shoots
 Boughs were spread, to Heav'n her proud Head
 With Blossoms white, the hopes of blushing Fruits.
 His Princeps, the base Issue of the Morn,
 When he beheld the *Pine* with Branches torn,
 Front want Curles, in antiquated Grace,
 And with Times Ruin in a careful Face,

Her self beholding Glorious as the Day,
 In Green and Silver Liveries of *May*,
 Proud of her self, at last forth boldly stood,
 Comparing thus with th' Honour of the Wood :

Give place, base wither'd *Pine*, that I may grow,
 And at a distance me your Better know :
 Dost thou not see how far we do excel ?
 My Crown strikes Heaven, and my Roots touch Hell
 My Leaves are fairer, and more fresh than thine ;
 A Prince may on my Golden Apples dine :
 When yours are fit to serve a hungry Pig.
 See how my Tresses flow ! Thy Periwig
 So ruffled and uncurl'd with boisterous Storms,
 Is Powder'd with the Dust of Canker-Worms,
 Of which y' are pleas'd some to bestow on me.
 Then gravely thus reply'd the scorned Tree ;

I many a raging Winter here have been,
 And felt black *Auster's* and bleak *Boreas* spleen, (wood
 And when loud Winds made Cock-shoots through d
 Rending down mighty Oaks, I firm have stood :
 So when I with Autumnal Blasts have lost
 My Golden Tresses with a biting Frost,
 I stood bare-headed, and was naked-arm'd,
 When the Sun-beams no more than *Cynthia* warm'd
 I in as extreme Heat here also stood,
 When *Sol* and *Sirius* to the swarthy Mud
 Drank brim-ful Rivers, what the Earth did yield
 Rosted to Powder in the parched Field,
 And to the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,
 Gave shelter under my thick shady Locks.

ere I stand firm, all Changes have endur'd,
 y Body with its mighty Arms secur'd.
 ut when the raging Heat, or bitter Cold,
 rough Winds rise, *Cour'd*, you'l not be so bold;
 hese gaudy Flow'rs and spreading Leaves you boast,
 avors of *Madam May*, will all be lost:
 Then I shall see thy Root and Branches torn,
 and blown about, to the proud Winds a Scorn.
 f Pride in thy Prosperity beware:
 iftitudes of Fortune Constant are,

MORAL.

Whose Tresses are in Golden Billows curl'd,
 Whose Eyes give Life and Light unto the World,
 Old wrinkled Age despise, and hate to hear,
 They shall in time as Ruinous appear.

FAB. LXIII.

Of the Devil and a Malefactor.

A Malefactor, such a one that made
Of Murther, Theft, and Sacrilege a Trade,
One that could Club

Plots to work Mischief with old *Belzebub*,
And had from him at need especial Aid ;

A little *Devil* still

Help'd him when things went ill,
And oft from Prisons and strong VVardens took,
And when Condemn'd, did save without his Book.

He was an Honest *Devil*, and a stout,
A good Sollicitor to trot about.

How he would trudge !

There with a Golden Dream corrupt the Judge,
Here with like Visions a whole Jury rout ;

On this a plenteous shower

Of yellow Drops he'd powr

To Angel Gold transform'd ; there he would set
Some Courtier on, that should his Pardon get.

VVho, as his Custom, now in Jayl, thus pray'd
Unto the *Devil* his good Lord for Aid :

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Almighty Fiend,
 O thy poor *Barabbas* some Comfort send,
 Who most unjustly is in Prison laid :
 VVhom I so late did stab;
 Did call my Mistress Drab ;
 Good *Pluto* hear, and leave a while Debates
 Of striving Princes, and aspiring States.

Thus while he pray'd, his Spirit appear'd, his Back
 With old Shoes loaden, and thus sadly spake ;
 Evening and Morn, thro' all the Streets
 Trotting for thee, out all these Shoes are worn ;
 No more thy Business, Friend, I'll undertake :
 To Hang then be content,
 Since all my Coin is spent,
 Without which, busie Lawyers will not do
 Ought for great *Belzebub*, my self, or you.

M O R A L.

The Devil oft for's Servants does his Best ;
 Now since Mortals have the Fiends possess'd,
 Hell no more, but with worse Men compact,
 Wouldst thou to life unheard-of Mischief act.

FAB.

F A B. LXIV.

Of the Lion and the Horse.

THe *Lion* old, his Pow'r grown weak, his Crowns
By Bestial Commotions trampled down,
Resolves to fill his Coffers with the Gown.

Doctorships three,
Of Law, of Physick, and Divinity,

There be:
But which of these may greatest Profit bring,
He long debates: Then spake the *Quondam King*.

Sir *Reynard* thrives not since this Civil War,
Nor Pleading Beasts oft wake the slumbring Bar;
Sutes few be grown, but Bribes more frequent are;

Law hath no Force,
When Plains are eaten up by Armed Horse,
Her Course
Obstructed is; whatever Gods and Men
Injustice stile, is Law and Justice then.

Nor *Isgrim's* Preaching Tribe now better fare,
Though great Incendiaries of this War,
Since Beasts in Buff full as long-winded are;



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The Sheep-skin Gown

And with Hypocrisie and Rebellion,

Is down;

In his own Clothes th' Ass stands without a Ruff,
 Bearing the Pulpit with an unpar'd Hoof.

Law and Divinity of these Times farewell,

The Soldier is about to ring your Knell;

All turn Physician, and Diseases sell.

A Turf, or Stone,

Conceals ill Cures are by bad Leeches done;

If one

Or two we chance to help, Up goes our Name,

Then Patient Beasts come in, both Wild and Tame.

While thus he spake, a pamper'd Horse he spies;

And clapping on his Doctorships Disguise,

Said, On this Patient first I'll exercise,

And let him blood,

For me a Drench may make him present Food,

And good:

Of skilful Empericks do as bad or worse,

And try Experiments would kill a Horse.

Then to the grazing Steed the Lion spake,

Your Horseship looks not well, be pleas'd to take

Something I'll give you for Prevention sake.

What's Worldly Wealth,

When sad Diseases shall invade your Health,

By stealth:

When

When in these Pastures you shall raging lie,
And tear those pamper'd Limbs before you die :

Sir, I in *Germany* have practic'd long,
Where Humane Bodies are like *Horses* strong ;
What there I did prescribe, no Beast can wrong :

In *England* too,

Where Men now drink as deep as they, or you,
A few

Cures I have done : I made one cast a Frog
Had turn'd his Paunch, with drinking, to a Bog

Mercurius-Dulcis, *Scamony*, and the *Flos*
Of *Sulphur*, *Colocynthus*, each a Dose,
Shall purge all Humors, Cholerick or Gross.

And next our Art

Directs a Cordial to refresh the Heart,

A Quart

Of *Dyapenthed Muscadel* each Morn

Shall seven Years free you from the Farriers Horn.

The *Horse* perceiv'd the Doctor was not well,
Did through disguise a hungry *Lion* smell,
And thus his Malady began to tell ;

Sir, th' other Morn,

Leaping a Hedge to breakfast on green Corn,

A Thorn

Did pierce my Foot ; your Doctorship, no doubt,
Hath so much Surgery to draw it out.

The *Lion* joyful was of any Hint,
 And looks on's Foot; which, as the Devil were in't,
 Dash'd him o' th' Brow, and leaves in Blood the Print,
 And dead him lays:

Wheeling about him then, the Palfrey Neighs,
 And says,
 A double Fee, dear Doctor, is your due,
 For your great Cures; come, and I'll make it two.

At last th' astonish'd *Lion* rising said,
 I am with Fraud for Fraud most justly paid,
 And my own Stratagem hath me betray'd.

Who lay a Bait,
 Should see lest others use not like Deceit:
 Too late

They may repent, having their Error then
 Writ on their Brow, thus, with an Iron Pen.

M O R A L.

He that in Health by Physicks Prescript lives,
 Sickness to himself, Wealth to Physicians gives.
 Ask, take Advice; but Well, to Nature trust:
 At none with Doctors deal, but when they must.

F A B.

F A B. LXV.

Of the Sun and Wind.

Rough *Boreas*, proud of many Victories, now
Will not the *Sun* Preheminence allow.
While *Phæbus* stands in the high *Solstice* mute,
The blustering *Wind* did thus for Place dispute:
Phæbus, we are not ignorant of your Parts,
And profound Science in Ignoble Arts,
Of Minstrelsie and Physick; and we know
Well you can Dart, and use an able Bow.
But these are Toys; Let Gods for Power contend
When I my Forces muster, when I blend
My Rain, and Hail, and Snow; or when I cleer,
As now, black Clouds from the bright Hemisphere
(Which you with all your Rays could not disperse,
But suffer'd once to drown the Universe)
I shall appear more Potent far than Thou.
Thou canst warp Timber, make green Staves to bow
But I tall Okes, that lofty Mountains crown,
And onely with my Breath, can tumble down.
How many stately Piles have I o're-thrown?
And Towns interr'd with their own falling Stone.
But who at Sea can my great Victories tell!
Where I'twixt Billows storm the Gates of Hell.



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Warry Mountains, and congested Floods,
 made Approaches dreadful to the Gods?
 Racket-balls with *Argos's* I sport,
 the whole Ocean is my Tennis-Court.
 in vain then to thy Deity pray,
 thou wouldst let them know there is a Day:
 while I thunder through the trembling Shrouds,
 thou darst not peep through melancholy Clouds.
 when *Autumnus* with the Year grows old,
 looking on, I break hard Rocks with Cold,
 turn broad Seas, plow'd up with thundring Keels,
 Roads, whete Waggon's jolt with groaning wheels.
 these are the Acts that I have done, nor can
 be deny'd by Fiend, or God, or Man.
 Then *Phæbus* said; Words *Boreas*, are but Wind;
 let Experience judge, then thou shalt find
 strongest is. That Traveller behold:
 her *Riphean* Blasts and *Russian* Cold,
 take from him his upper Weed, that Cloak,
 which trembled at each Breath, now while you spoke:
 if thou canst not, leave the Task to me,
 cease comparing with a Deity.
 here he a Cloud unfolds, which like a Pack,
 Winds to sell to Witches at his Back;
 at one soup he Treasures in his Mouth
 Northern Vapors, and the dropsied South;
 long Case-shot of new-created Hail:
 swelling Cheeks made frighted Seamen pale.
 on the Man he falls with all his Power,
 round beleaguers with a sudden Shower;

Storms him with Whirlwind, lin'd with biting Cold
 Yet all in vain, he faster kept his hold.
 What rent huge Branches from a sturdy Oke,
 Could not divorce the Crafty from his Cloke.
Who fight with Heaven, with Wooll must keep out Death
 Then *Boreas* fainting, ask'd some time to Breathe.
 When *Phæbus* smil'd, and bid the Weary rest;
 His Brows then he with all his Glory drest,
 And at the Traveller a whole Quiver shot
 Of Fiery Darts; he warms first, then grows hot
 From Pores exhausted, briny Rivers flow;
 He takes short Breath, at last he scarce could Go;
 Weary and faint, then resting in the Shade,
 Throws by his Cloke, and *Phæbus* Victor made.

Then said the God, *Boreas*, thou art but Voice;
Great Actions are not carried on by Noise.

*What Ranters, nor loud Blustering can obtain,
 A Fancy, or facetious Jest may gain.*

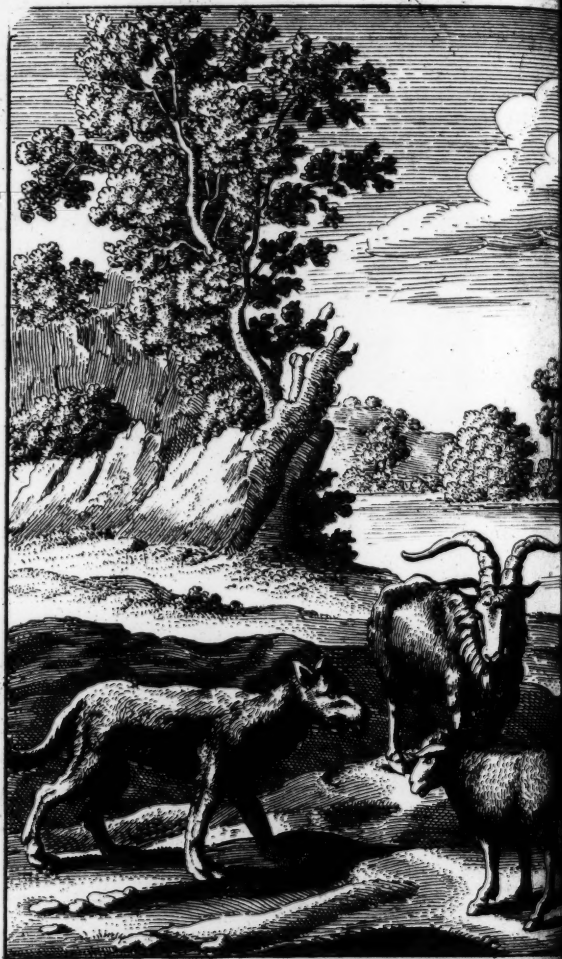
*They that contend, they should not onely know
 The Forces, but the Cunning of the Foe.*

*Valour and Strength, though Warriors great, submit
 To Counsel, and th' Almighty Power of Wit.*

Then Northern *Boreas* saw himself a Fool,
 And was resolv'd to put his Sons to School.

M O R A L.

*Loud Threatnings make Men stubborn; but kind
 Pierce gentle Breasts, sooner than sharpest Swords.
 To Rant and Mouth, is not so near a way
 To Cheat your Brother, as by Tea and Nay.*



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F A B. LXVI.

Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

Great Seed of Mars, O *Romulus*, who art
 My Grand-fire's Foster-Brother, Aid impart:
 'Tis you at a *She-Wolf's* Bosom hung,
 'Tis Life-saving Milk made you so strong,
 And fierce,
 'Tis those Hands she fashion'd with her Tongue
 Walls which after Rul'd the Universe;
 Then for her sake send Help;
 I and my tender Whelp
 Are like to die:
 Ah for some Food,
 A little Blood,
 We cry:
 Thou that art the *Wolves* great Deity.

When his Prayers ended, when he spy'd
 The *Goat* and *Lamb* walk Side by Side.
 Said the glad *Wolf*, I am heard; this *Lamb*
 A Present from *Rome's* Founder came,
 She's fat,
 A *Guardian* is more dangerous than the *Ram*;
 The Fortune of all Fights
 Are doubtful, I'll use Slights.

Then loud he cries,
 Good Mistress *Lamb*,
 As is your Dam,
 Be wise,
 And leave that stinking Letcher, I advise.

Seek'st thou sweet Milk from rank He-Goats to get
 Return, poor Innocent, to thy Mothers Teat,
 There at extended Udders take thy fill,
 Kids drain their Dams, the *Lamb* her Mother still.

Beside,
 Such Masters of the Flocks are counted ill,
 That rough Goats not from fleecy Sheep divide.

Sweet *Lamb*, forsake this Goat,
 Go to thy Mothers Cote;

The neereſt way
 Is through the V Woods,
 V Where tender Buds

You may
 Gather, and you and I in shade will play.

Then ſaid the *Bleater*; Know, Sir *Wolf*, I am
 To follow the Instructions of my Dam;
 My Parents Counſel, and not yours, obey:
 She bid me with this Armed Father ſtay.

The Counſel of our Friends
 Too oft have byaſ'd Ends;

But when a Foe
 Shall give Advice,
 The *Lamb's* ſo wiſe

To know,

the Plot may be to work her Overthrow.

MORAL.

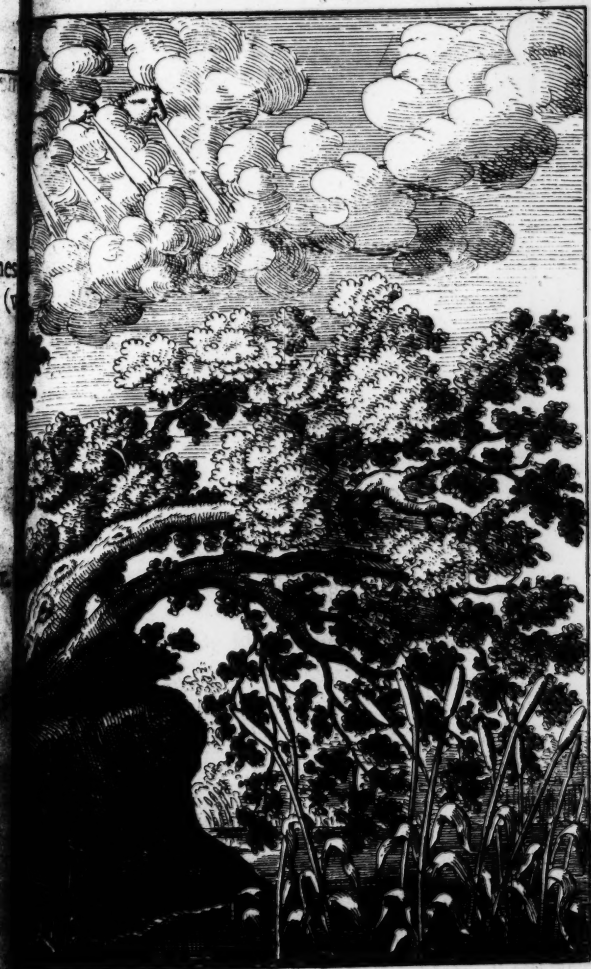
Youth that must Travel, careful Tutors need,
 If God's Commands, their Parents, and their Creed
 Could shaken by strange Tenets be, and they
 Turn worse Principled, than put to Sea.

F A B. LXVII.

Of the Oke and the Reed.

THe four Winds muster'd up Winds four times
From all their *Horizontick* Seats in Heaven; (y
Thirty two Brethren did at once Conspire,
Because the Sacred *Oke* was free,
By *Jove's* Decree,
Both from *Coelestial* Fire,
And Thunder,
On her to wreak their spite,
And in one hideous Night
T' extirp and ruin quite,
And all her Boughs and verdant Leaves to plunder
To the Skies Arbiters since she'll not bend,
They are resolv'd up by the Roots to rend.

Stout *Eurus* mounts his Steeds; on Northern Ha
Rough *Boreas* rides; Black *Auster's* Sable Bags
And foul *Borachio's* fill'd i' th Southern Main;
Bright *Zephire* now comes muffled up,
And in a Troop
Did bring a *Heuricane*
To rend her.
They all at once discharge;
Huge Arms and Branches large,



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'Gainst Sun and Wind a Targe,
 on their proud Fury could no more defend her;
 with a mighty Ruin, Branch and Root,
 leaving her last, lights at the Mountain Foot.

from whence down on the Rivers back she swims,
 which the foul Night had swell'd above the Brims:
 catching her Boughs, a small *Reed* stopp'd her way.

The hapless *Oke* not yet quite dead,

Then rais'd her Head,

And to the *Reed* did say,

I wonder

That thou shouldst scape last Night,

Who scarce canst stand upright,

So huge a Tempests Spite,

and art not rent, like wretched me, asunder:

trusting my own Strength, I from Rocks was torn,

and to ridiculous Winds am now a Scorn.

The gentle *Reed* then softly whispering said,

am not of the greatest Storm afraid;

When raging Winds among themselves contend,

What way they hurry through the Sky,

That Course lie I,

And flexible do bend;

I marvel

How you so long kept up,

Disdaining still to stoop

To that All-conquering Troop (Carvel.

which Wracks tall Ships, and Drowns the stoutest

I to the Strongest yield. *Whatever chance,
All Fortunes vanquish'd are by sufferance.*

M O R A L.

*Though Strong, resist not a too Potent Foe;
Madmen against a violent Torrent Row:
Thou mayst hereafter serve the Common-weal;
Then yield till Time shall later Acts repeal.*





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F A B. LXVIII.

Of Jupiter and the Ass.

Jove, Thou who view'st from thy Empyrean Sky,
And pitiest oft a Worm or injur'd Fly,
Leaving to Fate
That Supreme State,
The March and Muster of the Golden Stars,
And to inconstant Fortune Princes Wars;
Without Advice of thy great Council send,
And well thou may'st, Aid to th' oppress'd *Ass*,
From the Gard'ner's Tyranny defend:
Father of Men and Gods,
So heavy are my Loads,
That though my Ribs were Steel, my Shoulders Brass,
I in a little space
Must yield to cruel Death;
Change my Place, or stop my Vital Breath.

The Gard'ner's *Ass* to mighty *Jove* thus pray'd,
Who streight did bind him to another Trade;
A Tyler now
His Back did bow,

And him with what whole Roofs must cover, loads,
Through deep Ways lashing, and far longer Roads.

When

When thus to *Jove* the Beast again did pray ;
 Thou who from Slavery brought'st the Golden *Ass*,
 And didst prefer 'mongst them that Scepters sway,
 With supercilious Look
 He now denies the Book,
 And cruel in his Place,
 Oft frights sad Pris'ners with his Beastly Face :
 O hear me when I cry,
 And change this Master too, or else I die.

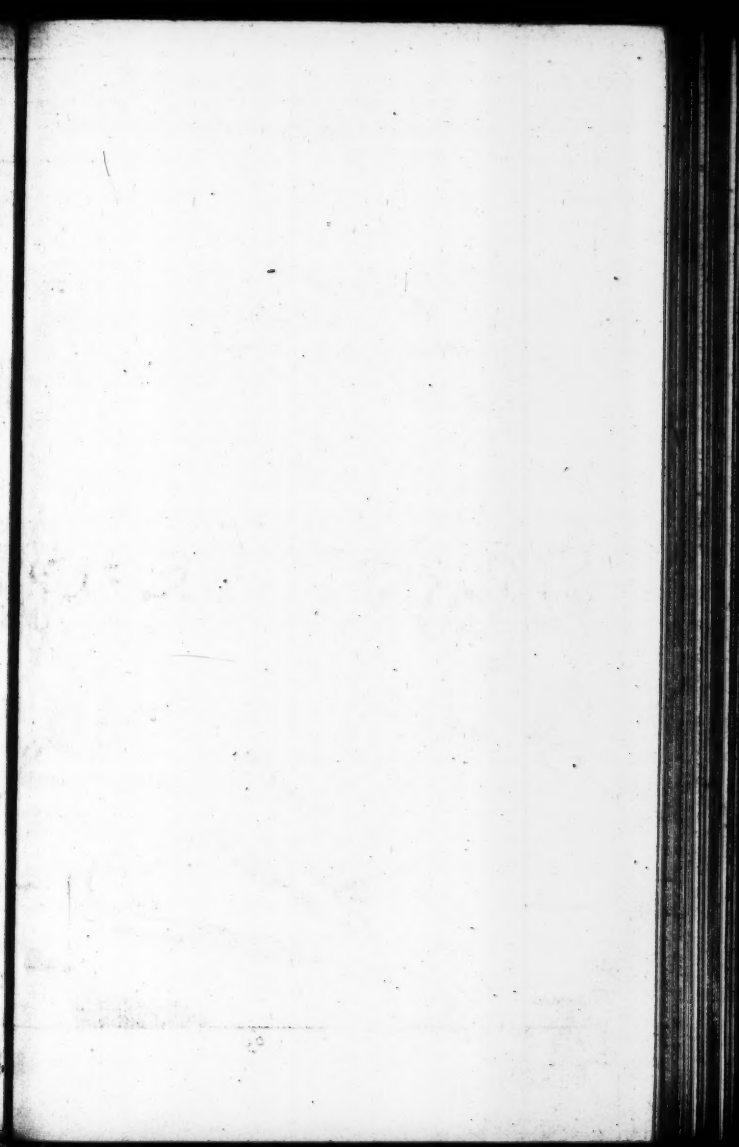
Jove turn'd him over to another freight,
 A cruel *Tanner*, who with no less Weight
 Did load his Back,
 Till it did crack :

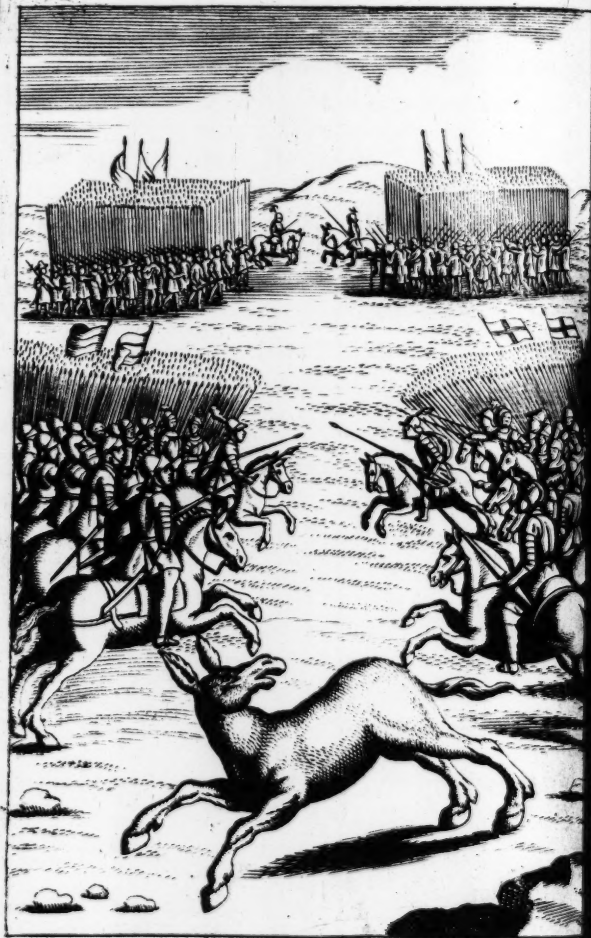
But when he found his Master's Trade, and spy'd
 Him Currying of his Brother *Asses* Hide,
 Struck with sad *Omens* of his woful Doom,
 Thus to himself the Wretched did complain ;
 I see that seldom better Masters come :

 I should have been content
 With what the Gods had sent :
 This, when I am with cruel Labor slain,
 Will put me to fresh Pain,
 And what should shroud me in
 He will not spare, but dead will Tan my Skin.

M O R A L.

*Is it Decreed, and did the Fates consent,
 None should with present Fortune be content,
 Though in right Judgment they most happy are ?
 If so, no wonder Men change Peace for War.*





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F A B. LXIX.

Of the same Ass.

BUT after *Jove*, pitying the woful *Ass*,
 Bids *Hermes* take and turn him out to Grass;
 There let him wander far in unknown Ground,
 For by his cruel Master soon be found.
 There the Free-born did lead a happy Life,
 Among Wild *Asses* there he got a Wife,
 A dainty Female *Ass*, whose *Assian* Seed
 In Vales and Groves, and on green Mountains feed:
 Of Concubines, since prosperous his Affairs,
 He had a whole *Seraglio* of Wild Mares.
 The Martial Steed, though spurr'd with *Venus*, proof
 Was not for his enamor'd Rival's Hoof.
 But when he thought, though up to th' Eyes in Grass,
 Of his mean Houſe, though Rich, yet still an *Ass*:
 That the Brave *Horse* could boast proud Ancestors,
 And great Atchievements got in Ancient Wars;
 Then he repin'd, and when he ſaw his Ears
 At warring, brackiſh made the Flood with Tears.
 But he had Friends at Court, the Golden *Ass*,
 To noble him, might ſee his Patent paſs.
 While thus he murmur'd, mighty War aroſe,
 And great Kings prove (to raiſe their Int'reſts) Foes:
Thoſe

Those Horse graz'd with him on *Theſſalian* Plains,
 Were all took up, and curb'd with Bits and Reins;
 Yet ſtill he kept his Walk: At laſt he ſaw
 Full Legions in thick Ranks to Battel draw;
 Then ſees them Charge, when ſuddenly the Fields
 Were ſtrew'd with Men & Horſe, & Spears, & Shields
 And Steeds he knew thruſt through with hostile ſpears
 At this New Light, 'twixt Grief and Joy, with Tears
 He thanks the Gods they coyn'd him but an *Aſs*,
 Nor made a Horſe; then ſaid, I here may paſs
 My Life in ſafety, and when Wars ſurceaſe,
An Aſs may make a Juſtice of the Peace.

M O R A L.

*In Halcyons ſome repine; others no Loſs
 Dejects at all. Is thy own Fortune croſs?
 Rectifie't then; with better Men compare,
 And let their Loſſes mollifie thy Care.*

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F A B. LXX.

Of the same Ass, and his Lions Skin.

After that mighty Battel, where the *Ass*

A sad Spectator was,

Had long been fought, as various Chance did please,

All many valiant Captains dy'd the Grass;

And their great Souls stood near the *Stygian Seas*,

Begging a Pass;

While Dogs and Vultures feasted on the Slain,

The Long-ear'd went to view the bloody Plain,

And though an *Ass*, not without hope of Gain,

Among huge Heaps of Slaughter, on the Green

He found a *Lion's Skin*,

Once dreadful Trappings to a gallant Steed.

Old-fancied Honor, as this Prize was seen,

To raise himself and his ignoble Breed,

Did fresh begin;

The shaggy Main conceals his Back, the Jaws

Peep o're his Face, long was the Train, the Paws

Truck fire on's Hoofs, and shine with Golden Claws.

Accoutred thus, he with Majestick Pace

Returns unto his Place,

And

And at first view frights all the timorous Flocks;
(*The Ass is dreadful in the Lion's Case:*)

Bulls leave their Courtship, and the Laboring Ox,

As he did pass,

Ran bellowing, as if bit by Summer Swarms;
Nor Goat, nor Ram, have Confidence in Arms,
But fly for safety from such fierce Alarms.

And now the *Ass* did o're vast Countries Reign,

Commanding all the Plain,

Scorning those Honors which at first he aim'd,
Wondring he Thoughts so mean could entertain.

The *Lioness*, a Princess, him inflam'd;

Her Love to gain,

Th' Impostor said, must be our next Design;

The Royal and the *Assian* House must joyn,

Then by Just Title all these Plains are mine.

When Fortune, that delights in casting down

Great Kings, began to frown:

The cruel *Tanner* who had lost his *Ass*,

Several Occasions sent on Foot from Town;

He saw the Prodigy, wondring what it was;

To be his own

He little dream'd: Whate're thou art, said he,

I'll lose some Way and Time, but I will see;

Thou canst not sure the dreadful *Lion* be.

Thus saying, he advanc'd: The *Ass* did know

This is a dangerous Foe;

Shou

Should he go less than what he seem'd, and fly,
He would a Scorn to his new Subjects grow :

When thus he said, I'll keep up Majesty,
And Courage shew.

Then to his Master loud he thus began ;
What e're thou art, fly hence, presumptuous Man,
Else thou art dead ; and at him fiercely ran.

Then sudden Fear the *Tanner* did surprise ;

But when his Ears he spies,

He stands, and by them Prisoner took the *Ass*,

And wondring at his Royal Weeds, replies,

Among these Foresters thou well mightst pass,

Who have no better Eyes,

For the great *Lion*, and possess a Throne

In Groves where *Asses* are no better known :

But you my *Ass* are, and I seize my own.

M O R A L.

The *Taylor* makes the *Man* ; Breeding and Coin,

If them pass by, as those Ride o're a Mine,

Are unregarded : Great Impostors so

Royal Habits oft for Princes go.

F A B. LXXI.

Of the Wolf and the Sow.

A War-Wolf mangy with an entail'd Itch;
 Sympling Comprest a *Caledonian* Witch:
 She, neer her time, with others did Imbark
 In a tite Egg-shell, safe as in the Ark;
 O're Mountains they to Southern Kingdoms roll'd,
 While North-winds loud from sixteen Angles scold;
 Then, landing safe, they mount phantastick Foals,
 And bent their Course to cocker up their Souls
 With *Gallick* Wine; down in a sacred Vault,
 Where never came the impious Race of Malt,
 Where sweet *Lyans* no small Hoops contain,
 The Hags descend in Thunder, Wind, and Rain.
 Heighten'd with *Bacchus* Blood, and Bisket Sops,
 Frolick, they throw Spigots o're Houses tops;
 Black and Red Seas mix with the *Mediterrane*,
 While they in Purple Must their Ankles stain.
 Then Hoytie-toytie, frantick *Bachanals*
 Begin to Revell: When the Spirit calls,
 Aboard, aboard, the Chariot of the Dawn
 Rattles on Eastern Hills: Their Cobweb-Lawn
 Streight is unfurl'd, all yare, and tite, they Sail
 Back, whilst Seas Seas charge with an adverse Gale.





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here the Dame pregnant with *Wolvish* Seed
 wer'd was, but when they saw the Breed
 of the *Wolf*, freight in concocted Grapes
 to work, nine, and no little scapes
 the Hags discharge at once, and th' Infant bore
 to the *Forest*, far off from the Shore
 the *Wolf* took up, and Nurs'd the Child,
 from her wondrous Fortune *Erswind* stil'd.
 Married *Isgrim*, and, if Fame be true,
 the *Wolf* bore to a wandering *Few*,
 by his Humane Nature got the hint
 of *Wolvish* Discipline in *Geneva* Print,
 his mad Zeal first made the Forest blaze;
 by his howling Rhetorick did raise
 against his King, did ancient Right supplant,
 made Beasts take a beastly Covenant;
 Urchins call'd, and stir'd up senseless Moles,
 innocent Sheep inspir'd with *Wolvish* Souls;
 Females, like Milch Tygers first were seen
 rage against the Lioness, their Queen;
 Horses, Colts, and Asses, did like Panthers stare,
 Bulls Horn-mad for Reformation were.
 Then *Erswind* with a blessed Offspring big,
 cry with Lamb and Mutton, long'd for Pig,
 thus she howl'd to move her surly Mate;
 her's Flesh I loath with a Maternal Hate,
 for the Offspring of the salvage Boar,
 that Priest's Quarters which I keep in store,
 such at my Lying-in I meant should Feast
 Mother, and her *Caledonian* Guest,

Now I would give to see one Pig depart,
 To eat the Liver and the bleeding Heart.
 When the grim Sister reply'd, Leave off Complains
Afflictions have been wholefom to the Saints:
 But if the Boar his Husband be abroad,
 My mortal Foe, by Force or Pious Fraud
 I'll get thee one, (*No Scruple is in Meat*)
 And thou and I abundantly will eat.

This said, he haltes unto the spreading Oke,
 Where lay a pregnant Sow, and kindly spoke;
 Sister, your Husband hath great Service done,
 And by his Valour we the Victory won;
 But since I hear your Spouse in Countries far
 Must for small Pay attend a lingering War,
 And this your Charge is great, take Friendly Heed
 Some of your Sons I'll foster with my Whelps,
 Not in Prophaner Arts, like Popish Pigs,
 To Pettitoe-it on the Organs Jigs,
 When Surplic'd *Asses* Chant it to the Lyre;
 Nor they supine shall wallew in the Mire;
 But Pastors be, and them I'll teach to keep
 The Sheepish Souls of Flocks, and shear the Shee
 They have Prick-ears, and as we Teachers wear,
 Howling in hollow Trees, such is their Hair.

The Brawny Dame did here break off all Speech
 If you are such a Friend, Sir, I beseech
 You'll shew it in your absence, nothing more
 Can me and mine oblige; back twenty score:
 That is the greatest Favor you can do;
 You hate all *Swine*, and I abhor a Few.

ear him whet his Tusk, the *Boar* is neer,
 and you have taken a wrong Sow by th' Ear.
 turning his Tail, endeavoring to have fled;
 things Fear not added to his Feet, but Lead;
 whom suddenly the angry *Boar* o'retook:
 on, at whose Rage the *Lion's* Party shook,
 no more Resistance than a tender Lamb
 made 'gainst this Foe, whom streight he overcame;
 and with his Phang a Window in his Side
 Flank from Shoulder rent; where, as he Dy'd,
 the deep Hypocrisie and bloody Ends,
 writ in his Heart, were read by Foes and Friends.
 on after that, the *Boar* the Wood enjoy'd,
 and *Wolves*, as new Malignants, were destroy'd.

M O R A L.

Mischiefs best Plots Women too oft have laid,
 and tender Females soonest are betray'd.
 the great Seducers make a timely End,
 when finer they in Bloody Sheets descend.

F A B. LXXII.

Of the She-Goat and Kid.

A She-Goat Widow'd by a Civil War,
 (As many other woful Matrons are)
 Although her Sequestration a small Fine
 Had taken off,
 Had little cause to laugh,
 For when she rose, she knew not where to Dine;
 Which made cold Cups be season'd oft with Brine.
 One Son she had, now Heir,
 Just of his Fathers Hair,
 Her Comfort, and her Care;
 But what did most extol this gentle Kid,
 He did
 All the Commands which his dear Mother bid.

When to her only Hope the Parent said,
 I go dear Child (*Substance must be had*)
 Where I for thee will crop the tender Bud,
 And search the Ground;
 For Moon-wort, rarely found;
 Which from our Wounds draws Steel, and stops
 A Sovereign Med'cine, and a dainty Food.



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But *Kid*, when I am gone,
 Open the Gate to none,
 To Friend, nor Foe, not one.
 The *Wolf*, although the *Bore* had brought him low,
 I know,
 Nature keeps, and will no Mercy shew.

all I forget how he thy Father slew,
 Then from the *Cambrian* Hills a *Goatish* Crew
 Of *British* Long-beards with three Sons he led :
 He pierc'd his Throat,
 And drank his best Blood hot,
 Then on his Bowels and his Liver fed.
 Still, woes me, thy hapless Brethren sped,
 When down their Arms they threw,
 Quarter being granted too,
 Most barbarously he slew.
 And in his Den their Limbs in pieces tore ;
 Nay more,
 With their gnawn Bones he pay'd his bloody Flore.

Thus said, away she speeds. The *Wolf*, who long
 Had watch'd his time, skill'd in the *Goatish* Tongue,
 On's Loins the *British* Captains spoils did gird,
 With his fair Horns
 His horrid Brow adorns,
 Down from his Chin hung a long Silver Beard,
 As if the King and Father of the Herd.
 Accoutred thus before,

At the dull Goat-herd's Door

He oft drank Kiddish Gore:

When thus disguis'd, with feigned Voice he spoke,

Unlock,
Long-beard is here, the Father of the Flock.

I Live, whom Fame reported Dead, and bring
Good Tydings; Never better was the King.

The Lion now is Forty thousand strong;

In numerous Swarms

Both Old and Young take Arms,

And he will thunder at their Gates e're long,
Changing their Triumph to a doleful Song.

And now the Conquering Boar,

Of those subdu'd before,

Doth speedy Aid implore:

But the Dissenting Brethren in one Fate,

Too late,

Shall rue they turn'd this Forest to a State.

Whom *Pan*, his Parents, and his King obey'd,

Duty, Belief, and Piety betray'd,

And bolted Doors he suddenly unbars:

The *Wolf* rush'd in,

Throwing off his borrow'd Skin,

His Eyes with Rage blazing like ominous Stars,

Which threaten Earth with Famine, Plague, & War

Then on th' expected Prize

With open Mouth he flies,

His Jaws sweet Purple dyes.

When thus th' Insulter did the *Kid* upbraid,
And said,
All thus perish with the *Lion* Aid.

THE END OF THE FABLE.

THE END OF THE FABLE.

MORAL.

First God's Commands, your Parents next obey;
Thousand Snares Pride, Lust, and Avarice lay:
At other Arts now taught in Modern Schools,
While all our Wise and Pious Fathers Fools.

F A B. LXXIII.

Of the Young Man and the Cat.

Grimmalkin's Grandchild, Tybert's Noble Race
 For Beauty gave no *Cattish* Damsel place.
 Round was her Face,
 Her Eyes were gray as *Germans*, or the *Gaul*,
 The Stars that fall
 Through gloomy shade, cast no such dazling Light;
 Nor Glo-worms that most glorious are by Night;
 Her Bosom soft and white
 Like Down of silver Swans, her Head was small
 And round as any Ball,
 Daily she wore a parti-colour'd Gown,
 Curiously mix'd, with White, Black, Gray, and Brown.

Stoln from her Mother's Teat, a young Man bred
 This Female up, and laid her in his Bed;
 Each Morning fed,

✓ And Evening, with warm Strokings from the Cow,
 Would Fish allow,
 But not to wet her tender Feet afford,
 She may in pleasant Gardens catch a Bird,
 Or make afeard.



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torch'd with Love's cruel Flames this Youth did now
At *Venus* Altars bow,

that she his Love would change into a Maid,
When thus with rear'd-up Hands to Heaven he
pray'd;

Cytherea, since the cruel Dart
thy dear Son hath strangely pierc'd my Heart,

Some Aid impart ;
thou at the Prayer of sad *Pygmalion*

Mad'st Flesh of Stone,
form'd a soft Woman from obdurate Flint :

that had no Soul, this hath a Spirit in't,
this hath her Passions, hath Affection shown

And loves or me, or none.
take her for Marriage fit, and she and I

Will Day and Night adore thy Deity.

The Goddess heard, first on her hairy Face
Did Lilies of untainted beauty place,

Which Roses grace ;
and now her gray Eyes sparkle more by Day ;

A Milky Way
Twixt Hills of Snow, which Coral Fountains shews,

and her clear Neck like Silver Dawn arose,
Her white Foot grows

Now a fair Palm, whence Fingers long display,
Where azure Rivers stray :

A Virgin then appear'd, so Fair and Sweet,
he seem'd a Heaven all o'r from Head to Feet.

Nor

Nor could the ravish'd Youth admire too much,
 Nor could believe, till by enduring Touch
 He found her such :
 But when she spake, sweet Love was in his Breast,

With Joy opprest,
 And loud he cries, Come all my Friends, and see
 The Gods great Gift, what Heaven hath done for me
 I shall too happy be.

Bring Silk and Gold, with Gems let her be dress'd,

Prepare the Marriage Feast ;
 All came, and wonder ; Womens envious Eye,
 Surveying her, could not one Blemish spy.

All Rites perform'd, and Hymen's Torch put out,
 Who of the Joys of Marriage-bed could doubt,
 Or fear a Flout ?

The Cyprian Goddess then desir'd to find
 If that her Mind

Was with her Form improv'd : A little Mouse
 Streight she presents on th' Evins of the House :

The Bride leaps from her Spouse,
 And leaves the Young-man to embrace the Wind ;
 The Cat will after Kind.

Just when he thought to reap the Joy of Joys,
 A Mouse she cries, and all his Hope destroys,

When Venus thus, highly incens'd, storm'd ;
 A hateful Cat t' a Virgin We Transform'd,
 But still Deform'd,

Bestial Thoughts within her Breast remain;
The Task was vain:

Power can stave off Nature; though our Art
Gave fair Dimensions to the Outward Part,
We could not change the Heart.

When she transform'd her to a Cat again:

Then did the Youth complain,
O Pity, Venus, thou hast turn'd to Spite;
Wouldst thou not let me have her one short Night?

MORAL.

No Punishment, no Penalty, nor Hire,
Can repulse Nature, led by strong Desire.
In Barbarous People, Civiliz'd with Care,
The least Occasion turns to what they were.

F A B. LXXIV.

Of the Cat and the Cock.

SHE that so lately was the young Man's Spouse,
 And left the Joys of Marriage Bed to Mouse,
 Now conscious of her Crime, and hooted at
 By all the House,
 Grew more and more a *Cat* :
 And after that
 By Day she haunts sad Rocks, and shady Groves,
 When dark, through Gutters o'r House-tops she roves
 And seeks Night-walking Loves,
 Who couple not like Doves ;
 Where round about her *Cattish* Youngsters throng,
 (For she was fair) and with a hideous Song,
 A dismal Note and long,
 The haughty Rivals Challenge, Meet, and Fight,
 And terrifie the Silence of the Night.

(laide)
 'Mong these she proves: Her pregnant Womb being
 The ravenous Beast in neighboring Houses prey'd,
 That milky Breasts her tender Young might breed:
 Once thus she stray'd,
 And not supply'd her Need,
 Nurses must feed.

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When thus she spake, Each Passage, Door, and Lock
my Lords House I know, where dwells a Cock,

Chief of a Feather'd Flock,

VVhich once my Hopes did mock,

but now he shall not scape: Hark how he Crows!

What, boasts thou, Fool, e're thou subdu'st thy Foes!

This said, on streight she goes,

through ways unknown, and mischievously bent,

down boldly leaps, and seiz'd the Innocent.

With her sad Prisoners *Puss* was us'd to play;

though he must die, she'll do't by Legal way,

and thus Attainders formally began;

Thou before Day

Awaken'st drowlie Man,

VVho Curse and Ban,

next with thy Minstralsies unwelcom Airs,

at such a time when Heaven should hear their Prayers,

To prosper them and theirs.

This said, the *Cock* declares,

I am the Husbandman's Alarm and VVatch;

those Sons of Toil that live in Smoke and Thatch,

Rais'd by my Voice, dispatch

Buckling on Leather, Freeze, and Clouted Shoon)

Along Days Labor often before Noon.

Then said the *Cat*, Is thy Impiety

(O wicked Bird) and Incest hid from me?

Thou hast against all Laws of Men and God,

VVhich I did see,

Thy

Thy Virgin-Daughter trod;
 Nay, thy hot Blood
 Thy Sister, Mother, Grandam, did not spare;
 Then he reply'd, Thy last Chargeless I fear,
 Since 'tis my Master's Care,
 For him, and for his Fair
 Lady, I should get Eggs, who now is Wed:
 Shalt thou a Strumpet feed, enjoys the Bed
 From whence I'm banished:
 Accumulative Crimes have no Retreat:
 'Tis Treason; thou must die, and I must eat,
 Said angry *Puss*; and sharp-set, with a Groul
 She eats his Flesh, and drinks in Blood his Soul.

M O R A L.

*When Tyrants would their empty Coffers Fill;
 Against some Wealthy Peer they draw a Bill:
 The Tryal's fair, Charge, Answer, and Reply;
 But Riches is your Crime, and you must die.*



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F A B. LXXV.

Of the Cat and the Mice.

AND now our Cat, which once had been a Wife,
 The Iron Tooth of Time
 Had alter'd from her Prime;
 Old, she with Nuns led a Monastick Life,
 Free from rough Lovers, and proud Rivals strife;
 And with those Pious Virgins went to Prayer,
 Who while they number Beads,
 About them softly treads,
 Disturbing none that at Devotion were,
 Contented with long Fasts, and *Lenten* Fare.
 Settled for Strength, Convenience, and Health,
 Neer to the Larder Door,
 Some *Miceans* had a poor
 Plantation rais'd from Sacrilege and Stealth,
 Almost from Nothing to a Common-wealth.
 These *Hogen Mogens*, when their cruel Foe
 The Cat they heard drew near,
 Were struck with mighty fear,
 And at the Tydings streight to Council go;
 Till then, these People knew no face of Woe.

VVhen

When some inform'd, and they of no mean Place;
 They *Tybert's* Issue saw,
 Her Countenance struck no Aw,
 But full of Meekness, heavy was her Pace,
 And Sadness much dejected had her Face.

They saw how oft she Contemplating sat;
 Nor in that holy House,
 They thought, she'd touch a Mouse,
 Nor view with jealous Eye their rising State;
 This was a Saint, a most Religious Cat.

When they this Character had understood,
 Commissioners they chose,
 (No time they careful lose)
 That should bear Gifts, and kiss great *Pusses* Hand,
 And Leagues confirming, lasting Peace demand.

Soon they admitted were, and Audience had;
 The subtle *Cat* in State
 Heard what they could relate
 With mild Aspect, her Visage pale and sad,
 And thus to them a friendly Answer made;

Bold *Miceans*, know (if you ne'r heard the same)
 I have been once a Wife,
 Seeking one *Micean's* Life,
 I was transform'd to what you see I am,
 For which bold Crime to Penance here I came.

Sure We grant: but, as Our Custom, nine
 Potentates I invite
 To Sup with me this Night;
 Intimate; but you with Us shall Dine:
 When in their Presence lasting Peace I'll Sign.

As known, nine chosen march through narrow Ports,
 And winding Passes forth,
 With many Mice of Worth:
 Here the fond Vulgar in great Troops resorts,
 Expecting Banquets in the *Catfish* Courts.

Sooner in, but stern *Puffs* shuts the Door,
 Stops all the Chinks and Holes;
 Then Terror strikes their Souls:
 And to a Fury she transform'd, once more,
 Throws the Room with mangled Limbs, and Gore.

Which to the Senate a new Lesson reads,
 Fair Words, and *smirking* Looks,
 Are still Deceivers Hooks;
 That is Wise, Outward Comportment heeds:
 As their Face declares not, but their Deeds.

MORAL.

Treaties are full of Fraud: If rising States
 Would joyn with Princes, and make Kings their Mates,
 Let them beware how they Confirm the League;
 For still jealous, for small Cause Renege.

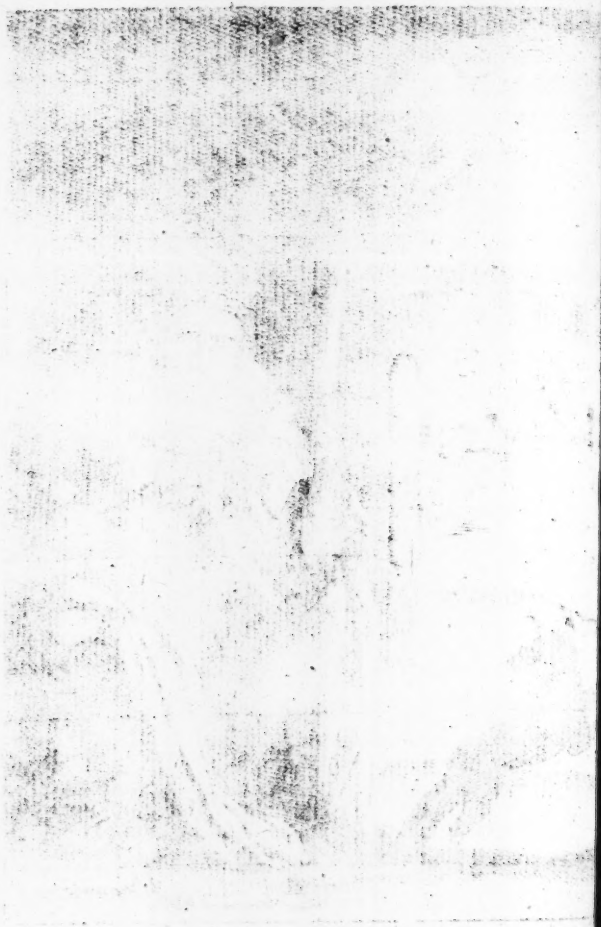
F A B. LXXVI.

Of the Fox and the Lion.

OH! all you Gods and Goddesſes that dwell
 In Heaven and Earth, in Heaven, Earth, Sea,
 If all your Power conjoyn'd can one Protect, (He
 Save the poor *Fox*,
 Nor Prayer reject.
 VWhat is it I behold!
 His ſhaggy Locks
 Are preſt with ſhining Gold.
 It is the *Lion*: See! his ſpreading Robe
 Covers at leaſt half the Terreſtrial Globe:
 Terror of Beaſts and Man,
 VWhoſe hard Teeth can
 Crack Brazen Bones of the *Leviathan*.
 Help, help; if me he not in pieces tears,
 I ſhall in ſunder ſhake with my own Fears.

At firſt the *Fox* thus trembled to behold
 The Scepter'd *Lion*, Arm'd, and Crown'd with Gold
 But when the King the ſecond time he ſaw,
 Hunting in Green,
 Not ſo much Awe
 Did in his Looks appear,





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Then *Reynard* drew more near:

But the third Day the bold Beast had the Face

To come up close, and cry'd, *Fove save your Grace.*

At last so near did stand,

He kist his Hand,

Soon after did the Royal Ear Command,

In which he said, *Custom makes Mortals Bold,*

To Play with that they durst not once Behold.

MORAL.

Who hate to draw a Sword, and Guns abhor,

Custom hath made most Valiant Men of War.

Love's Novice so, trembling, fresh Beauty storms,

Which soon lies ruffled in his Conquering Arms.

F A B. LXXVII.

Of the Lark and her Young.

IT is the sweet and early-chanting *Lark*
 That to the Heavenly Choristers is Clark,
 And mounts the Sky as freely as a Spark :
 Yet she in haughty Tow'rs not builds her Nest,
 Nor on the Tops of lofty Cedars dwells,
 Which are with all the Roring Winds oppress'd
 That Northern Witches Conjure up with Spells;
 But in Corn-Fields her Habitation's found,
 Flank't round with Earth, six Inches under Ground.

From whence she issuing, to her Young ones spake ;
 Notice be sure of what you hear to take,
 And strict Account at my returning make.

When thus the *Landlord* to his Heir begun,
 This Wheat is Ripe, we must have down this Corn ;
 Go, and invite my Friends with Rising Sun
 To Reap it, and at Night it shall be Born.

At this sad News the *Larks* astonish'd were,
 And told their Mother, struck with mighty Fear.

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Then said th' *Old Bird*, If for his Friends he look,
(He may be, but I shall not be mistook)

This Corn need fear no Danger of the Hook.

Giving like Charge, out the next Morn she flies,
While th' *Old man* long did Friends in vain expect;

At last he said, grown with Experience Wise,
Son, call our Kindred, since our Friends neglect,
Those from our own Loyns sprung will not forget,
That we to morrow may cut down this Wheat.

Th' affrighted Birds this to their Mother told,
Who cheer'd them thus; *Kindred too oft prove cold*;
This Corn will stand, and we shall keep our Hold.

The second Morn made bright the Hemisphere,
When of the Consanguineous none were seen:

Then said the Father to the Son, I fear
We shall not be beholden to our Kin;
Stand to me Boy, to morrow thou and I
Will Reap this Corn, Cofins and Friends defie.

With this the Birds their Mother did acquaint,
When with a Sigh she said, VVe Time shall want,
For we to morrow must new Regions Plant.

*They that with Care to their own Business look,
Are in the readiest way to have it done;*

*But who shall trust to Friends or Kindreds Hook,
Shall find it at a stand, or backward run:*

As when the Arm against the Stream is slack,
The Boat in the swift Channel hurries back.

MORAL.

*Intelligence best moves Affairs, by which
Both Kings and Common-wealths grow Great and Rich.
But who their Business would have follow'd, must
More to themselves than any other trust.*

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F A B. LXXVIII.

Of the Hawk and the Nightingale.

When the Triumphant Sun in his Caroch,
Cut from an entire *Topaz*, made approach
To the great Tract between the Golden Horns
Of the Cœlestial Bull;

When the *Ambrosian* Tresses of fair Morns
With liquid Pearl were full;

When *Philomel* did from her Nest depart,
With a sad *Omen*, and a heavy Heart,

To try neglected Art:

By the Grove side she on a Hawthorn Bough
Sung her first Song, and paid her Yearly Vow:
Lovers that heard her, e're the Cuckow's Voice,

Rejoyce,

Since *Valentine* chose, but she confirms the Choice.

While thus she Chants, a sharp Thorn at her Breast,
A prying Swain, who late had found her Nest,
Came secretly, and in her absence stole

From thence the Callow Young:

Fresh Wounds anguish in a wounded Soul

What Pen can say, or Tongue!

He to his City Landlord bears the Prize,
 But she sends loud Complaints to Marble Skies;
 And moves the Deities;
 VWhich (as relentless as their Statues were)
 A Bird of VVar pickeering through the Air,
 A fierce *Hawk* sent, who while she did in vain
 Complain,
 Seiz'd, and poor *Philomel* must now be slain.

Though great her woe was, and she much did grieve,
 Yet at pale Deaths approach she fain would live,
 And from the proud Foe thus begs Quarter then;
 This little Body spare,

VWhat is to thee a *Nightingale* or *Wren*?
 A Mouthful but of Air.

Take some Large Bird, and Fat, on whom is Meat;
 (Behold, on every Tree and Bush they seat)
 And spare me, I entreat.

VWith frowning look the *Falcon* then replies,
 Thus counsel *Daws*; no *Hawk* is so unwise,

VWhen in their Pounces they have seiz'd a Prey,
 That they

Let it, in hope of Better, fly away.

M O R A L.

*A Small Estate, and Sure, is better far
 Than Fortunes that in Expectations are:
 What we Possess, we Have; Fancy may feed
 The Mind, but not supply the present Need.*

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FAB. LXXIX.

Of the Husbandman and the Stork.

THere was a greedy Villager took pain
 To Plow deep VVrinkles on a Virgin Plain,
 VVhere his strong Steers broke such obdurate Glebes
 As might have Danc'd into the VValls of *Thebes*
 In stead of Stones,
 Harder than *Pyrrha's* moystned Mothers Bones.
 This Swain, while he did whet his blunted Share,
 Often to *Ceres*, and Superior Gods,
 Did make no idle Prayer,
 To recompence his Care,
 And fruitful render hard and barren Clods.
 They heard, and Nurs'd his Hope with timely Rain,
 That now black Grounds did shine with golden Grain.

VVhen a fierce Troop of Plundering *Cranes* he spies,
 And wicked *Geese*, to cut the Crystal Skies,
 Call'd in by those Domestick *Geese* he fed
 In his own Barn, with what should make him Bread,
 His *Gander* thus

He heard declare, VVelcom dear Friends to us:
 Our spiteful Master, if he see us look
 But o're the Hedge, with threatning Voice will call:
 Who

Who can the Injury brook?

Come, let's deprive the Hook.

This said, th' whole Army on the Field did fall.
Plots met with Counterplots, strong Gins were set,
Which took both Foes and Traytors in a Net.

'Mongst whom he found a *Stork*, who to the *Swain*
Thus pleaded Innocence; I am no *Crane*,
Nor impious *Goose*, nor have I touch'd your Corn;
But the best Bird am I on Wings is born:

'Tis I that feed
My Parents spent with Age, and in their Need
Bear like the *Trojan Heroe* on my Back.

The *Pellican*, that feasts with her own Blood
Her Young, when Meat they lack,
Compar'd to me, is black,

Who will not spend their Lives to save their Brood.
Great Love descends; To Age who gives Respect:
Children and Friends, Parents grown Old, neglect.

Then said the *Swain*, Your boasting will not serve;
You, found with these, shall find what they deserve,
And with these cursed Malefactors die,
Though, as you say, you are the best that fly.

Your wicked Troop
Would all my Harvest-hopes have eaten up.
Wert thou the *Phoenix*, though we lost the Race,
A *Cherubin*, or *Bird of Paradise*,

Expect from me no Grace;
Now thou shalt suffer in this place:

You

You tell your Vertues, Bird, but not your Vice,
To your own Parents you obedient are,
But not for Kings (our Common Fathers) care,

MORAL.

*What Crimes commit we, or what gross Abuse,
That is not palliated by Excuse?
Who says he's Guilty? These Bad Company load,
The Devil This, and That lays all on God.*

F A B. LXXX.

Of the Eagle and the Crow.

THe Plumed King spreading his Feather'd Sail,
Down through the Clouds like a black Tempest
stoops;

Passing through Quarters of Wind, Rain, and Hail,

He seiz'd a Lamb among the Bleating Troops;

While the Dogs bark, and the old Shepherds rail,

That he, a King, should Prey on harmless Beasts,

He flies to cruel Nests,

And bears the Prey to Courts nine Steeples high:

Then (wondrous!) Blood & Wooll rain from the Sky

A foolish *Crow* viewing this gallant Flight

The *Eagle* made down from the Arched Skies,

Swell'd with Opinion, soars a mighty height,

To rob the Flock of such another Prize:

Thence on a Youngling did with Fury light,

And Knee-deep strikes himself in Silver Wooll,

That thence he could not pull

His tangled Feet with Art nor Force again,

But yields himself thus Prisoner to a Swain.



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Who gave him to the Boys, they clip his Wing,
 And 'mongst the Flocks would with their Captive
 taught him new Notes, another Song to sing, (play,
 And when Men ask'd what Bird he was, to say,
 He thought he was an *Eagle*, and a King;
 But to his grief he now too well did know

He is a foolish *Crow*,

Who 'bove his Power Great Things attempting, fell
 Sport to Boys, as Merciless as Hell.

MORAL.

All Imitate, or Imitated are:
 Shrivell'd Dwarf hath managed in War
 mighty Steed, and boldly Charg'd the Foe,
 shooting through Loop-holes in a Saddle-bow.

FAB.

F A B. LXXXI.

Of the Dog and the Sheep.

Rough, with a Trundle-tail, a Prick-ear'd *Cur*,
 That had nine Warrens of sterv'd Fleas in's Fur,
 On whom was Manginess entail'd, and Itch,
 From his Sire *Isgrim*, and a Cat-ey'd Bitch;
 With these Endowments Rich,
 And some bold Vices now we Vertues call,
 He brought to th' Judgment-Hall
 His Accusation 'gainst a guiltless *Sheep*,
 That he the Staff of Life from him did keep,
 A Loaf he lent him of the purest Wheat:
 At the High Tribunal-Seat
 At once he Charg'd, and at once Claims the Debt.

The *Sheep* denies that e're he had to do
 With this strange *Dog*, that no good Shepherd knew;
 Since he no Bond could prove, desires Release.
 Then bawls the *Cur*, Behold my Witnesses,
 Let them the Truth confess.
 The *Vulture*, *Fox*, and squint-ey'd *Kite* appear,
 Who God nor Conscience fear,
 To whom he promis'd equal Shares before,
 For which (as they instructed were) they swore

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They saw when he deliver'd him the Bread,
 Refusing Bond, and kindly said,
 Without such things, Brethren should Brethren aid.

The Beasts had Salvage Laws; Who could not pay,
 Convicted, at the Creditor's Mercy lay:
 Such was the poor *Sheep's* Case; None could exhort
 The *Dog* to save the Honor of the Court,
 Since Cruelty was his Sport;

But at the *Sheep* with open Mouth he flew,
 And in th' whole Benches view
 Sucks his warm Blood, and eats his panting Heart;
 And to each Witness quarters out their Part.

When one did say, *Thus Innocence we see,*
Was never yet from Danger free;
As th' Evidence, so must the Sentence be.

M O R A L.

While Oaths and Evidence shall bear the Cause,
 Men of small Conscience little fear the Laws.
 What Trade are you? A Witness, Sir. Draw near,
 There's Coin, go Swear what I would have you Swear.

F A B. LXXXII.

Of the Frogs fearing the Sun would Marry.

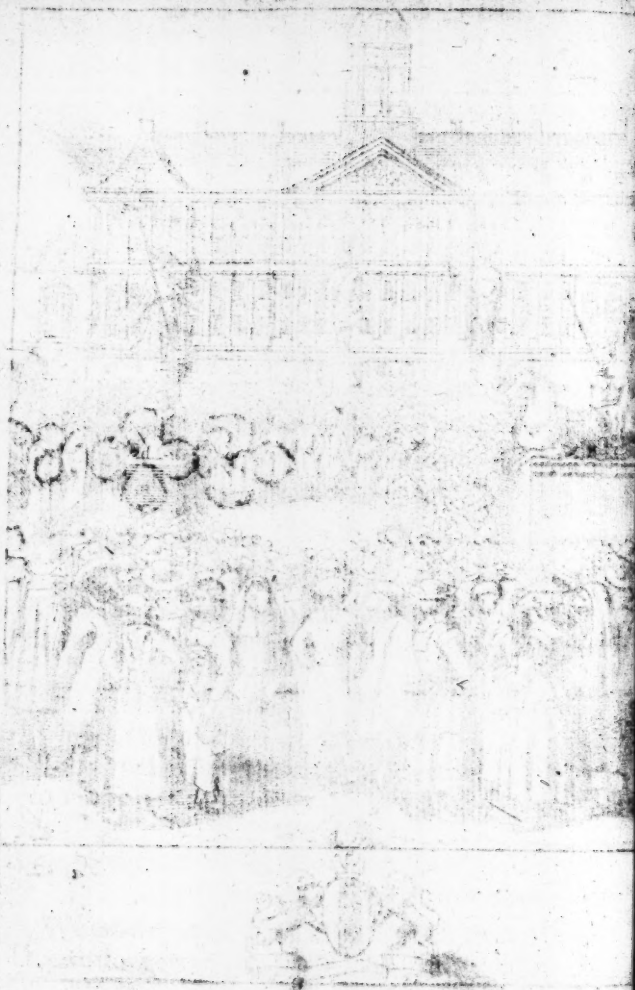
Low-Country Provinces, United Bogs,
 Once *Distress'd States*, now *Hogen Mogen Frogs*,
 (Royal and Noble Interest gone) Command,
 Grown Formidable both at Sea and Land:
 Who but a Century of Years before
 Dabbed in Fishing, despicably Poor,
 In seamless Vessels, Troughs cut out of Logs,
 Catch'd *Whiting-Mops*; now *Gogs*, and *Gogmagogs*!
 In stately Pines new Constellations raise,
 Plowing up Billows two and thirty ways;
 Through boyling Brine, and Cakes of crusted Ice,
 For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;
 What Straits, Gulphs, Trending Bays, spare they to
 By Water to take in the Universe? (pierce,
 Are they with Force not able to Invade?
 No matter; They'l undo the World by Trade:
 Four *Fogs*, two *Tod-poles*, and one greasie *Toad*,
 Deep-freighted Vessels bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a Consternating Panick Fear
 Dejected much: The Sun will Wed they hear:

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The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,
 Brought and Attested by a Blazing Star.
 To *Pygmie* Inches these *Gygantick Frogs*
 Pale Terror shrunk : Summon'd from all the Bogs,
 Hopping or Crawling, they in Clusters came
 Up to their Prime *Morass*, their Greatest *Damm*.

There the new *Stat-house* stands, built fair and large,
 For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge ;
 Where they on all Emergencies of State,
 Or Private Business, in Convention sate.

No *Portico* this Modern Building fac'd,
 Within no ancient Princes Figures grac'd,
 Nor Grandfires with their Nets ; such were too Poor
 To stand with Besoms there behind the Door ;
 Who for their own *Good-Old-Cause* Martyrs dy'd
 By Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd :
 But Gods or Goddeses in Marble Carv'd,
 Or finely Painted, which the *Heathen* serv'd,
 In all the *Niches*, each convenient Place,
 In Stone or Tables the Fair Structures grace.
 But yet for all their Skill, these *Belgick Toads*
 Made *Upsie-Dutch Heroes* and *Grecian Gods*.

Early this Day Assembled Old and Young,
 The *Damm* they cover, and the *Stat-house* throng :
 Silence commanded, not one whispering Croak,
 An old Sag-bellied *Toad* rising, thus spoke :

also Sag-bellied

Grave *Hogen Mogen*, High and Mighty *Frogs* !
 Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs,

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And

And so improv'd these your *United States*,
 Princes to Beard, and be with Kings Cope-Mates;
 Though we from *Mushrooms* sprung, and *Spawn of Toads*,
Seven petty Provinces our small Abodes,
 Yet the whole World are Tributaries made
 To us, by Traffick, and the Power of Trade.
 Hereafter we by *Conquest* may prevail,
 Our *Title, Treasure, and ten thousand Sail*.
 Your *High and Mighty Toadships* understand;
 We fear no Mortal Power by Sea and Land;
 Such are our Forts, such Frontiers we maintain,
 And such our Castles floating on the Main.
 But from above the dreadful News we hear,
The Sun will Marry, a just Cause of Fear!
 And the first Year please his Fair Spouse at home:
 What in his absence will of us become,
 That live in Water, and grow fat in Bogs?
 We shall be stil'd once more *Distressed Frogs*.
 His Absence will our Marshes in a trice
 To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice.
 Or should we scape such a continued Frost
 As girdles up nine Months the *Arctick Coast*,
 His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son
 Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run;
 So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,
 That soon to Fire he'll rarifie the Air,
 Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,
 And All in one new Conflagration burn.
 They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs
 To Jelly boyl'd; stew'd *Tod-poles, Toads, and Frogs*

In one *Pottage*, and *Pluto* gave, who swore
 He never tasted Broth so rich before.
 Many such Younkers may spring from his Loyns,
 And share his Houses, twelve Cœlestial Signs;
 And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too:
 What in this Imminent Danger shall we do!
 To what *Protector* shall we make Address?
 All know that *Neptune* this concerns no less;
 Such Drinking *Suns* would at one Meeting quaff
 (Were there so many) twenty Oceans off.
 Him to implore, lay by next *Sabbath-day*;
We're no such Jews nor Christians, but we may:
 He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide
 Imbodied, threatned o're our Tow'rs to Ride;
 And, soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,
 Beat off those Waves that Storm'd our yielding *Damm*;
 Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,
 VVe had not liv'd Ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, O wondrous! the Foundations quake,
 And the stiff Idols, fix'd in Marble, shake;
 VVhen *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,
 On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd,
 His Trident waving then, with Arms display'd,
 Thus to the People, much admiring, said:

Batavian Frogs, Advanc'd by my sole Power,
 VVhom *Fove* first Planted from a Thunder-shower,
 Fear not the *Sun*, nor at his Offspring shake:
 To the last Drop I'll drain my ample Lake,

My Watry Kingdoms Laver into Suds;
 To quench their Torches; To the *Strygian* Floods
 I'll *Titan* send; and all his Fiery *Tits*,
 To light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.
 Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,
 Nor Plant a Female in a Flaming Bed.
 Suspect no Conflagrations from the *East*,
 But a new *Sun* that riseth in the *West*;
 His Flames beware: His kindled Vengeance shall,
 Unless you straight submit, consume you all.
 Whose Predecessors rais'd you to this Height,
 From Him, *Ungrateful Toads*! expect your Fate:
 His Royal Brother leads, upon the Main,
 A hundred floating Cities in a Train,
 With Fire and Forty thousand *Hectors* big:
 In vain so many Vessels out you Rig;
 In vain your Forts and your Land-Force you brag;
 Stoop, or be Ruin'd, to the *British* Flag,
 That must, and ever shall, give Laws to you;
 The World, at Sea, they're able to Subdue.

This said, their God grows Pale, and with a Groan,
 The Statue leaves, once more a senseless Stone.

M O R A L.

Princes beware to Aid a Growing State,
 Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.
 Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride:
 Beggars on Horseback to the Devil ride.

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